

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Edited by Katherine Tingley



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# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



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# The Theosophical Path

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Monthly



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Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley  
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

O my dear Simmias, is there not one true coin for which all things ought to exchange! — And that is wisdom; and only in exchange for this, is anything truly bought or sold, whether courage or temperance or justice. And is not all true virtue the companion of wisdom, no matter what fears or pleasures or other similar goods or evils may or may not attend her? But the virtue which is made up of these goods, when they are severed from wisdom and exchanged with one another, is a shadow of virtue only, nor is there any freedom or health or truth in her; but in the true exchange there is a purging away of all these things, and temperance, and justice, and courage, and wisdom herself, are a purgation of them. And I conceive that the founders of the mysteries had a real meaning and were not mere triflers when they intimated in a figure long ago that he who passed unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will live in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. For “many,” as they say in the mysteries, “are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics,” — meaning, as I interpret the words, the true philosophers. In the number of whom I have been seeking, according to my ability, to find a place during my whole life; whether I have sought in a right way or not, and whether I have succeeded or not, I shall truly know in a little while, if God will, when I myself arrive in the other world; that is my belief.

— SOCRATES, in the *Phaedo*, page 69;  
translated by Jowett

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*  
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*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

A WINTER TOUCH OF FLORAL LIFE  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 1

JANUARY 1920

*"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry."*

— Socrates' prayer, in *The Phaedrus*; p. 279; translated by Jowett

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



**I** FEEL that it would be an act of omission on my part, if I did not again and again bring to my readers' attention the life of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society. Her whole career shows she was a most remarkable woman who made a great reputation throughout the world by her erudition and her great interest in humanity. She passed through the experience of persecution and martyrdom, as other great teachers have; but my object in introducing her to you is to show you what her mission was and what was the urge that led to her forming this International Theosophical Society which I represent.

She was a Russian, and was brought up in affluence; her family was of the nobility; she had everything in life from the ordinary standpoint to induce her to love worldly pleasures and follow the path of ease and comfort. But even in her childhood, when only twelve years of age, it is said, she began to talk seriously of the deplorable conditions in Russia. She saw the great difference that existed between the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, and these great contrasts in human life sent her thoughts out on a line of compassion and pity for the world's children.

She came to America in the seventies. She brought a message of hope to the world, and it was the time of all times, it seems to me, when the materialistic mind of the age needed a touch of something uplifting, and a conception of life quite different from what it had. She encountered many drawbacks and obstacles and persecution, as all reformers do; but she accentuated the message of Brotherhood, she declared that Brotherhood was a fact in nature, and she pointed out

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*the divinity of man more definitely than any other writer or preacher I have ever read of or heard. She drew the line between the higher and the lower nature. In her wonderful English, which was acquired in a very short time, she made word-pictures that are absolutely thrilling and convincing, of the two natures in one — the duality of man: the lower nature which responds to the passions and the selfishness and the love of ease and greed, and the other, the higher nature, the immortal. She placed the brain-mind of man as an instrument only, played upon by these two powers, the higher and the lower. She brought to man the message not only of his divinity, but of his responsibility; and in doing this, she made clear the part that he must honorably play. She looked upon life very seriously. She re-introduced the ancient doctrine of Reincarnation, which about thirty or forty years ago used to make people shiver when they heard it mentioned; they simply would not think towards it; their prejudices and mental limitations held them bound. Now it is different! I can understand how it was, because through our own experiences as we know them from the world's standpoint, it is quite natural to feel that there is more of misery and suffering in the world than there is of happiness, and it is not a very pleasant picture for the human mind to contemplate — the thought of returning and living such a life over again.*

\*

*But when one studies Mme Blavatsky's wonderful book, The Key to Theosophy, and especially her two great works, The Secret Doctrine and Isis Unveiled, and her other writings, one will see that she opens up a vista that is very wonderful in the spiritual sense; that she lifts the veil on the future of man and outlines to him, in such a logical way that one cannot get away from it, the fact of his possibilities in the line of spiritual attainment. She shows that a human being must have a larger field than one earth-life to work out its soul-fulfilment; and hence it returns again and again, through schools of experience, until it attains a state of perfection.*

*This is very rational — it is easy to believe, it is more easy to follow; it is glorious and infinitely inspiring to be so in touch with these optimistic ideas, to feel them pulsating through one's very life and one's very blood. That is what we need: to have the consciousness of these truths for all time, to have them come home to us in such a way that the human mind cannot turn from them, and to feel them forever with us as the divine urges of our lives.*

\*

*So my message, my effort here, is to bring to the public mind as much as is*



## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*possible a conception of a New Order of things, a new order of living, and a new order of dying. If we look at the world in its present state, or go back through the centuries, we shall find that we have been going down the line, so to speak, of human effort, half-satisfied; shut in with limitations that are really pathetic, doubting, fearing the tomorrow, dreading death; that, as a race, we have lost our way in a very true sense; and the reason is that in the ages past those sublime truths taught by Jesus and other great spiritual Teachers have not been rightly interpreted. We have attempted to explain these divine ideas and these immutable laws of life by the brain-mind alone, when the interpretation should have come from the divine side of man — the soul. The light must be sought for in a higher state of consciousness, which can be attained by effort and by striving to reach the highest point of rectitude all along the way.*

*I have always said that we have many, many ideals, and we need no new ones. All we need is to try to put ourselves in place, so that we can truly support those great, ancient ideals by the example of our lives.*

\*

*What is this mystery of death? How can it be explained? What is the meaning of life after all? Theosophy is optimistic, and we all know we cannot have too many optimistic ideas now; it shows most clearly that the soul in seeking its goal moves to other conditions, and here we Theosophists define death as rebirth. The body, when it ceases to be useful and is worn out, drops away from the soul, it disintegrates and blends with the earth-forces to which it belongs. We know also that the part that dies — not the part we love — holds an association of sacredness and tenderness about it, because it had enwrapped the soul of the one we loved; but the soul, according to Theosophy, goes into a state of rest through rebirth into another world, and there, through the essential power of its divine nature, works on a line of self-improvement — self-evolution — in a condition that belongs to that state; and then, when ready, it returns and is reborn on earth, that it may continue the path it began ages ago.*

*What a new hope, what a new meaning all life would hold, if we could only impress upon the minds of the age that out beyond all hearing and seeing and thinking and living, there are infinite powers controlling human life, that they are the immutable laws of life, and that these sacred and divine laws of the great universe hold us in their keeping just as far as we permit.*

\*

*My argument on the question is, that as a people and as a race we have lived so long on the outer plane, in the external life, that we have limited our views*

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*of life to seventy-seven or a hundred years. We have not had that grand, inspiring picture of Reincarnation — a future that appeals to our reason! We have been told in our catechism and in our religious education that life is limited to three-score years and ten, and that if we do our best we shall go to some point in space, called Heaven! and we were also told, right up to within twenty or thirty years ago, that if we did not do our best we should go to the very antithesis of that place, to Hades! So with this psychological condition over humanity, can we expect anything different from what we have? Certainly in the last few years we have had enough nightmares to awaken us. Among us as a people there has been more questioning in these last five years, I am certain, on the subject of death, than at any other time. The air is filled with the questioning as to whence we came and whither we go. One sees it in the faces of humanity, among all classes, the cultured and the uncultured. It is everywhere, and that sweeping, seething power of unrest among all is becoming too much for one to bear.*

\*

*Now, how are we going to change the deplorable conditions of life at the present time, what facilities have we for reconstructing the human race, and particularly for reconstructing America? How are we going about it? We know that we are bound to follow on a line of retrogression, even in our best efforts, without that knowledge which I have spoken of. One system of thought will urge one thing, another system of thought another, and there will be separation, a pandemonium of ideas and good motives without any possibility of permanent result.*

*We know that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; we know that all life is governed by Immutable Law, and that Deity in this great universal plan of evolution has given us the privilege of finding our real selves, finding the richer part of our nature, reaching up to those ideals we have of effort and action, of self-sacrifice and love and service for our fellows.*

*If we had not been separated all down the ages by false teachings, we should not have had the late war. If we had been living even approximately to the ideals and the teachings of Jesus and others, there could not have been a war, because there would have existed a spirit of unity running through the very blood of the whole race. Unity is based on the spiritual life of man; intellectually we have separations, in our ideas and our opinions, and the world is worn out with opinions and half-efforts and mere intellectualism.*

\*

*There seems to be pulsating in the very air of the silence about us and in*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*nature the prayers and the questions of the dying, of those who passed out into the Unknown without a moment's notice, under the great pressure and agony of war—the millions who have sacrificed their lives. This wonderful silence, which Mrs. Browning called the "orchestra of the silences," is something indescribable; we do not often reach it; but we know at our best, when we are most unselfish, when we forget our weaknesses and our prejudices and our troubles, that we do rise to heights of conception and confidence in the beneficence of the Universal Laws. Then we have glimpses of spiritual life, and feel the infinite touches of the immortal symphonies.*

*As long as we feel that our lives depend entirely on the material side of nature, we shall educate ourselves and our children and our nation on merely intellectual lines. There must be a psychological wave of the New Life, there must be established in every nation a quality of trust in the divinity of man, and a rare quality of trust in our fellow-men. We must bury our prejudices and our misconceptions and our dislikes; we must set aside our mere opinions and step out in a godlike way, as we know we can, for our very hearts tell us so. If the heart-life that Mme Blavatsky brought to the Western world had been lived, there would indeed have been no war.*

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*So, if we are to reconstruct on a basis of security for a permanent peace and a permanent confidence between the nations, we must undoubtedly take ourselves in hand. It seems to me that, in this aftermath of the war, every human being is challenged now as never before. It is as if the very powers of the universe were pressing in upon us to bring to our consciousness a realization of the menacing conditions that surround us, warning us against the possibility of another war. If we are to rise and go forth in the glow of our soul-life, we must begin to study our own individual strength and our own individual weaknesses; and as far as I can see, I cannot conceive how the world is going to reach the point of understanding the laws of life, the laws that govern human beings, until Theosophy, in all its simplicity and beauty, is understood. Its optimistic teachings are enough to lift the world, if we would consider them, take them home, so to speak, and make them a part of our lives.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

**T**HERE are many ways in which the Theosophical teachings supply the missing link in the speculations of current thought, and remove the confusion into which people fall from the want of a key by which to interpret their own intuitions. And not the least important of these ways is in the Theosophical teachings as to the composition of human nature and the distinction to be made between Individuality and personality.

These two words, Individuality and personality, are used interchangeably by ordinary custom; so it is important to observe that we shall here use them in the sense in which they were employed by H. P. Blavatsky in writing on these subjects, and in which they have been used ever since by her pupils.

As thus defined, the Individuality is the real Self of man, and the personality is the false self. In connexion with the doctrine of Reincarnation, the Individuality is the reincarnating Ego, and the personality is the temporary self that is engendered during the earliest years of one particular incarnation, and which endures for the period of that incarnation. Thus it is not correct to speak of personality in the singular, for evidently there are as many personalities as there are incarnations, while the Individuality remains one and the same throughout.

In reference to the teaching as to the seven principles of man, we find that the Individuality is Manas when united to the two higher principles, Buddhi and Âtman; and that the personality is produced by the union between Manas and the Kâma-Rûpa. Manas (the mind or thinking principle) is dual in man, one half aspiring towards the divine nature, and the other half gravitating towards the animal nature; and it is this circumstance that produces in man the eternal conflict, destined eventually to end in the triumph of the Higher over the lower — in the redemption of the mind from its enslavement to matter. Bearing this in mind, we may approximate to a conception of the distinction to be made between Individuality and personality.

From what has been said it follows that, in reality, man is living in a state of delusion, as though he were asleep and dreaming. He is wearing a mask; he is acting a part, and has become so absorbed in it as to have forgotten who he really is when off the stage. It appears to be necessary, in fulfilment of his evolution, that he should be thus obscured. We may get an idea of the nature and the possibility of such illusion by means

## INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY

of a comparison. We often hear people say, 'I am not myself today'; or plead the excuse, 'When I did that, I was not myself.' And afterwards they may add, 'Now I am myself again.' This implies that even the personality may stand superior to certain other states, still more evanescent and delusive than itself. A man under the influence of drink, anger, nightmare, may quite forget *himself* and wear an altogether fictitious personality for the time being; and afterwards he may regain self-possession, knowledge, and equilibrium. Applying this analogy, we may the more readily understand that even what we regard as our true self is but a dream in comparison with a deeper, fuller, and more real and permanent I, that lies behind the veil of our ordinary consciousness.

It is the task of man, in fulfilment of his gradual evolution throughout successive incarnations, to arouse within himself this real permanent Self, that thus he may find his anchorage in the true center of his being, and from that vantage-ground reign supreme over the mere personality, which then becomes his obedient minister.

It is owing to this want of distinction between Individuality and personality that we find so many writers and thinkers confused when they try to formulate gospels of human conduct and social policy. It is owing to this that we find that continual oscillation between the extreme ideas of 'individualism' on the one hand and 'collectivism' on the other; between the doctrines of individual rights and state rights; between the ideas of man's duty to himself and his duty to society. Using the words Individuality and personality as synonyms, without any such distinction as we have indicated, writers arrive at conclusions that are inconsistent with themselves, and enunciate gospels which lend themselves readily to misconstruction.

But when we say that man should accentuate his Individuality, but subordinate his personality, and when we keep in mind the above distinction, the confusion disappears and we arrive at a practical solution of the difficulties. When we say that a man should subordinate his personality, we do not mean that he must not assert his Individuality; and when we say that he must assert his Individuality, we do not mean that he is to assert his personality.

The trouble with too many people is that they do *not* assert their Individuality, but assert their personality instead. The result is that the well-disposed people remain inactive, leaving the field of action to the self-seeking people. The man of Individuality is one who believes in the Higher Laws of life sufficiently strongly to act upon them, not to remain negatively good. He believes in justice and honor as motives that should influence conduct; and when he acts he does not assert his personality, but he asserts the majesty of the Higher Laws of conduct

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in which he has faith. He permits his Individuality to manifest itself through him.

Some misguided people have sought to invoke the aid of occultism to enhance their personality, and have started 'metaphysical' schools and cults which teach 'concentration,' etc., for this purpose. They will but accomplish their own undoing, for the personality is the foe of man's real interests and needs not to be intensified; it is strong enough already. True Concentration means that we shall become one-pointed in our devotion to conscience and duty; that we shall expunge from our nature all those discordant elements of personal desire that prevent us from attaining to the desired state of peace and usefulness.

The drama of life centers around the strife between two forces, with which all are familiar, though it is more intense in some characters than in others; and in the latter case the man has reached a more advanced stage of his evolution (in the course of successive incarnations). Eventually the struggle becomes so keen that it seems as though there were two selves in the man, each struggling for mastery over the other and over the whole man. It is then that the choice must be made, compromise being no longer possible; and this is a crisis we all must reach one day. Meanwhile similar though lesser moments of choice present themselves every day and every hour. It is always difficult to determine philosophically the nature of our mysterious power of choice, but this is because we are using the mind for the purpose of analysing itself. In practice, however, problems which cannot be solved theoretically are often quite readily solved — by action. And this problem we solve one way or the other by the choice which we make of one or other of the two paths before us at any given instant. It is given to man that he shall have the power consciously to choose whether he will act in accordance with personal desire or principle, whenever these two possibilities present themselves as alternative courses which cannot be compromised. Then is decided whether it shall be his Individuality or his personality that is asserted.

Selfishness should not be regarded as something we have to give up, so much as something from which we are to be rescued. It is a task-master, to whom we have bound ourselves, and he has us in the bonds of usury, so tightly and ingeniously bound that our very efforts to pay off the obligation increase our indebtedness. Personal desires bind us to the chain of cause and effect, which is endless; and the only escape therefrom is to find the motives for action elsewhere than in personal desires. Impersonal work and aspiration give the Individuality an opportunity to express itself.

We all recognise nowadays that the pursuit of personal advantage

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is no way of producing a harmonious community; but we do not see so clearly what is to be substituted therefor. But the question is answered if we recognise that every man owes loyalty and allegiance to the Higher Laws of human life. Upon an observance of these laws his welfare depends, and he can no more disregard them with impunity than he can disregard the laws of physical health. Man insists on his rights, but he forgets that his Higher Nature has its rights, and he continually indulges the lower nature at the expense of the Higher.

There must be a truer self-respect among people generally, and a more adequate estimation of nobility of human nature. A single self-poised individual exercises an incalculable influence for good wherever he goes by the mere force of example which he unconsciously exercises. It is true that we must first conquer the empire of ourself. Let no one complain, then, that he is denied a field of action or an opportunity; for the complaint is not valid, since every circumstance is an opportunity.

## PUNCTUALITY

R. MACHELL

**T**HE importance of punctuality is not to be disputed. It is more than a virtue, for it is a necessity in all the business of life. But when one begins to think about it, with a view to understanding why it is so necessary, one finds that it takes on new aspects. It becomes the expression of a great principle in nature, that great organizing, co-ordinating, harmonizing principle that we call rhythm. But what is rhythm?

The rhythmic beat of a drum which marks time is easily recognised as a controlling power in a band or in a marching company; but such a rhythm is no more than a mechanical repetition or accentuation of recurrent measures. The rhythm of complicated music may be more difficult to recognise, particularly when the measure is varied deliberately in an attempt to break away from strict form into freedom. But however free may be the form, that form exists, and is expressed by rhythm. Formlessness is inconceivable to the human mind; and the looser the form the less intelligible it is to the general public. Disorder may exist, but it is merely confusion of forms, not formlessness (strictly speaking).

We are often told that music does not exist in nature, though we



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can all hear musical sounds. But the statement, like all other generalities, is only intelligible when the terms are clearly defined. If by music we mean the kind of ordered sequences of sounds familiar to human beings, then of course it may be true that the winds and waters, the birds and beasts, are not musicians. And the most obvious reason is that there is no apparent rhythm in the sequence of sounds uttered by them.

Certainly, music without rhythm of some kind is unthinkable. And so is life. Rhythm is the soul of life, the organizing principle in every manifestation of life on the physical plane. We can all see it working out its marvels in the flowers and trees, in the lower forms of organic life, as well as in the mineral world; order and organization of form is everywhere, obvious in all realms of existing beings, and is only emphasized by occasional variations in the regular order.

But when we come to human life, the rhythm is less apparent. Not that there is any lack of order: on the contrary, we are largely occupied as individuals and nations with questions of order and organization. The attempt to dispense entirely with order of any kind is like trying to speak without words, to think without thought, to live without food, to move without control of the limbs, to retain health without any system or regularity of bodily function; in fact, to live without life.

If we are to live *on this plane* we must conform to the laws that are the natural expression of natural forces on this plane: and the most obvious law of all is form. Without form there can be no existence on the physical plane. And form is the ordered manifestation of force. The ordering or arranging power is rhythm. So rhythm is the essential power behind creation.

But man is not merely a physical body, nor is he a mere mental function: he is a complex being, an outward manifestation of inner forces, tendencies, qualities, potentialities, that in their latent state may be considered formless; but that can only come into action, on this plane, by the creative, organizing power of rhythm.

So it may well be that in a man's soul there may exist conditions that are beyond the power of thought to express, and that may be a reflexion either of the higher regions of pure rhythm, or of the lower world of chaos — "the great deep" of primordial matter, unorganized by the light of spirit, which latter manifests in the middle world, in which we live, as rhythm.

The mind, being a mirror, may occasionally reflect aspects of these higher and lower worlds; and these reflexions may become ideas, more or less vaguely formulated in the lower mind as thoughts; and a man, trying to express these vaguely conceived ideas, will probably find himself in conflict with all existing conditions of the world in which he lives:

## PUNCTUALITY

for the first necessity of clear thinking is the power to give to an idea the form that is suitable to the plane on which it is to act. . . A man who cannot keep his ideas on the plane to which they belong is a dreamer at best.

In all such ordering of ideas the guiding and controlling power is rhythm, which is the manifestation of the spiritual creative impulse. Thus rhythm is an essential element in the life of man: and, being so, we must find it constantly asserting itself in our lives.

Most of us have at times rebelled against order, and have tried to free ourselves from restraint by disregard of punctuality, for the unthinking man sees nothing but an expression of a superior will in the demand for punctuality in life. But experience soon shows us that this quality is highly desirable in other people even if it is not quite necessary for ourselves. We are forced to recognise its expediency: but we may not trouble to think further or to understand what it really is.

Madame Tingley once spoke of punctuality as the rhythm of life; and that set me thinking: for we often hear of the 'Song of Life,' and we may as often have wondered if that phrase was more than a pretty form for a vague fancy.

The Song of Life is a fine idea; it is like the Brotherhood of Man. But few have the power to reach beyond the discord of life to the song, which for them must remain a pure ideal, or perhaps a discarded hope. But when a body of people meet together united by a common ideal, and are energized by a common purpose, and when they begin to organize their life for the better accomplishment of an unselfish object, punctuality in the performance of every act of life ceases to be a matter of discipline and becomes the voluntary response to the inner urge of the common life. The punctuality of each individual is the rhythm of life in the common body of the community. When this is established, life becomes harmonious; when the whole life is then attuned, the orchestra is ready to make music; and when each individual feels in himself an immediate response to the beat of the conductor's bâton, the duty of keeping time becomes a voluntary act of self-control, a willing response to the need of the moment; more, an eager expression of an inner rhythm that becomes outwardly manifest in the music of life.

Punctuality is not a mere obedience to rule; it is rather the prompt performance of the duty of the moment, the recognition of the eternal fitness of things that is superior to all law, and which in fact is the sole law of Nature. The rhythm of life expresses itself in punctuality, and therefore in the perfect man punctuality would be natural and spontaneous: for it is said, "The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes."

## DAWN AT THE MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

FROM THE CHINESE OF CHANG CH'EN, BY KENNETH MORRIS

MORNING, clear as a diamond, steals into the Halls of Zen;  
Over the tilted eaves dawn-sweet the larch-tops glow;  
Glow the tops of the beeches, dawn-cool, dawn-golden; — and then,  
From the midst of the trees overbranching the low eaves, lo,  
Dropping into the quietude, comes lonely, sweet and slow,  
Lonely and slow, the boom and tinkle of the altar bell,  
Hushed and deep, to the far margin of the morn to outflow: —  
*Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! . . . . It is well, it is well!*

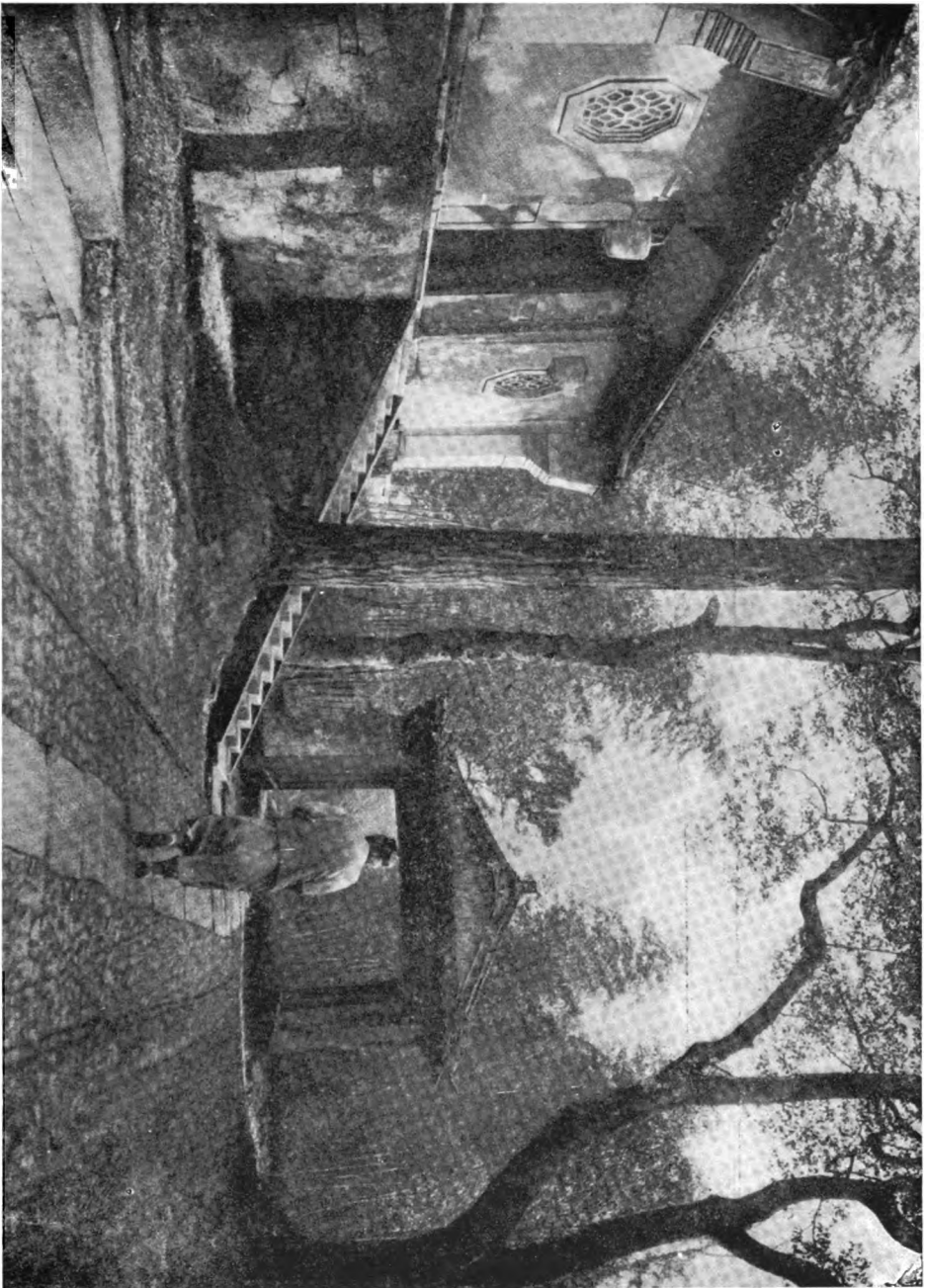
As I came by the winding path from the world of men,  
I watched the birds midst the green larch-branches flit to and fro,  
Moving jewels in the air; the sweetness and the peace of Zen  
Filled them with the morning worship, in music to overflow.  
This is their paradise. The hymn they are singing I know. . . .  
Or is it from Choirs of Lohans those sweet tones swell? . . . .  
Diamond beauty of the morning, what stirs, what thrills you so? —  
*Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! . . . . It is well, it is well!*

It is the peace of the mountain morning meditates in the Halls of Zen  
All the valley is a monastery, over-roofed with the blue glow  
Of heaven; as yonder lake are the clear hearts of the men  
Who dwell here; noon and night and the calm stars o'er them flow —  
Theirs; and the golden quiet is theirs; and the wind tiptoe  
O'er the larch-tops and the beeches sings through them the spell  
That opens the beautiful heart of the morning, murmuring low, —  
*"Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! . . . . It is well, it is well!"*

### *L'Envoi:*

Silence . . . And I am one with the morning beauty; returned again  
To the Refuge; to the Heart of Things; to the Golden Place, where dwell  
Peace and wisdom everlasting: I am come into the Halls of Zen;  
*Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! . . . . It is well, it is well!*

*International Theosophical Headquarters.  
Point Loma, California*



*Photo by D. Menzie*

## THE SUNLIGHT GILDS THE TEMPLE WALLS

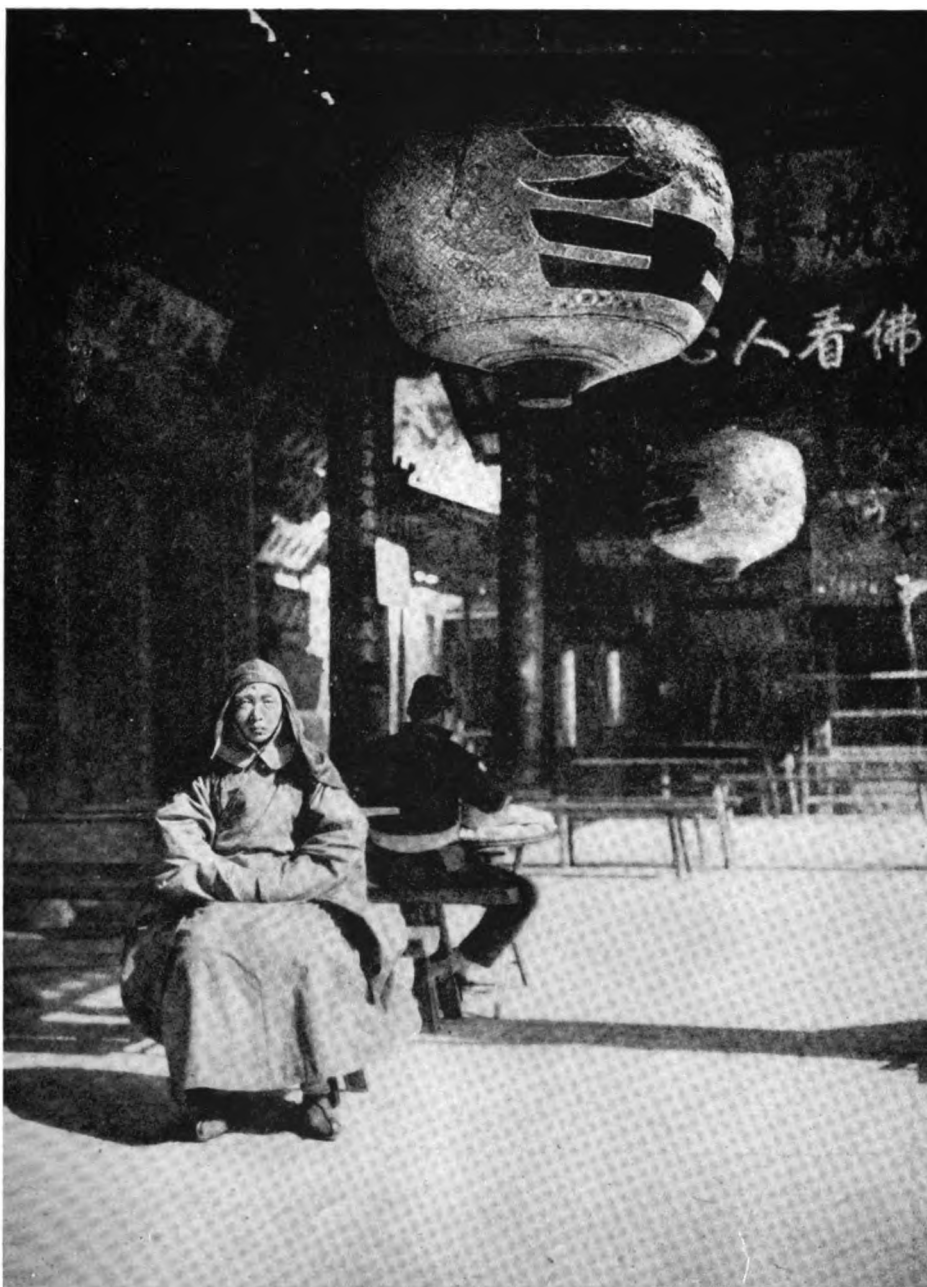
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*Photo by D. Mennie*

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

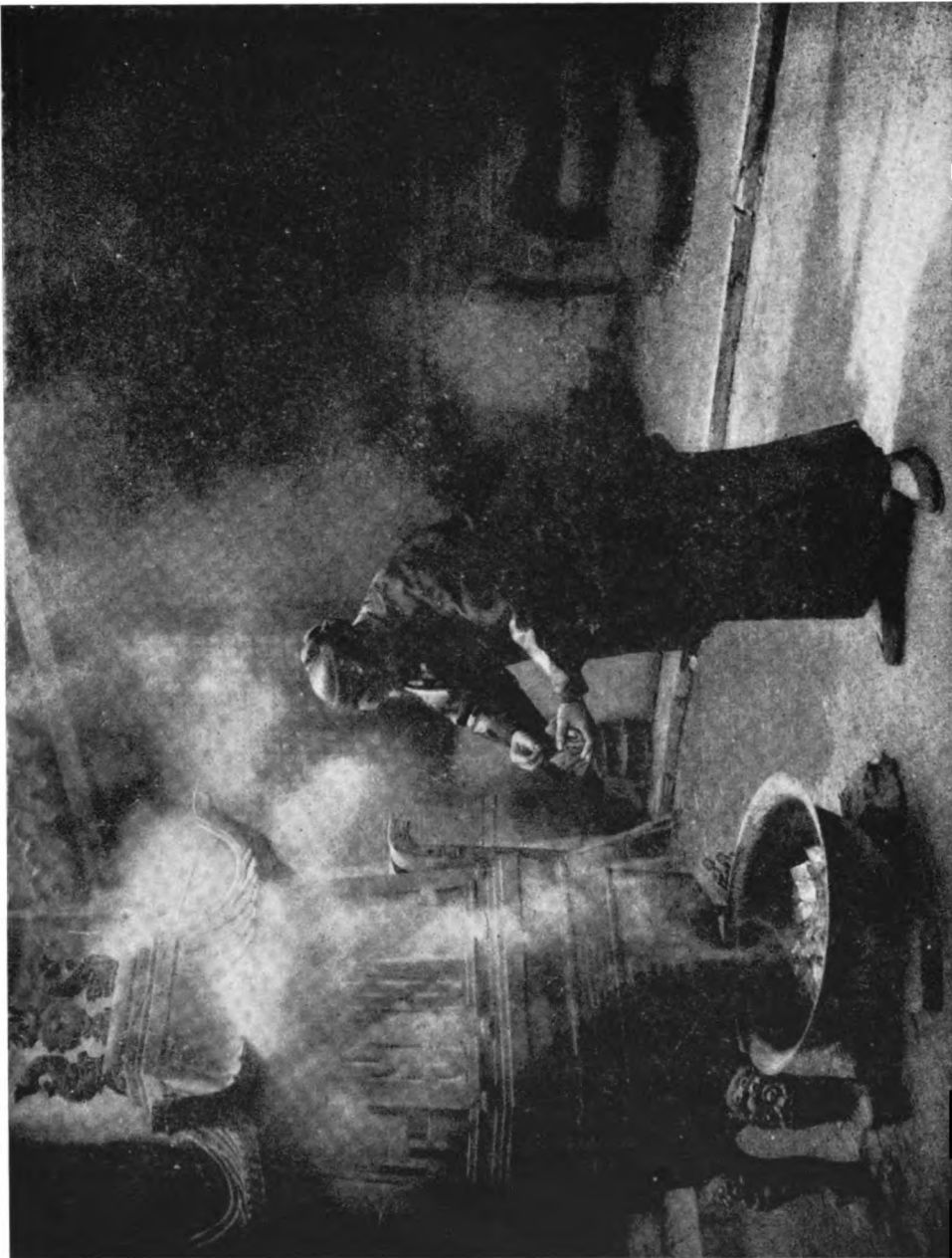
THE ROAD TO TIEN ZUK, CHINA



*Photo by D. Mennie*

*Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.*

IN THE COURTYARD OF TIEN ZUK



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE END OF THE CEREMONY**

*Photo by D. Mennie*



## WHAT IS RÂJA-YOGA?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**T is not easy to render the phrase Râja-Yoga into English; and the attempt to translate the phrase may necessitate the abandonment of a too close adherence to the meaning of the separate words. 'Royal Road' may be suggested as an approximation, and has the advantage of being terse, euphonious, and full of meaning in our tongue. But it hardly does justice to the meaning of the word Yoga. This means 'union,' being cognate with the Latin *jugum*, the Greek *ζυγόν*, and our own 'yoke'; but this does not convey the idea with sufficient readiness, and our word 'communion' would be better. That however has a theological smack, as does the word 'atonement,' which is said to be really 'at-one-ment,' meaning the union or making one of the mind with its Divine counterpart the Soul. But *yoga* also means a method or a practical philosophy whereby such union is to be attained. Such words as 'road,' 'way,' 'path,' therefore, seem better adapted to convey the meaning. *Râjâ* means a king; and, when thus used as a prefix, denotes superexcellence. So the phrase indicates that the method it denotes is the supreme method, the royal road to the attainment of emancipation from the thralldom of the lower nature and the obscurations of the wayward mind.

The key to an understanding of the matter is to be found in the Theosophical teachings as to the constitution of man; where it is shown that the special feature of Man is his possession of a self-conscious mind, which hovers midway between the attractions of a higher and a lower nature. In fulfilment of his destiny, the object of his existence, Man wages a continual contest between the higher and the lower. He falls a prey to his passions and to the delusions thereby engendered; but finds that this is not the true law of his life; and the tribulation thus caused leads him to forsake the path of self-gratification and to seek that of unselfishness and obedience to the promptings of his higher nature. Such methods as that of Râja-Yoga are designed, by the great Teachers who promulgated them, to show Man the way in which he may fulfil his great destiny and attain to happiness and peace. The world can show many such philosophies and methods, the work of various Teachers; and, though they may differ in details according to the requirements of particular times and peoples, yet in essence they are all the same — means to attain to Wisdom and emancipation.

The essence of Râja-Yoga may be said to be that it teaches that

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the mind is to be controlled by the will, in accordance with the laws of Man's spiritual nature. In this respect it is to be distinguished from any system of yoga which advocates the attempt to control the mind mainly or exclusively by means of the body, and which therefore sets chief store on physical methods of self-development. Important as physical methods are, as part of the whole system of development, they must be regarded as strictly subordinate to the main method of mastering first the mind and its delusions by means of the will guided by conscience.

It will thus be seen that Râja-Yoga coincides with Theosophy in its meaning and tendencies; while, on the other hand, there are certain travesties of Theosophy, and certain cults of psychism and so forth, which would seem to lean more in the direction of the inferior kinds of yoga and to attach undue importance to physical methods, while at the same time losing sight of the one great purpose — that of attaining to selflessness. Ambition is said to be the great curse of human nature, leading Man, as it does, away from the true path to his happiness, and setting his feet on a road that leads to self-undoing and delusion. Should such a motive, whether acknowledged or lurking in the background, be his inspiration, it will lead him astray and sooner or later bring him much affliction until he recognises the true path.

The phrase Râja-Yoga, as applied to the system of bringing-up and education established by Katherine Tingley in fulfilment of the plans of H. P. Blavatsky, is eminently calculated to express the essential character of this system — namely, the mastery of the whole nature, through a recognition of the essential divinity of Man.

The words Râja-Yoga are of course Sanskrit and refer to Aryan Hindû ideas; but Theosophy is universal, as is well shown by H. P. Blavatsky in the very first pages of her *Key to Theosophy*, where she explains the use of the word *Theosophia* by the Alexandrine philosophers and takes both Plato and the New Platonists of the Third and Fourth centuries A. D. as illustrations of Theosophical teaching. The Soul is immortal and divine, but becomes a prisoner during incarnation, and strives to regain recollection of its free and divine state. Its work, during incarnation, is to raise the mind to its own level, to redeem the human soul and bring it into conscious union with its divine counterpart. Thus again we find the idea of *union* between the mortal and the immortal, as in Râja-Yoga.

The Soul is quite a vague conception in ordinary modern occidental thought, and Theosophy seeks to make it a reality — something that exercises a telling influence in our life. So children brought up under the Râja-Yoga system are accustomed from the beginning to recognise

## WHAT IS RÂJA-YOGA?

this duality in human nature, and to regard their passions and selfishness as unruly forces of the lower nature, which should and can be mastered by obedience to the promptings of the higher nature. This is Râja-Yoga; and a salient characteristic of it, which distinguishes it from all fads and crazes, is that it is perfectly sane, healthy, and normal, producing natural, harmoniously developed men and women, without anything weird or extraordinary about them. And this is the type of men and women that are needed.

There is nothing *neurotic* about Râja-Yoga. This is said because there exists in the world today a certain mistaken form of self-development (so called), which is not a development of the higher nature at all, but merely an intensification of some of the forces of the lower nature. This species of 'development' produces an instability of character and physique, running to extremes, reaching states that are believed to be high and exalted, and reacting to the opposite extreme. In short, the neurotic element in our nature is played upon by this species of development. The reader will recognise in this characterization an allusion to the sundry cults of psychism and 'occultism' that prevail, often under the very name of Theosophy and accompanied by perversions of its teachings. All this is avoided by Râja-Yoga, which is genuine Theosophy. The neurotic element is regarded as the chief obstacle to normal regular development.

The essential truths of philosophy remain ever the same; for human nature remains the same, and the laws governing its conduct must also continue unchanging. But, whenever the truth has been preached, perversions have arisen, which serve both to mislead people and to obscure for them the real path. Thus it behooves all truth-seekers to beware of spurious imitations of Theosophy, which can show no useful results, and which merely add to the already too numerous useless crazes in the world. And it behooves Theosophists to keep the real Light ever burning, so that the original message of H. P. Blavatsky may not be unheard and unheeded.

As a proof that the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is really practical, we can point to the Râja-Yoga system of education, which is carried out in Lomaland as a fulfilment of the ideals of education indicated by H. P. Blavatsky. Here is something visible and tangible, that people can see, and that demonstrates the truth of Theosophy. Here are obtainable conditions which cannot at present be obtained elsewhere: the right conditions both in the home-life and in the school-hours. Under the conditions that ordinarily prevail, the teachers' work, even if excellent, would be undone by the heedlessness or ignorance of the parents; and we usually find indeed that the un-

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fortunate teacher has to shoulder a good deal of blame that does not belong to him. And even in the schools there is no way of applying such tests as will insure that the right kind of teachers will be engaged and the wrong kind excluded. So the Râja-Yoga School at Lomaland provides conditions at present unique, for the children have not only their school hours, but their hours of recreation and their home-life, guided and protected by the beneficent Râja-Yoga method.

If one could attempt to enter into details as to the many ways in which the principle is worked out and brought to bear on particular circumstances, one would have a long story to tell; for there is virtually no part of a child's life where the two paths of right and wrong do not confront him as alternatives; and thus every hour is one of choice, fraught with weal or woe for the future. It should not be inferred, however, that the method is one of constraint and undue interference; much of it consists in merely refraining from teaching wrong things. On the other hand, there is avoidance of the disastrous mistake made by certain recent fads in education — a mistaken idea of liberty, a relaxation of discipline, a fond and fatuous reliance on what is called the guidance of nature. The nature of a child is very mixed, and is apt to lead it into wrong paths — which is obvious enough. The very birds have to guide and protect their young. Discipline is always necessary; *but* it should be made clear that the ultimate source of discipline is the child's own higher nature and will. The guardian and teacher simply interpret and guide. A child makes to his guardians a double appeal — from the lower nature and from the higher. If the appeal of the lower nature alone is responded to, then indulgence ensues and the child's nature is spoilt and the seeds of future sorrow are sown. The teacher must be able to recognise the appeal of the child's higher nature and to respond to it; thus manifesting true kindness, earning real gratitude, and sowing the seeds of future weal. Such are some of the principles of Râja-Yoga education, and they are vindicated by the visible results.

❦

“O, there were other duties meant for thee,  
Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!  
O, there are brother-hearts that dwell in gloom,  
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,  
So crusted o'er with baseness that no ray  
Of heaven's blessed light may enter in!  
Come down, then, to the hot and dusty way,  
And lead them back to hope and peace again —  
For, save in Act, thy Love is all in vain.”— LOWELL

## THEOSOPHY, THE NATURAL AND UNIVERSAL RELIGION\*

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

**M**ME. H. P. BLAVATSKY said that Theosophy is not *a* Religion but that Theosophy *is* Religion itself. Her writings are unique in proving that man is by nature a religious being, because he is essentially divine. Moreover, she shows that the primeval instructors of the infant humanity were the legendary gods of the Golden Age, and that the impress of their Divine Wisdom, or Wisdom-Religion, upon the young race has never been effaced, but has been revived, in part, by the teachings of the many Saviors who have come to help men throughout the ages.

Mme Blavatsky's work was most timely. She came at a time when the enterprising West, which was setting the pace in world activities, was discounting all religion, in discarding the narrow and illogical dogmatic theology which long had posed as authority, and which had exacted blind faith in followers. The sudden awakening of science, at this time, was giving *it* a new authority in the world of affairs. But the scientific researches were largely a reaction from the old régime of blind belief, and consequently the scientific influence was purely materialistic. The search for truth was now directed toward acquiring a larger knowledge of natural forces. Fascinating new fields of the refinements of matter were opened up by the eye of the microscope and by the subtle analyses of chemistry.

Knowledge of matter increased apace among scientists, but ignorance of man's real nature still held in every line of thought. The truth that man is a soul had been long forgotten — ever since the teachings of the Nazarene had been obscured by the ambitious priesthood of the early Christian era.

In Mme Blavatsky's two works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, there is a wealth of authentic quotations presented which show that the sages and philosophers of all times have told, in many different words and in various languages, the same story of racial history and of the creation. These books gave, for the first time, the key to the seemingly hopeless confusion of beliefs and theories about man and deities. As the author says:

"The best and most spiritual men of our present day can no longer be satisfied with either Science or Theology. . . . *Universal* tradition is indeed the far safer guide in life. And uni-

\*An address given at Isis Theater, San Diego, California.

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versal tradition shows primitive man living for ages together with his Creators and first instructors . . . in the World's 'Garden of Eden.' " — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 349

Mme Blavatsky knew, from the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, that the direction of modern progress was neither right nor wise, and she continually protested that, without a better knowledge of man himself and of his relation to the natural world around him, the results would be disastrous. How could a human being evolve naturally in the essentially human qualities of mind and heart, without true knowledge of the sacred science of life? The chaotic state of civilization today proves only too well the truth of her words of warning. And as the message of Theosophy which Mme Blavatsky brought some forty years ago is now being more widely known and understood, the world feels something of the great compassion for humanity which breathed in the words of this "lion-hearted" messenger. That she was a Teacher and Guide, by virtue of the divine right of a great Soul, is proven by her life of service in demonstrating Theosophic truths, and by her greatest work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which is even now far in advance of the latest word of the scientific and religious world. She said that the truths she presented were not revealed, nor was she a revealer of original mystic lore, but that *The Secret Doctrine* matter was to be found "scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil." Supplementing all these data was the remarkable career of travel and personal research by this woman, who was born with unusual sensibilities and an intuitive genius for finding truth. For many years she journeyed on a world-wide itinerary, closely studying the peoples of all countries, not the least of her time and attention being given to primitive and out-of-the-way communities, and to the study of the prehistoric ruins which are yet a puzzle to the archaeologists.

This woman, born with a genius for getting at the soul of things, found that human nature was ever the same, and that it had expressed its thought and feeling in the same symbols and glyphs and monuments that date the history of the race back for millions of years. It was no mere academic love of learning which impelled her to unravel the mystery of human life, which, Sphinx-like, was vainly challenging the leading minds in the religious and scientific world. Though a woman of education, culture, and refinement, she was not equipped with a specialist's training for her research work. But her heart found the way to the hidden treasures of truth to feed the hungry. Nor was she moved by the sentimental desire to reform or redeem or convert her fellow-men. Like a true disciple of the Masters of Wisdom, she united head and heart to



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learn the truth and knowingly to serve it. Hers was no blind faith or reckless sacrifice of devotion. She gave up everything in life, and finally life itself, in a selfless, untiring service; but it was ever a conscious, practical work of restoring to humanity the priceless treasures of its forgotten birthright of divinity.

Mme Blavatsky taught that as each soul evolves, life after life, it is gifted with free will to choose its own way and to set its own pace of progress. Each one thus dictates his own level of attainment, in a racial line which links the human family up to types of perfected men, and down to the unenlightened children in life's lessons. She pointed out the natural fact that, in the light of truth, every day is a judgment-day, wherein each man weighs himself, and makes his own record as to how he stands between his animal self and his divine nature. She made it clear that a man could no more be measured by his learning or his power or his possessions, than he could by his belief in certain creeds. In the world of reality each one is an incarnating soul, and he stands on his merits as to the degree in which the soul rules the body.

Mme Blavatsky found that, as her deep love and pity for humanity led her round and round the world, in seeking more light, her sympathetic understanding of different peoples opened the way to their confidence. A sincere lover of truth instinctively recognises his own kind, and honors a claim of anyone who can truly share in his sincere feelings and sentiments. So it was, that as this courageous woman sought far and wide for the link which should unite the scattered fragments of facts and of faith into one connected story of human destiny, she learned how truly he who seeks shall find. Her motive in seeking, which made all the earth holy ground, opened the doors of mystic lore and of sacred places which were forever closed to the seeking of mere scholars and novelty-hunters. That was natural, too. Do we not all draw a veil between our deepest feelings and the gaze of conventional or curious eyes? Are not the things we hold most dear and sacred too fine and inspiring for words to explain or to describe? The searcher for the facts of folk-lore who goes forth equipped with notebook and pencil and a learned air will get little response from the seemingly stolid natives of the countryside. But let a man meet them with the heart-touch, as he lives among them, and lo! he often finds the prosaic and rough personalities around him are hiding an inner wealth of fairy lore and native mysticism and nature poetry.

In time Mme Blavatsky found her Teachers, those wise and holy men who honored her claim for help, as a fellow-servant of the higher law of justice and compassion. In her reverence for them and her obedience to their wise teachings, this great soul was like a devoted child. It was a tie of sacred unity and trust with the Elder Brothers, based

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upon a likeness of nature. It was the natural bond of brotherhood which connects all things and beings on inner lines. The ancients regarded the relation of Teacher and pupil as something very sacred, because one who is fit to teach, in directing the course of the incarnating soul, is acting as a spiritual parent.

The origin of devotion, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, was the primeval relation of the Infant Humanity to those great Beings, the 'Lords of Wisdom,' whose history is recorded in the traditions and mythology of all peoples. These mysterious 'Sons of Wisdom' were not alien beings to the souls who were only beginning their earthly pilgrimage, but they were "just men made perfect." They were the primeval Teachers of the Race, akin in nature to those newly-arrived souls who were only infants in earth experience. This was the starting-point of the natural educational system of Râja-Yoga, or character-building, which Katherine Tingley has put into practical operation in her school at Point Loma. Here all knowledge and skill are regarded as part of the great science of life and the art of living. The results of Râja-Yoga training are in marked contrast to the current evidences of what modern education and religion are doing to perfect human evolution. Are not the educators frankly admitting that the educational systems in vogue are a failure in character-building; while the churches, after centuries of propaganda for different creeds and dogmas, are bewildered with the problem of how to effect church unity and to teach Christianity in its simple purity? The consensus of opinion in church circles now is, that Brotherhood is the only basis upon which people can unite.

It has taken the horrors of a world-war to make the modern teachers and leaders realize the natural necessity of unity and brotherhood among men. But it was to restore this and other teachings of the Ancients that Mme Blavatsky organized the Theosophical Society, as a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood, forty-four years ago. Theosophy says that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." The natural keynote of human life is co-operation, not competition. The animals, being devoid of the light of reason, may naturally develop their animal powers, in part, by strife. But civilized man can evolve naturally only by the survival of the morally fit. There is no parallel in Nature for the military method which makes bloody sacrifice of the flower of a nation's manhood to settle some disagreement.

Theosophy says that the natural place for competition is within man's own dual nature, for he is both angel and demon in his possibilities. As a soul, he is related to the gods; but he is handicapped by the earthly veil of flesh, in the form of an animal body. The god and the animal are ever at war for supremacy, since, as said in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, "light and

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darkness are the world's eternal ways." To the degree in which the selfish animal nature is conquered and mastered and trained for service by its natural soul master, Selfishness — the common enemy of mankind — is defeated. A moral victory, individual or social, deprives no one of valuable possessions. Upon the contrary, when the man-soul or the nation-soul is victorious in meeting the issues of life, all life is enriched and ennobled by the example of what the finer forces of human nature *can* do. Morale, which is a most subtle and powerful force, is also very contagious. There is an outgo of living truth in a selfless deed or work, which answers all argument against the existence of the soul. And the incarnating soul stands for the whole natural equation of Spirit and Matter. Man is the epitome of all the cosmic forces. The old teaching of Patañjali was that

"The Universe, including the visible and the invisible, . . . exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation."  
— *Yoga Aphorisms*, Book II, Aph. 18

The usual theological story of the creation and of human origin has little charm or appeal to our intimate feelings. It all seems so remote and so unrelated to life as we know it. But *The Secret Doctrine* shows that there is a cosmic foundation for our inherent sense of beauty and poetry and love and heroism, and for the sacred tenderness of home ties, and for the joy of life, and for the dignity and power of the arts and sciences, which express the great creative force in material things. The natural instinct of mother-love which tenderly broods over helpless creatures, and the natural devotional spirit which looks up reverently to the overshadowing wisdom of love, go back to the very beginning of things. The Golden Age for our present humanity was the incarnating soul's first experience on the planet, just as the new-born today, coming from the invisible realm of peace and love, is initiated into earth-life in the sheltering arms of mother-love. The babe's tender body and unawakened mind are unprepared for the physical and mental tests of maturer years. Even so, the infant appearance on earth of the entities gradually becoming *involved* in matter, was in more ethereal bodies than these dense bodies of earth out of which man is at present *evolving*. The incoming souls — like the new-born babe today — lived for a time surrounded by the pure atmosphere of their forgone home beyond the veil of birth. Does not the babe usually seem to live in a different world from the troublous one around him, much of the time asleep and unconscious of surroundings, though he may be conscious of a happier existence?

It is inspiring to follow Mme Blavatsky's interpretation of the inner teachings of all religions, and to see how closely nature and human nature are interwoven in the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," which

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Jesus spoke of to his disciples. As we go back over the true story of the race, we arrive, not at a period of darkness, in the night of time, but at the dawn of a new humanity, illumined with the tender light of a divine parentage by souls matured in other worlds. The dignity of the truth of human origin makes any Darwinian theory of ape ancestry seem like blasphemy. Mother Nature worked upward in making the physical body; but the soul descended to learn the earthly lessons, and meantime to help matter in its upward journey. There comes a sense of nearness to Mother Nature, when one thinks of the many bodies she has built for us in the countless lives of the past; how she has given us food and clothing and shelter while we lived, and absorbed our worn-out ashes after death. And as the human impress remains upon the atoms of matter, think how interrelated we must be to the matter of Mother Earth, that has served us in countless incarnations! It is small wonder that primitive races, whose instincts are still unspoiled by artificial creeds, keep the legendary truth alive by their devotion and nearness to Nature. Mme Blavatsky says:

"In treating of Cosmogony and then of the Anthropogenesis of mankind, it was necessary to show that no religion, since the very earliest, has ever been entirely based on fiction, as none was the object of special revelation; and that it is dogma alone which has ever been killing primeval truth. Finally, that no human-born doctrine, no creed, however sanctified by custom and antiquity, can compare in sacredness with the religion of Nature. The Key of Wisdom that unlocks the massive gates leading to the arcana of the innermost sanctuaries can be found hidden in her bosom only."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 797

She also said that in writing *The Secret Doctrine*, the work aimed

"to show that Nature is not 'a fortuitous concurrence of atoms,' and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization. . . .

"The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world."

— *Ibid.*, I, viii, xxxiv

Confucius said:

"I only hand on: I cannot create new things. I believe in the Ancients, and therefore I love them."

The archaeologists find evidences of religious worship wherever mankind has left traces behind him. Plutarch said:

"If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theaters; but a city without a temple or that practised not worship, prayer and the like, no one ever saw."

: Theosophy is natural Religion, because it "*per se*, in its widest meaning, is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all

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*things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole." And because of this natural unity, it is in keeping with the myths and legends of all times and all peoples to find that our race, in its infancy, was guided and led along by those divine Beings, who had attained to godlike love and wisdom by traveling a like road through the mazes of matter. *The Secret Doctrine* adds that under this same protection

"all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these 'Sons of God' that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.

[Footnote 262] "Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients. . . . It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the Third Root Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 208

" . . . During its early beginnings, psychic and physical intellect being dormant and consciousness still undeveloped, the spiritual conceptions of that race were quite unconnected with its physical surroundings. That *divine* man dwelt in his animal — though externally human — form; and, if there was instinct in him, no self-consciousness came to enlighten the darkness of the latent fifth principle. When, moved by the law of Evolution, the Lords of Wisdom infused into him the spark of consciousness, the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, of oneness with his spiritual creators. As the child's first feeling is for its mother and nurse, so the first aspirations of the awakening consciousness in primitive man were for those whose element he felt within himself, and who yet were outside and independent of him. DEVOTION arose out of that feeling, and became the first and foremost motor in his nature; for it is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us, and which we find alike in human babe and the young of the animal." — *Ibid.*, I, 210

It is a wonderful and magical thing, this striking the keynote of devotion at the dawn of creation, so that it should echo in the hearts of humanity all down the ages. It is too stupendous a thought to be grasped fully even by the most scholarly, and yet it is as simple and familiar as mother-love and protective fatherhood. It sheds a sacred light upon the home, and calls for a larger view of its responsibilities. The intimate tenderness of Deity is reflected in that verse in the Bible which says:

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

There is a natural magic of healing in the touch of a loving mother, even though it cannot be found by all the analyses of the scientist. As Mme Blavatsky said: "The Occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization." Our science has no end of mechanistic marvels to its credit. But it is so materialistic that it regards man himself as a sort of live machine. If the one truth of human duality were understood, and man were known to have the potential powers of a god and of a demon, even science would recognise the danger

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of the keynote of selfishness which has marked the strenuous life of our century. There is practically no place for devotion in the over-busy modern program, and this lack is a vital danger, because it is unnatural. Mother Nature is checking up this failure of ours to round out into a more wholly human growth. Our great cleverness and scientific efficiency is like a disease, a monstrous malignant growth compared with our stunted spirituality and our skeptical indifference and neglect to provide for the normal needs of the higher nature. Nature has evolved a quality of brain and body cells which now are capable of vibrating to the higher impulses and finer motives of action. The very body is suffering from non-expression of the higher human faculties. To keep the body itself attuned to the lower levels is no longer normal, or sane, or safe, or sanitary. Nature has not worked for millions of years to produce a human type so unmoral that its supreme achievements are mechanical and military efficiency. Years ago Emerson said, with intuitive insight:

"The reason why the world lacks unity and lies broken and in heaps, is because man is disunited with himself."

If the lack of unity among men was so apparent to the Concord sage in the last century, what must the true inwardness of things be in this day of wreckage and upheaval? Science has analysed man's body and the world around him with the revealing eye of the microscope and the subdividing finesse of chemistry. Many secrets of matter have been laid bare, but the doctors are unable to find the cause of the steady increase in the cases of cancer and malignant disease and of nervous disorders and insanity. Even the epidemic of influenza, which swept round the earth with terrible fatality, is still unaccounted for by the profession. These modern plagues cannot be laid to the unsanitary surroundings. These abnormal conditions arise insidiously in some fault in the inner life. Certainly man *is* disunited with himself,—the soul and the body are out of tune. There is so much in the self-indulgent, restless, artificial quality of life today that is wholly and frankly lacking in ideals, so much that is degenerate, however brilliant, that any wholesome, thinking mind can sense the dangerous conflict between Nature and human nature. Nature, who knows the reality of Reincarnation, seems to be trying to arouse us to the folly of our course by these lessons of suffering. She cuts short the unnatural careers, so that no more unhappy Karma be made this time, and perhaps a better start will be made in the next life.

It is, as Katherine Tingley has said, a pivotal point in history, a crucial time. But Theosophy is equal to the crisis, and shows the wise



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and only way by which the world may arrest its downward progress and recover itself. Theosophy is vital with hope for those who will heed its message. It is not brilliant intellect that can save the day; but, as the Nazarene Initiate said, we must "become as little children." That was the simple way to tell the Galilean fishermen the story of finding the kingdom of heaven within. It was the same story of "the way, the truth, and the life," which perfected men had told disciples in every age since infant humanity first felt the natural devotion of at-one-ment with their divine Instructors.

We are no longer children in earth-life, after countless incarnations. No doubt we have paid many a bitter price for lessons in the folly of trying to seek out 'many inventions' whereby to escape the broken law of nature. Why not take the natural, easy way of the courageous, invincible Soul, and ally ourselves with our own higher natures? Devotion is the simple, practical mysticism of finding the Real Self, and putting one's best into the duty of the day. Nature leads the lower kingdoms along the universal path of progress. But *we* have the higher mind and the soul light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and the free will to step onward in what Katherine Tingley has termed "self-directed evolution."

Everywhere, today, the insistent problem is that of unity and reconstruction. How shall men work together in order to rebuild the world in a more human way? is the question of the hour. What is the vital thing which has been lacking in human life? Surely it is not intellect, for the brain-mind has done brilliant and efficient work in every direction. But with an outgrown theology, we have put aside the devotional expression which, at times, went far out beyond the creeds and dogmas, and intuitively found the truth for itself, in simple unity with the higher nature. Devotion is a necessity for sane, healthy, natural life. As the first feeling aroused in the awakening consciousness of the infant race, it has welled up in the human heart ever since, all down the ages. As souls, we are each one a member of the primitive human family that began its earthly career — our career — in the 'Garden of Eden,' with divine Instructors. We must become like little children again, in order to find the way to true progress, for, as Mencius said centuries before Jesus,

"The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart."

## THE QUEST OF BEAUTY

MAGISTER ARTIUM

**T**HE Path, the Way — what do these words mean? The realization of the meaning of life, the fulfilment of one's destiny, the attainment of knowledge and certainty. All great Teachers have sought to show men the Way, the Path. There are many roads at the outset of the journey; but, like the paths up a mountain, they all converge and reach the same goal. Truth, Knowledge, Righteousness, Beauty, Power, Peace — whatever high ideal we may pursue, the pursuit will, when followed unswervingly, lead us to the same goal. But we must be loyal and unswerving in our allegiance.

Many natures are attracted by ideals of Beauty, which they seek to realize through the various forms of art. The canvas, the clay, the poet's pen, are various fields for the exercise of these endeavors; but the drama of life itself is the great canvas on which we paint, the great song we sing; and conduct is our true technique. If it were not so, then the artist would not be whole; his life would be separate from his profession; there would be contrariety, disproportion, between two worlds wherein he would live; to that extent he would be a hypocrite. Is not such too often the case?

We must make our *lives* sublime, if we worship sublimity.

It is a great consolation, when we are vexed and puzzled with the conflict between right and wrong, and find all our motives, those we call good and those we know to be evil, alike tinged with the weariful element of personality and self-consciousness; — it is a great consolation to be able to escape into a realm of impersonality, and to feel that we have some impersonal ideal to cherish. Thus we may escape for a little rest from the turmoil; thus perchance, we tell ourselves, we may achieve our salvation. And so, instead of viewing actions as good or evil, it may often be a help and a relief to view them as beautiful or ugly. Let us review our past, and see how hideous some of it has been, and how far we have fallen away from our own ideals of beauty and seemliness. Let us view our conduct as though it were that of another and judge it by the light of our artistic standards. Then there may arise in our heart a longing to achieve something more beautiful; not because of any supposed gain to ourselves, or to fulfil any ideal of sanctity, but because we yearn to realize our ideal of beauty and harmony.

How personality and self-consciousness mar the enjoyment of beauty! There are many innocent and happy experiences which we cannot enjoy

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while in our ordinary state; and I daresay a good many of us have sometimes had the experience of realizing such states in dreams. Then they are possible, because a large part of our mind is asleep, suppressed, so that it does not interfere. No self-consciousness is present, no fear, no vanity, no uncomfortable introspection of any kind. The slightest grain of self-consciousness would shatter the vision, break the charm, instantly, like the fall of a house of cards; and we should awake to the bitterness of regret. Such dreams may be teachers, if we can learn the lesson.

The lesson is that it is our complex artificial personality that is the enemy, and that we must lay this ghost if we are to achieve our heart's desire. But how lay it? It seems to me there are two possibilities in view: to go back, to go forward. We cannot very well go back: to do so would imply a certain loss of sanity, a relapse into dotage, the insensitiveness of old age — as sometimes happens. So we must go forward.

The disciple, we are told by various teachers, must reach the child-state he has lost, must become as a little child, if he would attain wisdom, if he would enter the Kingdom. But surely not by a process of retrogradation and going back to toy bricks and dolls? Must there not be a state in advance, resembling in its simplicity, its wholeheartedness, the state behind, but yet as far superior to the middle state as the middle is to the first?

But to aim at creating for oneself alone a character of superiority and excellence is simply to worship personal ambition over again in a new form, and such an aim is therefore doomed to the bitterness of disappointment, sooner or later; not from the decree of a jealous Providence, but from conditions inherent in human nature; for such a state is not the Soul's true aim and cannot satisfy it. And it has been truly said that the humble artist in love with his work may be much nearer the Light than the superior personality, adorned with many excellences, but still bound to self-admiration. The artist has his love centered on something outside of himself. "He also is my beloved servant . . . who is the same in honor and dishonor," says the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, meaning that, if a state of stability and true content is to be reached, it must be independent of self-gratulation and able to sustain a man when a cycle of dissatisfaction is on; it must be able to sustain him when he is under a cloud of disesteem from others. In this way the personal element can be eliminated.

It is also said that a man should be lighted from within, not from without, for thus alone can he be independent of circumstances. The true fount of beauty, therefore, must be sought in a region beyond the personality, and in the loyalty to impersonal ideals. He who loves the Law and understands it well enough to be able to realize that it may

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demand the sacrifice of his personal ambitions, has successfully followed a high ideal in spite of the allurements of lesser ideals.

One great aim of Theosophy is to teach people to recognise the truth that the home of beauty and peace is not merely a state to be yearned for after death in some heaven, but a state that can be achieved on earth. "In the land of the heavenly love, Only there shall I find my ideal"; but why wait till we are dead and our present opportunities gone?


Harmony ensues on the removal of discord, and we must remove the discordant notes from our life; we must resolve the discords or blend the whole into a greater harmony: interesting analogies will be found in musical theory.

The decay of beauty in our architecture, costume, and many other external features of our civilization, has been much commented on and deplored; so has the rise of 'individualism' as a social and political creed. Are the two phenomena connected?

The ideal of Beauty is one that calls for absolute loyalty and the sacrifice of all "other gods but me"; and, if faithfully pursued, can lead its devotee nowhere else than to the true goal — his heart's home.

## THE CHURCH CONGRESS (ENGLAND) AND PSYCHIC RESEARCH

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

T is instructive and somewhat amusing to Theosophists to see the way in which ancient errors are repeated again and again, as exemplified by the recent vogue of a form of psychic research, in which learned men of science are mistaking mere simulacra and phantoms for the immortal spirits of the departed.

If an actor, wearied with his exertions on the boards, should cast aside his stage costume, preparatory to taking a well-earned rest in his proper person; and if some mischievous sprite should thereupon don the discarded habiliments and masquerade in them behind the foot-lights, some of the audience might be edified and most of them would not.

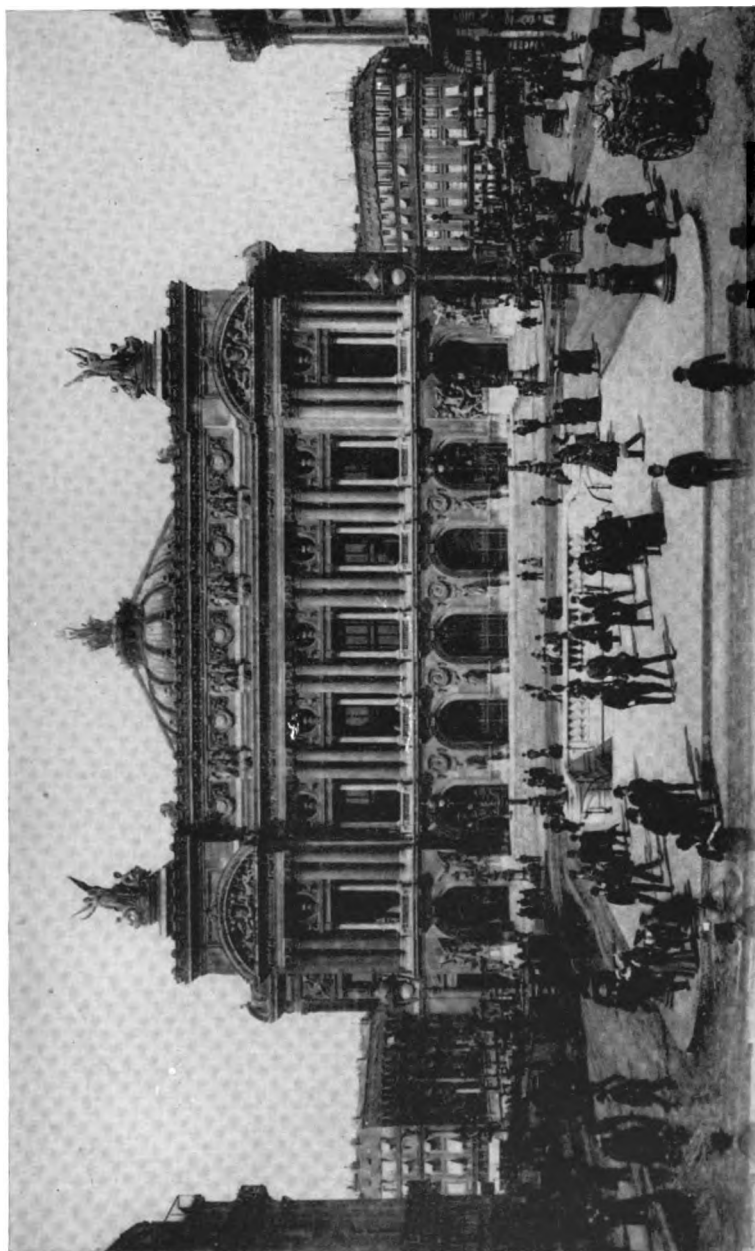
This analogy is near enough for our present case. It is evident to a discerning mind that the entities (whatever they may be), that are taken for the souls of the departed, are no better than dummies, empty shells, wearing the outer form, but devoid of anything that suggests the presence of an informing spirit within. Some people are already devising theories to account for these phenomena in other ways than the usual one.

The actual explanation is familiar enough to those who have a slight



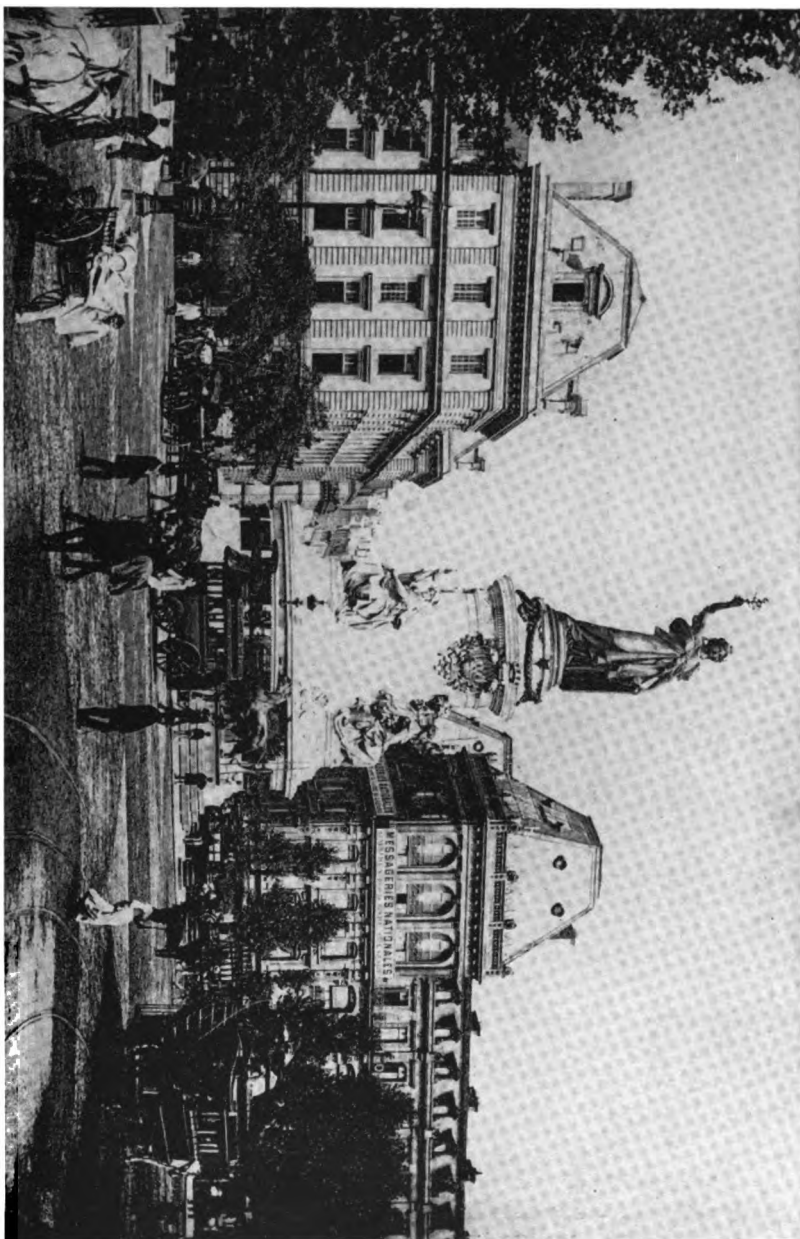
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC, PLACE DES PYRAMIDES, PARIS**



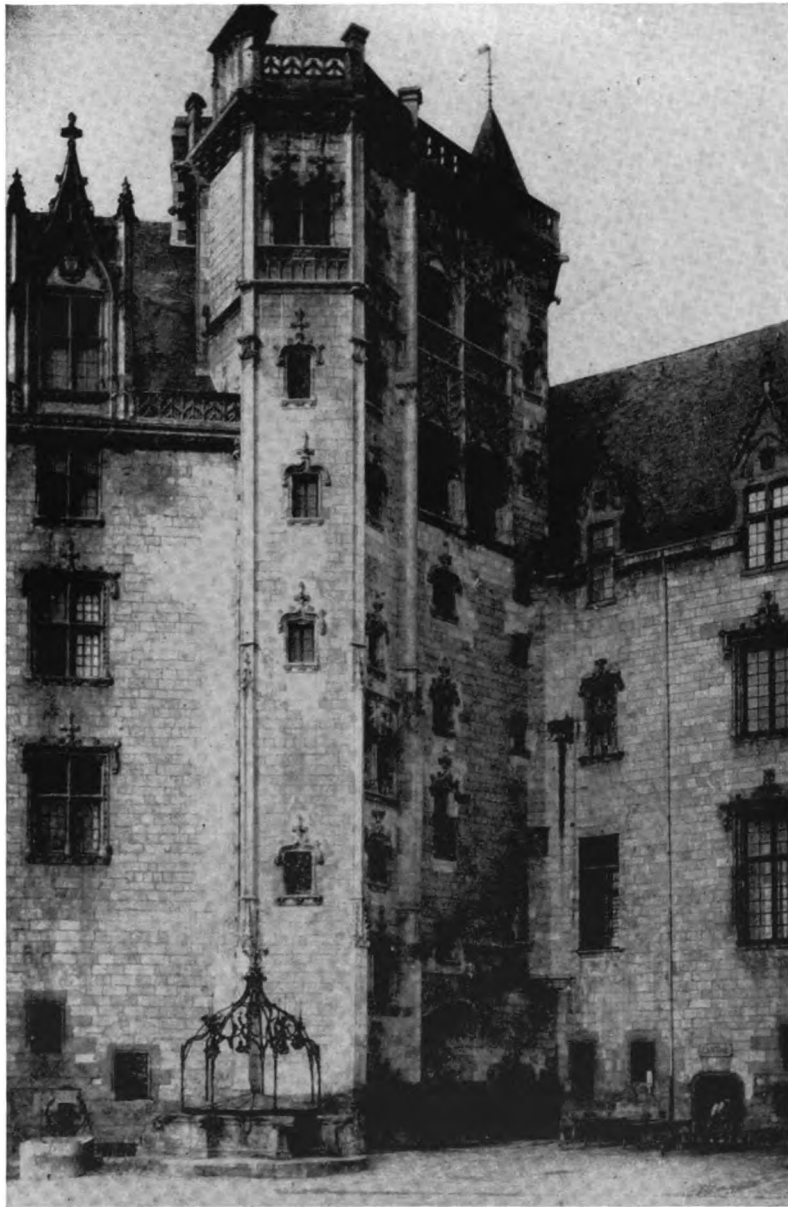
*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE OPERA HOUSE, PARIS



PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE, PARIS

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LE CHÂTEAU, NANTES, FRANCE



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acquaintance with Theosophy, and it is given in *The Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky and *The Ocean of Theosophy* by W. Q. Judge. A certain amount of acquaintance with the teaching as to the seven principles of man is necessary; and this knowledge alone would have sufficed to prevent the investigators from falling into their errors. The dissolution of the body severs the connexion between the Higher Triad and the Lower Quaternary. The former, taking with it the cream of all that was best in the earth-life, passes to Devachan, there to await in its state of bliss and rest the time for a new incarnation. The discarnate principles of the Lower Quaternary survive the body for awhile and gradually fade out. The existence of this surviving and mindless shell of the deceased person was well known to all antiquity, and this knowledge is the reason for many funerary rites appointed and observed for the purpose of 'laying the ghost,' propitiating its unwholesome influence, and preventing it from molesting the living. But this spook was never mistaken for the Soul of the departed; it has been left for modern wiseacres to do that. The distinction between Hades, the temporary abode of the shells, and the Elysian fields whither the released Soul passed for its rest and reward, was well understood. All tampering with the spook was looked upon as an infernal art, highly pernicious and dangerous; for it was understood that influences hostile to the human race might masquerade under the cast-off astral mold of the deceased.

What occurs at the séances of these experimenters bears out the above; for there is always a progressive deterioration in the character of the communications. A medium is necessary — a person with a certain looseness of constitution which enables him to act as a go-between. It is matter of familiar knowledge that the medium is liable to deterioration in various ways, if he persists in his functions; and the reason is evident when we reflect that he is passively subjecting himself to unknown influences from a world that teems with the excreta of human thought and passion.

All reasonable people must be struck with the singular fatuity and unsatisfactoriness of the results obtained by these means — just such results, in fact, as might have been expected by anyone conversant with the teachings as to the constitution of man. The triviality of the alleged communications precludes the belief that any Souls are concerned in the business; for the general level of the mental atmosphere is not equal even to that of living souls, let alone liberated ones. The future life revealed seems but a continuance of our present existence, and a narrowing rather than an enlargement even of that; it holds out no rosy prospect to anyone of imagination or cultured tastes. The problem of immortality is not solved by a prospect of continued mortality — a term which

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appropriately describes the condition attributed to the departed by these revelations or discoveries.

The Church Congress in England has felt itself impelled seriously to consider the subject of spiritism; and we learn from the *Westminster Gazette* that the Archbishop of Canterbury has arranged for the appointing of an authoritative committee which will undertake this work and endeavor to restate the doctrine of a future life. The editorial comments on this are significant: if the churches are to be filled again, there must be a new doctrine not only of the future but of the present life. This is a point we have often made. Immortality is a question of the present, for eternity is not a mere extension of time, and the present is always the sphere of work and opportunity. The relegation of immortality to a distant future is equivalent to a removal of the problem from the real to the ideal, from the practical to the speculative. It is a shelving of the question. This was also emphasized by Dean Inge of St. Paul's at the Congress. He said that our loss of interest in heaven and hell was due to the transference of hope from the ideal to the actual, from heaven to earth; to our belief in a law of perpetual progress. And he added that the feeling of our time leads us to lay most stress on the indwelling Spirit of God as that by which we lay hold on eternal life. The recent outbreak of psychic research he characterizes as a pitiable revival of necromancy; adding that, if this kind of after-life were true, it would be a melancholy postponement or negation of all we hope and believe about our blessed dead. Thus he agrees with what we have said above.

The Dean of Manchester also spoke on the subject. He criticises the phenomena in much the same way as we have done above, asking whether the hypothesis of communication with the spirits of the departed, if the easiest hypothesis, is necessarily the right one, and suggesting other ways of explaining the phenomena. He does not feel disposed to confound the modern researchers with the ancient witches and wizards, and does not advocate the death-penalty for Sir Oliver Lodge. Indeed, now that we think of it, we do not recall any mention of Sir Oliver having been seen riding a broomstick. He quotes Lombroso to the effect that, while many of the alleged spirits are sincere, the greater part are rude and unseemly jesters; and the Rev. Stainton Moses to the effect that

“ ‘the shades of the departed seem to retain beyond the veil all the desires and appetites, even the evil ones, of the world, which they seek to satisfy by proxy, and even keep urging incarnate men to involve themselves in vice, in spite of the efforts of more highly developed souls who seek to hinder them in their nefarious task.’ ”

The Dean asked how far Church authorities were responsible for the existing state of affairs by their neglect of the subject of departed Souls, and pleaded for a restoration of the custom of praying for the deceased.

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Canon Storr of Farnham touched an important point when he said that the question of survival is involved in our notion as to what is meant by *personality*. Our ideas, he said, had changed: they were more fluid, and we no longer took the old atomistic idea of personality. Instead of looking for a perpetuation of our own separate personality, we aspired to attain bliss rather by a transcending of the personal limits — by a blending or merging of the personality, by a better realization of the meaning of solidarity and of the essential unity of all Souls. We think of the future state rather as one in which the barriers between personalities will melt. Another important point which he made was that we have learned to apply to the future life the idea of growth, and have overcome our old static ideas. The universe must be judged to have failed, if man, with his ideals and spiritual capacities, perishes at death. Is there no future of renewed effort for the millions of promising young lives suddenly cut off?

The Rev. A. V. Magee of St. Mark's, Marylebone, emphasized the almost invariable fatuity and frequent fraudulence of the communications, and also the mental, moral, and physical dangers encountered by those dabbling in these practices; and the Archbishop of Canterbury wound up by giving the aforementioned promise of an authoritative discussion of the subject.

From the above cursory account we see that the Theosophical views are virtually comprehended in the remarks of the various speakers, but that unity is lacking because there are only the dogmatic ecclesiastical teachings and sundry philosophical speculations at the back, instead of the luminous and consistent Theosophical teachings. The general sense of the conference was that this spiritistic research is not the right way to go to work at solving the question of immortality; that it is a side-track, and a foolish and dangerous one at that; and that the real solution of the problem lies in a more intimate and intelligent study of our own nature, with a view to discovering the illusory character of our personality and the reality and permanence of that greater Self which emerges when we subordinate that personality to larger and more unselfish aspirations. So says Theosophy.

When a man goes to sleep, you may perform experiments with his inert body and galvanize it into a seeming life; or you may mesmerize a man and make his body perform all sorts of tricks at your will. But you cannot touch the man himself, the thinking being, for he is elsewhere and knows naught of what is passing. And so with the dead. As we said at the beginning of this article, the man, in dying, leaves behind him certain decaying relics, which we compared to the cast-off robes of an actor quitting the boards. No amount of experimentation with

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these cast-off relics, accomplished through the aid of persons of a neurotic and mediumistic physique, will throw light on the question of immortality or on the status of those loved ones whose absence so afflicts us. What has really happened when a person has died, is that he has thrown off the limitations incident to earth-life, and his liberated Soul is now existing in a state of light and freedom which we cannot conceive so long as we remain subject to those earthly limitations. We cannot pull that Soul back to earth; any violent attempt to do so would be a grievous wrong to it, so far as successful. But we can and should make the endeavor to rise in thought and aspiration to the level whereon such emancipated Souls dwell. But the liability to delusion is considerable, and it is essential to remember that the departed has laid aside his *personality*, so that any imagined recognition of him *as the well-known and beloved personality* would necessarily be a trick of our own imagination, and would lend itself to the possibility of impersonation by evil influences as mentioned above. Communion with a liberated Soul could only result in an increase of Spiritual power, an uplifting of soul, an increased power of high resolve, in ourselves; not in any fancied intercourse with a personality now thrown aside like a worn-out robe.

Nor let it be forgotten that man is not forever doomed to his present condition of nescience; for, as surely as there is a veil drawn between earthly consciousness and the Light beyond, so surely has man the power to draw that veil. And it is an essential teaching of Theosophy, a conviction that most potently inspires all true Theosophists, that a faithful following of the path of right conduct will eventually lead to that illumination. But this has to be accomplished, not by forceful attempts to burglarize the unseen realms, but by patient endeavors to achieve the ideals of rectitude and perfection laid down in the sacred teachings which Theosophy has derived from the wisdom of all ages.

And right here that most suggestive preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's, seems to us to fall short of his usual felicity, for he says (as reported in brief) that "the belief in perpetual progress as a law of nature is a superstition," and says it has no basis in history or science or religion; civilization has made hardly any appreciable change in human nature. He takes much too small a view of human history. But Theosophy, with its view of human history on a scale of millions of years — consistent with the figures demanded by science itself in geology, astronomy, and palaeobiology — sees in the historic period, to which the Dean refers, merely a passing phase. And this phase has been, according to the teachings, one of decline, when just such a lack of progress, such a fall into materialism, was to be expected *a priori* from those teachings. Theosophy definitely teaches a law of perpetual progress, and that that

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progress is achieved by alternate rises and falls, in accordance with the general spiral plan of evolutionary progress. Man in the far past has stood at a far higher level of real knowledge than ever within the historical period; and the return of cycles is destined to bring him again to that level and to surpass it. He is the inheritor of the past, and even now is turning his eyes in the direction whence comes wisdom.

In other respects the Dean of St. Paul's acquits himself in a manner more evocative of our appreciation.

"Heaven is not another place or time, but another mode of being, of which, while we are in the body, we can form no clear conception, though the light shines through the curtain in many places, and we know something of the blessed existence whenever we pray, whenever we love, and whenever we see traces of the Divine beauty in God's creation, and of his wisdom in the wonders of science."

"Not only philosophy but the deepest religious feeling of our time leads us to lay most stress on the indwelling Spirit of God as that by which we 'lay hold on eternal life.'"

"We are imperfect personalities; and we can neither wish nor expect that our half-baked selves shall be immortal. Immortality belongs to the hidden man of the heart, which is not always conscious in us."

Now what is the summing up of the matter? That the deeper problems of life — including those that concern immortality and the fate of the departed — are to be solved by the acquisition of true Knowledge, which means that we must strive to perfect our nature by following the principles of conduct laid down by the wise Teachers in all ages. Thus, and thus alone, may we hope to remove the veils that darken our understanding, so that the Light from within may penetrate and illumine our minds. We live in a state of illusion and imperfect knowledge, due to the imperfection of our understanding; and that imperfection is due to the fact that we are bound by our sense-attractions to the material world. Yet the material world and the spiritual world are not two states separated from one another in space and time; but two states that are interblended; and whether we live in one or the other depends on the state of our own development. The attempt to solve the problem of immortality, and to enter into communication with the Souls of the departed, through séance-room practices and mediums, is a mistaken quest, and is destined to lead us into more delusion, besides being fraught with grave danger physically, mentally, and morally. We shall expect to find that there will be much dabbling in these mistaken paths, but that people will eventually realize the truth of what has just been said, and will set their feet upon the only right way to Knowledge. And the whole matter is an illustration of the way in which the Theosophical teachings interpret those intuitions to which our foremost thinkers are trying to give utterance, but which, owing to the lack of those teachings, they have not been able to express in definite form.

# THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

## X — "SUCH A ONE"

"I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."  
— *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

"The world had fallen into decay, and right principles had perished. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds had grown rife; ministers murdered their rulers and sons their fathers. Confucius was frightened at what he saw, and undertook the work of reformation."—*Mencius*

**M**EN were expecting an avatar in old Judaea; and, sure enough, one came. But they were looking for a national leader, a Messiah, to throw off for them the Roman yoke; or else for an ascetic like their prophets of old time: something, in any case, out of the way; — a personality wearing marks of avatarship easily recognisable. The one who came, however, so far from leading them against the Romans, seemed to have a good deal of sympathy with the Romans. He consorted with centurions and tax-gatherers, and advised the Jews to render unto Roman Caesar the things which were his: which meant, chiefly, the tribute. And he was not an ascetic, noticeably; bore no resemblance to their prophets of old time: but came, as he said, 'eating and drinking'; even went to marriage-feasts, and that by no means to play killjoy; — and they said, 'Behold, a gluttonous man and a winebibber!' (which was a lie). — Instead of supporting the national religion, as anyone with half an eye to his interests would have done, he did surprising things in the temple with a whip of small cords. — "Here," said they, "let us crucify this damned fellow!" And they did.

Aftertimes, however, recognised him as an avatar; and then — so perverse is man! — as the one and only possible avatar. If ever another should appear, said our western world, it could but be this one come again; and, because the doctrine of avatars is a fundamental instinct in human nature, they expected that he would come again. So when the pressure of the times and the intuition of men warned them that a great incarnation was due, they began to look for his coming.

That was in our own day, say in the last half-century; during which

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time a mort of books have been written about a mysterious figure turning up in some modern city, whom you could not fail to recognise by certain infallible signs. Generally speaking, the chief of these were: long hair, and a tendency to make lugubrious remarks beginning with *Verily, verily I say unto you*. In actual life, too, lots of men did grow their hair long and cultivate the *verily-verily* habit; hoping that, despite their innate modesty, their fellow-men might not fail to take the hint and pierce the disguise afforded, often, by a personal morality you might call *oblique*.

But if an avatar had come, it is fairly certain that he or she would have followed modern fashions in hair and speech; first, because real avatars have a sense of humor; and secondly, because his or her business would have been to reform, not the language or style of hair-dressing, but life. — 'He or she' is a very vile phrase; for the sake of novelty, let us make the feminine include the masculine, and say 'she' simply. — Her conversation, then, instead of being peppered with archaic *verilies* and *peradventures*, would have been in form much like that of the rest of us. It is quite unlikely she would have shone at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, or Bazaars of the Young Women's Christian Association; quite unlikely that she would have been in any sense whatever a pillar of the orthodoxies. As she would have come to preach *Truth*, you may suppose Truth needed, and therefore lacking; and so, that her teachings would have been at once dubbed vilest heterodoxy, and herself a charlatan.

"Below with eddy and flow the white tides creep  
On the sands,"

says Ssu-k'ung T'u,—

". . . in no one form may Tao abide,  
But changes and shifts like the wide wing-shadows asweep  
On the mountainside";—

the sea is one, but the tides drift and eddy; the roc, or maybe the dragon, is one, but the shadow of his wings on the mountain sward shifts and changes and veers. When you think you have set up a standard for Tao: when you imagine you have grasped it in your hands: — how fleet it is to vanish! "The man of Tao," said the Fisherman of the Mi-lo to Ch'ü Yüan, "does not quarrel with his surroundings, but adapts himself to them"; — and perhaps there you have the best possible explanation of the nature of those Great Souls who come from time to time to save the world.

I think we take the Buddha as the type of them; and expect not only a life and character that *we can recognise* as flawless, but also a profundity of revelation in philosophy and ethics. But if no two blades of grass are alike, much less are two human Souls; and in these Great Ones, it is

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the picture of Souls we are given. When we think that if all men were perfect, all would be alike, we err with a wide mistake. The nearer you get to the Soul, and the more perfect is the expression of it, the less is there monotony or similarity; and almost the one thing you may posit about any avatar is, that he will be a surprise. Tom and Dick and Harry are alike: 'pipe and stick young men'; 'pint and steak young men': they get born and marry and die, and the grass grows over them with wondrous likeness; — but when the Masters of Men come, all the elements are cast afresh.

Everyone has a place to fill in the universal scheme; he has a function to perform, that none else can perform: a *just what he can do*, — which commonly he falls far short of doing. When he does it, fully and perfectly, then he is on the road of progress; that road opens up to him; and presently, still exercising the fulness of his being, he becomes a completeness, like Heaven and Earth; their 'equal,' in the Chinese phrase; or as we say, a Perfect Man or Adept. Does anyone know what place in history he is to fill? I cannot tell; I suppose an Adept, incarnated, would be too busy filling it to have time or will to question. But here perhaps we have the nearest thing possible to a standard for measuring them; and here the virtue of Taoism, and one greatest lesson we may learn from it. Are we to judge by the impressiveness of the personality? No; the Man of Tao is not a personality at all. He makes one to use, but is not identified with it; his personality will not be great or small, or enchanting or repellent, but simply adapted to the needs. — Is it the depth and fulness of the philosophy he gives out? No; it may be wiser and also more difficult to keep silent on main points, than to proclaim them broadcast; and for this end he may elect even not to know (with conscious brain-mind) too much; — not to have the deep things within his normal consciousness. But he comes into the world to meet a situation; to give the course of history a twist in a desired direction; and the sign and measure of his greatness is, it seems to me, his ability to meet the situation at all points, and to do just what is necessary for the giving of the twist,—no more and no less. And then, of course, it takes a thousand years or so before you can judge. One is not speaking of common statesmen, who effect quick changes that are no changes at all, but of the Men who shepherd the Host of Souls.

I like to imagine, before the birth of Such a One, a consultation of the Gods upon the Mountain of Heaven. A synod of the kind (for China) would have taken place in the sixth century B. C., no doubt; because in those days certainly there was a "decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world." Transport yourselves then, say in the year 552, to the peaks of Tien Shan of Kuen Lun, or high Tai-



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hsing, or the grand South Mountain; and see the Pantheon assembled.

They look down over Chu Hia; they know that in three centuries or so a manvantara will be beginning there, and grow anxious lest anything has been left undone to insure its success. They note Laotse (whom they sent some fifty years earlier) at his labors; and consider what those labors would achieve for the Black-haired People. He would bring light to the most excellent minds: the God of Light said, "I have seen to that." He would in time waken the lute-strings of the Spirit, and set Chu Hia all a-song: the God of Music said, "I have seen to that." They foresaw Wu Taotse and Ma Yüan; they foresaw Ssu-k'ung T'u and the Banished Angel; and asked "Is it not enough?" And the thought grew on them that it was not enough, till they sighed with the apprehensions that troubled them. Only a few minds among the millions, they foresaw, would have proper understanding of Tao. . . .

Now, Gods of whatever land they may be, there are those three Bardic Brothers amongst them: He of Light, who awakens vision; He of Song, who rouses up the harmonies and ennobling vibrations; and He of Strength, whose gloves hold all things fast, and neither force nor slipperiness will avail against them. It was this third of them, Gwron, who propounded the plan that satisfied the Pantheon. — "I will send one among them, with the Gloves for his treasure," said he.

They considered how it would be with Such a One: going among men as the Gods' Messenger, and with those two Gloves for his treasure. — "This way will it be," they said. "Not having the treasure of the God of Light, he will seem as one without vision of the God-world or remembrance whence he came. Not having the treasure of the God of Music, he will awaken little song with the Bards. But having the Gloves, he will hold the gates of hell shut, so far as shut they may be, through all the cycle that is coming."

With that the council ended. But Plenydd God of Light and Vision thought: "Though my treasure has gone with the Old Philosopher, and I cannot endow this man with it, I will make him Such a One as can be seen by all men: I will throw my light on him, that he may be an example through the age of ages." And Alawn God of Music thought: "Though my lute has gone with Laotse, I will confer boons on this one also. Such a One he shall be, as draws no breath but to tunes of my playing; the motions of his mind, to my music, shall be like the motions of the ordered stars." — And they both thought: "It will be easy for me to do as much as this, with his having the Gloves of Gwron on his hands."

— At that time K'ung Shuhliang Heih, Commander of the district of Tsow, in the Marquisate of Lu in Shantung, determined to marry again.

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Now China is a vast democracy: the most democratic country in the world. Perhaps I shall come to proving that presently; for the moment I must ask you to let it pass on the mere statement, satisfied that it is true. Despite this radical democracy, then, she has had two noble families. One is descended from a famous Patriot-Pirate of recent centuries, known to Westerners as Koxinga; with it we have no concern. The other is to be found in the town of K'uh-fow in Shantung, in the ancient Marquisate of Lu. There are about fifty thousand members of it, all bearing the surname K'ung; its head has the title of 'Duke by Imperial Appointment and Hereditary Right'; and, much prouder still, 'Continuator of the Sage.'

Dukes in England sometimes trace their descent from men who came over with William the Conqueror: a poor eight centuries is a thing to be proud of. There may be older families in France, Italy, and elsewhere. Duke K'ung traces his, through a line of which every scion appears more or less in history, to the son of this K'ung Shuhliang Heih in the sixth century B. C.; who in turn traced his, through a line of which every scion appeared in history, and all, with one possible exception, very honorably, to a member of the Imperial House of Shang who, in 1122 B. C., on the fall of that house, was created Duke of Sung in Honan by the first of the Chows. The House of Shang held the throne for some five centuries, beginning with Tang the Completer in 1766, who traced his descent from the Yellow Emperor in mythological times. Duke K'ung, then, is descended in direct male line from sovereigns who reigned beyond the horizon of history,—at the latest, near the beginning of the third millennium B. C. The family has been distinguished for nearly five thousand years.

The matter is not unimportant; since we are to talk of a member of this family. We shall understand him better for remembering the kind of heredity that lay behind him: some seventy generations of nobility, all historic. Only one royal house in the world now is as old as his was then: that of Japan.

Some generations before, the K'ung family had lost their Duchy of Sung and emigrated to Lu; where, in the early part of the sixth century, its head, this Shuhliang Heih, had made a great name for himself as a soldier. He was now a widower, and seventy years old; and saw himself compelled to make a second marriage, or the seventy illustrious generations of his ancestors would be deprived of a posterity to offer them sacrifices. So he approached a gentleman of the Yen family, who had three eligible daughters. To these Yen put the case, leaving to them to decide which should marry K'ung. —“Though old and austere,” said he, “he is of high descent, and you need have no fear of him.” Chingtsai, the youngest,

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answered that it was for their father to choose. —“Then you shall marry him,” said Yen. She did; and when her son was to be born, she was warned in a dream to make pilgrimage to a cave on Mount Ne. There the spirits of the mountain attended; there were signs and portents in the heavens at the nativity. The *k'e-lin*, a beast out of the mythologies, appeared to her; and she tied a white ribbon about its single horn. It is a creature that appears only when things of splendid import are to happen.

Three years after, the father died, leaving his family on the borders of poverty. At six, Ch'iu, the child, a boy of serious earnest demeanor, was teaching his companions to play at arranging, according to the rites, toy sacrificial vessels on a toy altar. Beyond this, and that they were poor, and that he doted on his mother — who would have deserved it,— we know little of his boyhood. “At fifteen,” he tells us himself, “his mind was bent on learning.” Nothing in the way of studies seems to have come amiss to him; of history, and ritual, and poetry, he came to know all that was to be known. He loved music, theory and practice; held it to be sacred: “not merely one of the refinements of life, but a part of life itself.” It is as well to remember this; and that often, in after life, he turned dangerous situations by breaking into song; and that his lute was his constant companion. He used to say that a proper study of poetry — he was not himself a poet, though he compiled a great anthology of folk-poems later — would leave the mind without a single depraved thought. Once he said to his son: “If you do not learn the Odes, you will not be fit to talk to.” “Poetry rouses us,” said he, “courtesy upholds us; music is our crown.” You are, then, to see in him no puritan abhorring beauty, but a man with artistic perceptions developed. — At what you might call the other pole of knowledge, he was held to know more about the science of war than any man living; and I have no doubt he did. If he had consented to use or speak about or let others use that knowledge, he might have been a great man in his day; but he never would.

At nineteen, according to the custom, he married; and soon afterwards accepted minor official appointments: Keeper of the Granaries, then Superintendent of the Public Parks in his native district. He made a name for himself by the scrupulous discharge of his duties, that came even to the ears of the Marquis; who, when his son was born, sent the young father a complimentary present of a carp. — It would have been two or three years before the beginning of the last quarter of the century when he felt the time calling to him, and voices out of the Eternal; and threw up his superintendentship to open a school.

Not an ordinary school by any means. The pupils were not children, but young men of promise and an inquiring mind; and what he had

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to teach them was not the ordinary curriculum, but right living, the right ordering of social life, and the right government of states. They were to pay; but to pay according to their means and wishes; and he demanded intelligence from them; — no swelling of the fees would serve instead. — “I do not open the truth,” said he, “to one not eager after knowledge; nor do I teach those unanxious to explain themselves. When I have presented one corner of a subject, and the student cannot learn from it the other three for himself, I do not repeat the lesson.” He lectured to them, we read, mainly on history and poetry, deducing his lessons in life from these.

His school was a great success. In five years he had acquired some two thousand pupils: seventy or eighty of them, as he said, “men of extraordinary ability.” It was that the Doors of the Lodge had opened, and its force was flowing through him in Lu, as it was through the Old Philosopher in Honanfu. — By this time he had added archery to his own studies, and (like William Q. Judge) become proficient. Also he had taken a special course in music theory under a very famous teacher. “At thirty he stood firm.”

Two of his disciples were members of the royal family; and Marquis Chao regarded him with favor, as the foremost educationist in the state. He had an ambition to visit the capital (of China); where, as nowhere else, ritual might be studied; where, too, was Laotse, with whom he longed to confer. Marquis Chao, hearing of this, provided him with the means; and he went up with a band of his pupils. There at Loyang, which is Honanfu, we see him wandering rapt through palaces and temples, examining the sacrificial vessels, marveling at the ancient art of Shang and Chow. But for a few vases, it is all lost.

He did interview Laotse; we cannot say whether only once or more often. Nor, I think, do we know what passed; the accounts we get are from the pen of honest *Ben Trovato*; *Vero*, the modest, had but little hand in them. We shall come to them later.

And now that he stands before the world a Teacher, we may drop his personal name, K'ung Ch'iu, and call him by the title to which paeans of praise have been swelling through all the ages since: K'ung Futse, K'ung the Master: latinized, Confucius. It is a name that conveys to you, perhaps, some associations of priggishness and pedantry: almost wherever you see him written of you find suggestions of the sort. Forgo them at once: they are false utterly. Missionaries have interpreted him to the West; who have worked hard to show him something less than the Nazarene. They have set him in a peculiar light; and others have followed them. Perhaps no writer except and until Dr. Lionel Giles (whose interpretation, both of the man and his doctrine, I shall try to

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give you), has shown him to us as he was, so that we can understand why he has stood the National Hero, the Savior and Ideal Man of all those millions through all these centuries.

We have been told again and again that his teaching was wholly unspiritual; that he knew nothing of the inner worlds; never mentions the Soul, or 'God'; says no word to lighten for you the "dusk within the Holy of holies." He was all for outwardness, they say: a thorough externalist; a ritualist cold and unmagnetic. — It is much what his enemies said in his own day; who, and not himself, provide the false-interpreters with their weapons. But think of the times, and you may understand. How would the missionaries feel, were Jesus translated to the Chinese as a fine man in some respects — considering — but, unfortunately! too fond of the pleasures of the table; "a gluttonous man and a winebibber"?

They were stirring times, indeed; when all boundaries were in flux, and you needed a new atlas three times a year. Robbers would carve themselves new principalities overnight; kingdoms would arise, and vanish with the waning of a moon. What would this, or any other country, become, were law, order, the police and every restraining influence made absolutely inefficient? Were California one state today; a dozen next week; in July six or seven, and next December but a purlieu to Arizona? — Things, heaven knows, are bad enough as they are; there is no dearth of crime and cheatery. Still, the police and the legal system do stand between us and red riot and ruin. In China they did not; the restraints had been crumbling for two or three centuries. Human nature, broadly speaking, is much of a muchness in all lands and ages: I warrant if you took the center of this world's respectability, which I should on the whole put in some suburb of London; — I warrant that if you relieved Clapham, — whose crimes, says Kipling very wisely, are 'chaste in Martaban,' — of police and the Pax Britannica for a hundred years or so, lurid Martaban would have little pre-eminence left to brag about. The class that now goes up primly and plugly to business in the City day by day would be cutting throats a little; they would be making life quite interesting. Their descendants, I mean. It would take time; Mother Grundy would not be dethroned in a day. But it would come; because men follow the times, and not the Soul; and are good as sheep are, but not as heroes. So in Chow China.

But the young Confucius knew his history. He looked back from that confusion to a wise Wu Wang and Duke of Chow; to a Tang the Completer, whose morning bath-tub was inscribed with this motto from *The New Way*: "If at any time in his life a man can make a new man of himself, — why not every morning?" Most of all he looked back to

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the golden and sinless age of Yao and Shun and Yü, as far removed from him, nearly, as pre-Roman Britain is from us; he saw them ruling their kingdom as a strong benevolent father rules his house. In those days men had behaved themselves: natural virtue had expressed itself in the natural way. In good manners; in observation of the proprieties, for example.— In that wild Martaban of Chow China, would not a great gentleman of the old school (who happened also to be a Great Teacher) have seen a virtue in even quiet Claphamism, that we cannot? It was not the time for Such a One to slight the proprieties and 'reasonable conventions of life.' — The truth is, the devotion of his disciples has left us minute pictures of the man, so that we see him . . . particular as to the clothes he wore; and from this too the West gathers material for its charge of externalism. Well; and if he accepted the glossy top-hats and black Prince Albert coats; — only with him they were caps and robes of azure, carnation, yellow, black, or white; this new fashion of wearing red he would have none of; — I can see nothing in it but this: the Great Soul had chosen the personality it should incarnate in, with an eye to the completeness of the work it should do; and seventy generations of noble ancestry would protest, even in the matter of clothing, against red riot and ruin and Martaban.

He is made to cite the 'Superior Man' as the model of excellence; and that phrase sounds to us detestably priggish. In the *Harvard Classics* it is translated (as well it may be) 'true gentleman,' or 'princely man'; in which is no priggish ring at all. Again, he is made to address his disciples as 'My children,' at which, too, we naturally squirm a little; what he really called them was 'My boys,' which sounds natural and affectionate enough. Supposing the Gospels were translated into Chinese by someone with the gluttonous-man-and-winebibber bias; — what, I wonder, would he put for *Amen, amen lego humin?* Not "Verily, verily I say unto you"!

But I must go on with his life.—

Things had gone ill in Lu during his absence: three great clan chieftains had stopped fighting among themselves to fight instead against their feudal superior, and Marquis Chao had been exiled to Ts'i. It touched Confucius directly; his teaching on such matters had been peremptory: he would 'rectify names': have the prince prince, and the people his subjects: — he would have law and order in the state, or the natural harmony of things was broken. As suggested above, he was very much a man of mark in Lu; and a protest from him,— which should be forthcoming — could hardly go unnoticed. With a band of disciples he followed his marquis into Ts'i: it is in Chihli, north of Lu, and was famous then for its national music. On the journey he heard Ts'i airs sung, and

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'hurried forward.' One of the first things he did on arriving at the capital was to attend a concert (or something equivalent); and for three months thereafter, as a sign of thanksgiving, he ate no flesh. "I never dreamed," said he, "that music could be so wonderful."

The fame of his Râja-Yoga School (that was what it was) had gone abroad, and Duke Ching of Ts'i received him well; — offered him a city with its revenues; but the offer was declined. The Duke was impressed; half inclined to turn Confucianist; wished to retain him with a pension, to have him on hand in case of need; — but withal he was of doubtful hesitating mind about it, and allowed his prime minister to dissuade him. "These scholars," said the latter, "are impractical, and cannot be imitated. They are haughty and self-opinionated, and will never rest content with an inferior position. Confucius has a thousand peculiarities"; — this is the gluttonous-man-and-winebibber saying, which the missionary interpreters have been echoing since; — "it would take ages to exhaust all he knows about the ceremonies of going up and down. This is not the time to examine into his rules of propriety; your people would say you were neglecting them." — When next Duke Ching was urged to follow Confucius, he answered: "I am too old to adopt his doctrines." The Master returned to Lu; lectured to his pupils, compiled the Books of Odes and of History; and waited for the disorders to pass.

Which in time they did, more or less. Marquis Ting came to the throne, and made him chief magistrate of the town of Chungtu.

Now was the time to prove his theories, and show whether he was the Man to the core, that he had been so assiduously showing himself, you may say, on the rind. Ah ha! now surely, with hard work before him, this scholar, theorist, conventional formalist, ritualist, and what else you may like to call him, will be put to shame,— shown up empty and foolish before the hard-headed men of action of his age. Who, indeed,— the hard-headed men of action — have succeeded in doing precisely nothing but to make confusion worse confounded; how much less, then, will this Impractical One do! Let us watch him, and have our laugh. . . . — On the wrong side of your faces then; for lo now, miracles are happening! He takes control; and here at last is one city in great Chu Hia where crime has ceased to be. How does he manage it? The miracle looks but the more miraculous as you watch. He frames rules for everything; insists on the proprieties; morning, noon, and night holds up an example, and, says he, relies on the power of that. — Example? Tush, he must be beheading right and left! — Nothing of the sort; he is all against capital punishment, and will have none of it. But there is the fact: you can leave your full purse in the streets of Chung-tu, and pick it up unrifled when you pass next; you can pay your

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just price, and get your just measure for it, fearing no cheateries; High Cost of Living is gone; corners in this and that are no more; graft is a thing you must go elsewhere to look for; — there is none of it in Chung-tu. And graft, let me say, was a thing as proper to the towns of China then, as to the graftiest modern city you might mention. The thing is inexplicable — but perfectly attested. Not quite inexplicable, either: he came from the Gods, and had the Gloves of Gwron on his hands: he had the wisdom you cannot fathom, which meets all events and problems as they come, and finds their solution in its superhuman self, where the human brain-mind finds only dense impenetrability. — Marquis Ting saw and wondered. — “Could you do this for the whole state?” he asked. — “Surely; and for the whole empire,” said Confucius. The Marquis made him, first Assistant-Superintendent of Works, then Minister of Crime.

— And now you shall hear Chapter X of the *Analects*, to show you the outer man. All these details were noted down by the love of his disciples, for whom nothing was too petty to be recorded; and if we cannot read them without smiling, there is this to remember: they have suffered sea-change on their way to us: sea-change and time-change. What you are to see really is: (1) a great Minister of State, utterly bent on reproving and correcting the laxity of his day, performing the ritual duties of his calling — as all other duties — with a high religious sense of their antiquity and dignity; both for their own sake, and to set an example. What would be thought of an English Archbishop of Canterbury who behaved familiarly or jocularly at a Coronation Service? — (2) A gentleman of the old school, who insists on dressing well and quietly, according to his station. That is what he would appear now, in any grade of society, and among men the least capable of recognising his inner greatness: ‘race’ is written in every feature of his being: set him in any modern court, and with half an eye you would see that his family was a thousand years or so older than that of anyone else present, and had held the throne at various times. Here is a touch of the great gentleman: he would never fish with a net, or shoot at a bird on the bough; it was unsportsmanlike. (3) A very natural jovial man, not above “changing countenance” when fine meats were set on his table: — a thing that directly contradicts the idea of a cold, ever play-acting Confucius. A parvenu must be very careful; but a scion of the House of Shang, a descendant of the Yellow Emperor, could unbend and be jolly without loss of dignity; — and, were he a Confucius, would. “A gentleman,” said he, “is calm and spacious”; he was himself, according to the *Analects*, “friendly, yet dignified; inspired awe, but not fear; was respectful, but easy.” He divided mankind into three classes: Adepts or Sages;



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true Gentlemen; and the common run. He never claimed to belong to the first, though all China knows well that he did belong to it. He even considered that he fell short of the ideal of the second; but as to that, we need pay no attention to his opinion. Here, then, is Chapter X:

"Amongst his own countryfolk Confucius wore a homely look, like one who has no word to say. In the ancestral temple and at court his speech was full, but cautious. At court he talked frankly to men of low rank, winningly to men of high rank. In the Marquis's presence he looked intent and solemn.

"When the Marquis bade him receive guests, his face seemed to change, his knees to bend. He bowed left and right to those behind him, straightened his robes in front and behind, and sped forward, his elbows spread like wings. When the guest had left, he always reported it, saying: 'The guest has ceased to look back.'

"Entering the palace gate he stooped, as though it were too low for him. He did not stand in the middle of the gate, nor step on the threshold. Passing the throne, his face seemed to change, his knees to bend; and he spoke with bated breath. Mounting the royal dais, he lifted his robes, bowed his back and masked his breathing till it seemed to stop. Coming down, his face relaxed below the first step, and bore a pleased look. From the foot of the steps he sped forward, his elbows spread like wings; and when again in his seat, he looked intent as before. He held his hands not higher than in bowing, nor lower than in giving a present. He wore an awed look and dragged his feet, as though they were fettered."

— Which means that he felt the royal office to be sacred, as the seat of authority and government, the symbol and representative of heaven, the fountain of order: in its origin, divine. He treated Marquis Ting as if he had been Yao, Shun, or Yü; or rather, the Marquis's throne and office as if one of these had held them. There is the long history of China to prove he was wise in the example he set.

"When presenting royal gifts his manner was formal; but he was cheerful at the private audience. — This gentleman was never arrayed in maroon or scarlet; even at home he would not wear red or purple. In hot weather he wore unlined linen clothes, but always over other garments. Over lambskin he wore black; over fawn he wore white; over fox-skin he wore yellow. At home he wore a long fur robe with the right sleeve short. He always had his night-gown half as long again as his body. In the house he wore fox- or badger-skin for warmth. When out of mourning there was nothing wanting from his girdle. Except for court-dress, he was sparing of stuff. He did not wear lamb's wool, or a black cap, on a visit of condolence. On the first day of the moon he always went to court in court dress. On fast days he always donned clothes of pale hue, changed his food, and moved from his wonted seat. He did not dislike his rice cleaned with care, nor his hash chopped small. He would not eat sour or mouldy rice, putrid fish, or tainted meat. Aught discolored or high, badly cooked, or out of season, he would not eat. He would not eat what was badly cut, or a dish with the wrong sauce. A choice of meats could not tempt him to eat more than he had a relish for. To wine alone he set no limit; but he never drunk more than enough. He did not drink bought wine, or eat ready-dried meat. He did not eat much. Ginger was never missing at his table.

"After sacrifice at the palace he would not keep the meat over-night; at home, not more than three days. If kept longer, it was not eaten. He did not talk at meals, nor in bed. Though there were but coarse rice and vegetables, he made his offering with all reverence. If his mat were not straight, he would not sit down. When drinking with the villagers, when those with staves left, he left too. At the village exorcisms he donned court dress, and stood on the eastern steps.

"When sending inquiries to another land, he bowed twice and saw his messenger out. On K'ang's making him a present of medicine, he accepted it with a low bow, saying: 'I do not

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know; I dare not taste it.' His stables having been burnt, the Master, on his return from court, said: 'Is anyone hurt?' He did not ask after the horses."

— Set down in perfect good faith to imply that his concern was for the sufferings of others, not for his personal loss: and without perception of the fact that it might imply callousness as to the suffering of the horses. We are to read the recorder's mind, and not the Master's, in that omission.—

"When the Marquis sent him baked meat, he set his mat straight, and tasted it first. When the Marquis sent him raw meat, he had it cooked for sacrifice. When the Marquis sent him a living beast, he had it reared. When dining in attendance on the Marquis, the latter made the offering; Confucius ate of things first. On the Marquis coming to see him in sickness, he turned his face to the east and had his court dress spread across him, with the girdle over it. When summoned by the Marquis, he walked, without waiting for his carriage. On entering the Great Temple, he asked how each thing was done. When a friend died who had no home, he said: 'It is for me to bury him.' When a friend sent a gift, even of a carriage and horses, he did not bow. He only bowed for sacrificial meat. He would not lie in bed like a corpse. At home he unbent.

"On meeting a mourner, were he a friend, his face changed. Even in every-day clothes, when he met anyone in full dress, or a blind man, his face grew staid. When he met men in mourning, he bowed over the cross-bar. Before choice meats he rose with a changed look. At sharp thunder or fierce wind, his countenance changed. In mounting his chariot, he stood straight and grasped the cord. When in his chariot, he did not look round, speak fast, or point."

There you have one side of the outer man; and the most has been made of it. "Always figuring, always posturing," we hear. I merely point to the seventy noble generations, the personality made up of that courtly heredity, whose smallest quite spontaneous acts and habits seemed to men worth recording, as showing how the perfect gentleman behaved: a model. Another side is found in the lover of poetry, the devotee of music, the man of keen and intense affections. Surely, if a *poseur*, he might have posed when bereavement touched him; he might have assumed a high philosophic calm. But no; he never bothered to; even though reproached for inconsistency. His mother died when he was twenty-four; and he broke through all rites and customs by raising a mound over her grave; that, as he said, he might have a place to turn to and think of as his home wherever he might be on his wanderings. He mourned for her the orthodox twenty-seven months; then for five days longer would not touch his lute. On the sixth day he took it and began to play; but when he tried to sing, broke down and wept. One is surprised; but there is no posing about it. Yen Hui was his Saint John, the Beloved Disciple. "When Yen Hui died," we read, "the Master cried, 'Woe is me! I am undone of Heaven! I am undone of Heaven!' When Yen Hui died the Master gave way to grief. The disciples said: 'Sir, you are giving way.' —'Am I giving way?' said he. 'If for this man I do not give way, for whom shall I give way? . . . Hui treated me as a son his father; I have failed to treat him as a father his son.' " Confucius was old then, and near his own death. . . . But what I think

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you will recognise in his speech, again and again, is the peculiarly spontaneous . . . indeed impetuous . . . ring of it. He had that way of repeating a sentence twice that marks a naturally impetuous man. — Of his sense of humor I shall speak later.

He dearly loved his disciples, and was homesick when away from them. — “My batch of boys, ambitious and hasty — I must go home to them! I must go home to them!” said he. Once when he was very ill, Tse Lu “moved the disciples to act as ministers”: — to behave to him as if he were a king and they his ministers. — “I know, I know!” said Confucius; “Tse Lu has been making believe. This show of ministers, when I have none,— whom will it deceive? Will it deceive Heaven? I had rather die in your arms, my boys, than be a king and die in the arms of my ministers.” — “Seeing the disciple Min standing at his side in winning strength, Tse Lu with warlike front, Jan Yu and Tse Kung fresh and strong, the Master’s heart was glad,” we read. He considered what he calls ‘love’ the highest state,— the condition of the Adept or Sage; but that other thing that goes by the same name,— of that he would not speak; — nor of crime,— nor of feats of strength,— nor of doom,— nor of ghosts and spirits. Anything that implied a forsaking of middle lines, a losing of the balance, extravagance,— he abhorred. — And now back to that other side of him again: the Man of Action.

The task that lay before him was to reform the state of Lu. Something was rotten in it; it needed some reforming. The rotten thing, to begin with, was Marquis Ting himself: who was of such stuff as Confucius referred to when he said: “You cannot carve rotten wood.” But brittle and crumbling as it was, it would serve his turn for the moment: it would give him the chance to show twenty-five Chinese centuries the likeness of an Adept at the head of a state. So it should be proved to them that Such a One — they call him *Such a One* generally, I believe, to avoid the light repetition of a name grown sacred — is no impractical idealist merely, but a Master of Splendid Successes here in this world: that the Way of Heaven is the way that succeeds on earth — if only it be honestly tried.

Ting was by no means master in his own marquise. As in England under Stephen, bold bad robber barons had fortified their castles everywhere, and from these strongholds defied the government. The mightiest magnate of all was the Chief of Clan Chi, who ordered things over his royal master’s head, and was very much a power for the new Minister of Crime to reckon with. A clash came before long. Ex-marquis Chao — he that had been driven into exile — died in Ts’i; and his body was sent home for burial with his ancestors. Chi, who had been chief among those responsible for the dead man’s exile, by way of insulting the corpse, gave orders that it should be buried outside the royal cemetery; and his

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orders were carried out. Confucius heard of it, and was indignant. To have had the corpse exhumed and reburied would have been a new indignity, I suppose; therefore he gave orders that the cemetery should be enlarged so as to include the grave; — and went down and saw it done. —“I have done this on your behalf,” he informed Chi, “to hide the shame of your disloyalty. To insult the memory of a dead prince is against all decency.” The great man gnashed his teeth; but the Minister of Crime’s action stood.

He turned his attention to the robber barons, and reduced them. I do not know how; he was entirely against war; but it is certain that in a very short time those castles were leveled with the ground, and the writ of the Marquis ran through Lu. He hated capital punishment; but signed the death warrant for the worst of the offenders; — and that despite the protest of some of his disciples, who would have had him consistent above all things. But his back was up, and the man was executed. One makes no excuse for it; except perhaps, to say that such an action, isolated, and ordained by Such a One, needs no excuse. He was in the habit of fulfilling his duty; and duty may at times present itself in strange shapes. It was a startling thing to do; and Lu straightway, as they say, sat right up and began to take concentrated notice — of a situation the like of which had not been seen for centuries.

He had the final decision in all legal cases. A father brought a charge against his son; relying on the bias of the Minister whose life had been so largely given to preaching filial piety. —“If you had brought up your son properly,” said Confucius, “this would not have happened”; — and astounded plaintiff, defendant, and the world at large by putting both in prison for three months. In a year or so he had done for Lu what he had done for Chung-tu during his magistracy.

By this time Ts’i and Sung and Wei and the whole empire were taking notice too. There was actually a state where crime was unknown; where law ruled and the government was strong, and yet, the people more than contented: a state — and such a state! — looming ahead as the probable seat of a Bretwalda. Lu with the hegemony! This old orthodox strict Lu! — this home of lost causes! — this back number, and quaint *chi-noiserie* to be laughed at! — As if Morgan Schuster had carried on his work in Persia until Persia had become of a strength to threaten the world. Lu was growing strong; and Ts’i — renowned military Ts’i — thought she ought to be doing something. Thus in our own time, whenever somnolent obsolete Turkey tried to clean her house, Russia, land-hungry and looking to a Thanksgiving Dinner presently, felt a call to send down emissaries, and — see that the cleaning should not be done.

Duke Ching of Ts’i, at the first attempt, bungled his plans badly.

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He would not strike at the root of things, Confucius: perhaps retained too much respect for him; perhaps simply did not understand: but at that harmless mutton Marquis Ting whom Confucius had successfully camouflaged up to look like a lion. To that end he formally sought an alliance with Lu, and the Lu Minister of Crime concurred. He intended that there should be more of these alliances.

An altar was raised on the frontier, where the two princes were to meet and sign the treaty. Duke Ching had laid his plans; but they did not include the presence of Confucius at the altar as Master of the Ceremonies on the side of Lu. There he was, however; and after all, it could hardly make much difference. The preliminary rites went forward. Suddenly, a roll of drums; a rush of 'savages' out of ambush; — there were savage tribes in those parts; — confusion; the Marquis's guard, as the Duke's, is at some little distance; and clearly it is for the Marquis that these 'savages' are making. But Confucius is there. He steps between the kidnappers and his master, "with elbows spread like wings" hustles the latter off into safety; takes hold of the situation; issues sharp orders to the savages — who are of course Ts'i troops in disguise: *Attention! About face! — Double march!* — snaps out the words of command in right military style, right in the presence of their own duke, who stands by amazed and helpless; — and off they go. Then spaciouly clears the matter up. Finds, no doubt, that it is all a mistake; supplies, very likely, an easy and acceptable explanation to save Ching's face; shortly has all things peaceably *in statu quo*. Then brings back his marquis, and goes forward with the treaty; but now as Master of the Ceremonies and something more. There had been a land question between Lu and Ts'i: Lu territory seized some time since by her strong neighbor, and the cause of much soreness on the one hand and exultation on the other. By the time that treaty had been signed Duke Ching of Ts'i had ceded back the land to Marquis Ting of Lu,— a thing assuredly he had never dreamed of doing; and an alliance had been established between the two states. Since the Duke of Chow's time, Lu had never stood so high.

Was our man a prig at all? Was he a pedant? Have those who have sedulously spread that report of him in the West told the truth about him? Or — hath a pleasant little lie or twain served their turn?

Duke Ching went home and thought things over. He had learned his lesson: that Ting was but a camouflage lion, and by no means the one to strike at, if business was to be done. He devised a plan, sweet in its simplicity, marvelous in its knowledge of what we are pleased to call 'human' nature. He ransacked his realm for beautiful singing and dancing girls, and sent the best eighty he could find to his dear friend

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and ally of Lu. Not to make the thing too pointed, he added a hundred and twenty fine horses with their trappings. What could be more appropriate than such a gift?

It worked. Ting retired to his harem, and day after day passed over a Lu unlighted by his countenance. Government was at a standstill; the great Minister of Crime could get nothing done. The Annual Sacrifice was at hand: a solemnity Confucius hoped would remind Ting of realities and bring him to his right mind. According to the ritual, a portion of the offering should be sent to each high official of the state: none came to Confucius. Day after day he waited; but Ting's character was quite gone: the lion-skin had fallen off, and the native egregious muttonhood or worse stood revealed. —“Master,” said Tse Lu, “it is time you went.” But he was very loath to go. At last he gathered his disciples, and slowly went out from the city. He lingered much on the way, looking back often, still hoping for sight of the messenger who should recall him. But none came. That was in 497.

The old century had ended about the time he took office; and with it, of course, that last quarter in which, as always, the Doors of the Lodge were open, and the spiritual influx pouring into the world. So the effort of that age had its consummation and fine flower in the three years of his official life: to be considered a triumph. Now, Laotse had long since ridden away into the West; the Doors were shut; the tides were no longer flowing; and the Gods' great Confucius remained in a world that knew him not. As for holding office and governing states, he had done all that was necessary.

## SOME SCIENTIFIC VAGARIES

BY HYPERCRITICUS



WRITER in the *English Mechanic* states that he floated some gold on the surface of mercury. This contradicts the usual formulae in physics books, because the specific gravity of gold is much greater than that of mercury. But gravity is not the only force present; there is such a thing as surface tension, and this makes all the difference practically, though apt to be overlooked theoretically. In the same way many metals will float on their own molten liquids, though the densities of the solids are given as greater than those of the respective liquids. Here surface tension may come into play, as also the fact that solid metal, *when hot*, may be lighter than liquid — as pointed out by another writer in the same journal.

Some scientific books give, in illustration of the laws of falling bodies,



### CONFUCIUS

Photogravure from a Chinese lithograph of great antiquity. Though the personal appearance of Confucius is a matter of dispute, this picture is commonly accepted in China as his best likeness.

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a picture of an apparatus in which balls roll down an inclined plane. The idea is that the velocity acquired will be proportional to the time taken, and the distance traveled over proportional to the square of the time, according to the usual formulae. But they neglect to take into account the fact that the balls acquire a rotation, and that this rotational velocity increases in proportion to the linear velocity of the balls; so that some of the force of gravitation is used up in creating this rotation, and therefore not all of that force is available in increasing the velocity. This is described as Galileo's experiment, by which he is said to have demonstrated the laws of falling bodies, and doubtless for short distances the error would not be perceptible. Atwood's machine can be used instead.

Elementary science books must often, of course, be content with approximate statements, unless the student is to be hopelessly confused with details and side-issues. Also it is necessary, in explaining laws, to abstract them from their surroundings in a way that never happens in actuality. We are all familiar with the frictionless inclined planes and the dimensionless particles hanging from weightless strings, etc. In the descriptions of systems of pulleys, where some of the pulleys hang in loops, the weight of the pulley itself is seldom taken into account, but reveals itself perplexingly when the experiment is tried. It is necessary to use small pulleys and large weights; but any error introduced by the weight of the pulley is usually masked by the effect of friction — two errors thus counterbalancing each other.

Friction is often a by no means negligible quantity. To illustrate the parallelogram of forces, you are sometimes told to hang a string over two pulleys, with a weight at each end and another in the middle. The string is then supposed to take up a position conformable to the well-known requirements of the laws of combined forces acting at an angle with each other. But the experimenter usually finds that the weights will stay wherever you put them, owing to the friction of the pulleys, which increases as the weights are made heavier. So friction wheels are needed; or, better, no wheels or weights at all, but three spring balances pulling against each other.

The same effect of friction comes into play disastrously when you test the laws of vibration of strings with a sonometer or monochord. If you hang the weight over a pulley at the end, you will find that a very large component of its pull acts towards the axis of the pulley, so that you cannot estimate the tension of the string by the amount of the weight. The remedy is to hang up the instrument on the wall and let the weight hang straight down; or else to include a spring balance between the weight and the string, so that the tension may be read.

It is known that the velocity of sound may be determined by sounding



## SOME SCIENTIFIC VAGARIES

a tuning-fork of known pitch over the mouth of a resonance tube, and adjusting the length of the tube to the position of maximum reinforcement of the sound. Then, as the length of the tube represents a quarter wave-length, the velocity of sound equals four times this length multiplied by the frequency of fork. But this experiment never comes out accurately, because the open end of the tube introduces an error. At the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge they used to give you a correction, based on the width of the tube. But at the Royal College of Science in South Kensington they had a much better method. You performed two experiments, one for the quarter wave-length, and one for the three-quarter. The difference, as measured on the tube, is the half wave-length, and all error due to the open end is eliminated.

The same error upsets the calculations respecting the length of organ-pipes. The square wooden pipes given you in a laboratory do not answer to the theory, and organ-builders will tell you the same. It is the open end that makes the confusion, and the error varies with the shape of the pipe. I have found that, if the length of the pipe is taken from the end of the nipple, where it enters your mouth, the results come out correct; it happens to be so in the case of the particular pipes I have used.

Sometimes we find in science books errors that are quite inexcusable. For instance, here is one which memory has treasured up — in a book issued by a government department. To illustrate the difference between suspended matter and dissolved matter in a liquid: Mix some chalk in water; filter it off; that is suspension. Then dissolve some copper sulphate and try to filter it; it passes through; that is solution. All well so far, *but* — the learned chemist then tells you to put the chalk and the copper sulphate together into the same water and pour it on the filter. He asserts that the copper sulphate will go through and the chalk remain. But what does the poor boy find when he tries it? That the two chemicals react on each other, carbonic-acid gas being given off and the liquid clogging up with a copious precipitate.

Another book asks you to find the heat of a furnace by heating a copper ball in it and then dropping the ball into a pail of water, and noting the rise of temperature of the water. But a large amount of steam would be generated, and, the latent heat of steam being so high, would most seriously affect the result.

The same book asks the student why, if a copper wire is fused into a glass rod, the glass always cracks. We have always found that the copper drops out; and this is what we should have suspected from the figures given for the coefficients of expansion of glass and copper.

The following question reminds one of the familiar one about how many cow's tails it would take to reach to the moon. "An iron ball

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

suspended from the cupola of St. Paul's makes 176 vibrations in half an hour. Find the height of the dome above the floor."

The aneroid barometer is useful in telling the heights of mountains. If it gives these to within twenty feet or so, that is near enough; but in determining the height of a building such an error is ridiculous. Yet this is what the student may have to do in a laboratory, especially in one where mountains are not provided in the list of apparatus. He is sent to the top of the building with his aneroid; and the results, as shown in the book of students' records, give the height of that building as anywhere from two feet to a couple of hundred. And all this difference may be made by simply tapping the glass of the instrument and so making the needle give a jump. Speaking of results of experiments as entered in books, one finds such entries as the specific gravity of wax, 0.874329673, or the time of vibration of a pendulum, 1.658349605 seconds. If we may assume the validity of these results, it is evident that the accuracy of the worker can compensate for the imperfection of the mere apparatus.

The value of  $H$ , or the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic force, has sometimes to be calculated. In a certain laboratory there was a long passageway made of sheet-iron running along the outside of one of the walls; and the result of this was that the value of  $H$  was enormous on the side near the passage, and much less at the opposite side; so that the actual value of the magnetic force had to be experimentally determined beforehand by the head demonstrator, for different parts of the room, so that the students might find due justification for their own results.

It is often broadly stated that water cannot rise higher than its source. But it can, and sometimes does. If water is contained in a U-tube, the hydrostatic pressure in both limbs will be equal when the height of the water is the same in both limbs; but if there is a bubble of air — say, a few inches long — in one of the limbs, the water must rise higher in that limb in order to maintain the equality of pressure. This condition is said to obtain sometimes in nature, and a diagram can readily be drawn to demonstrate its possibility in the case of springs and reservoirs in limestone rocks.

We may conclude these observations by appending our own solution of a very famous problem, supposed, but quite erroneously so, to be insoluble. "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?" Answer: the irresistible force goes on its way, and the immovable body stays where it is. *Quod erat solvendum*. The writer would also like to add, to assuage the uneasiness of his mind, that, in case he has himself committed some oversights of the kind he is criticising, he will not be offended, but on the contrary edified, if his attention is called to them. It is human to err, and at present he is still human.

## WE ARE CHALLENGED

STUDENT

"Surely we can all agree that in the present condition of the world's affairs we are challenged to do more than merely announce principles."  
— Katherine Tingley



WE must *demonstrate* them. We must vindicate our faith in them by acting upon them. We must reduce them from the plane of contemplation to the plane of action. Otherwise they will remain dead letters so far as results go. For how can we expect others to put them into action if we do not ourselves?

Are the Theosophical principles to remain beautiful theories, lip doctrines, a philosophy of the study, apart from daily life? Not thus were they proclaimed; not thus dare we, who have received them, treat the trust given us to be handed on to others.

When H. P. Blavatsky proclaimed the Theosophical teachings, many were attracted. Ambition and intellectual enthusiasm moved them. But they found that H. P. Blavatsky had not stepped forth as the head of a school of philosophy, and that she had no private ambitions. Her mission was one of pure devotion to the interests of a great cause; it was by such devotion that she had won her own knowledge; such devotion was the condition she was bound to exact from those who aspired to that knowledge. Some could not stand the test, and turned away, losing interest in Theosophy, even sometimes turning into enemies. For often self-love, smarting under the self-revelation, turns its anger against the innocent teacher. But others accepted the conditions and saw that the path of Knowledge is the path of Duty.

The world today will not be satisfied with a mere enunciation of principles; they will not even listen. What the world wants is demonstration. They are looking for something that will work, that will give results. Are not Theosophists therefore challenged?

Some people think that the path of knowledge and the path of service are different, and that one of them must be given up if the other is to be followed. But the more I study Theosophy, the more mistaken does this view seem, the more convinced do I become that the two paths are one. True, there is a pursuit of knowledge that seems to exclude obligations of duty and conduct; but this I should call a wrong path, leading not to knowledge but to an accumulation of learning. What a Theosophist means by knowledge is something different. The world has enough and to spare of accumulations of learning and of abstruse philosophies and sciences and creeds; and Theosophy claims to be better

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

than this. The student of Theosophy, therefore, would be missing his way if he were to treat the Theosophical teachings in the same way as so many other things are treated, and merely try to turn them into a matter of intellectual study and curious lore, or into food for ambition or enjoyment.

It seems to me that the only way in which one *can* learn Theosophy is by practising it. This is more evident in the case of some doctrines than in that of others. Brotherhood, for example, must obviously be practised before it can be understood; for a purely theoretical brotherliness amounts to nothing at all. But in the case of such a doctrine as that of Reincarnation, the truth of the idea may not be so obvious. And yet, what is the use of studying Reincarnation if that study is to be of no use to us or to anybody else within our circle of influence? Or can we truly be said to understand it at all, so long as our knowledge is confined to intellectual acceptance?

Theosophists must be able to show that their beliefs influence their lives, otherwise they will be belying their own professions; for they profess to believe that Theosophy is the greatest boon for the individual and for society.

The world needs knowledge, but there is danger that it will be mis-used. It may be used for merely intellectual study, as said above, or there is another way in which it may be abused. We have today certain cults of 'psychics,' calling themselves 'Theosophists,' who have taken some of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, twisted them, added to them, and used them to buttress up their psychic notions. The activities of such cults are at best useless in the cause of human betterment; and too often they are worse than useless, they are harmful. Now what is the great touchstone that distinguishes these travesties of Theosophy from Theosophy itself, and spurious Theosophists from real Theosophists? It is, that the real Theosophists adhere to the original principles of Theosophy as so clearly enunciated by H. P. Blavatsky and her successors. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from these Leaders showing that Theosophy was never intended to found a school of magic or a new cult of curious learning; but that its one and only purpose was to help humanity and stem the tide of materialism that was leading civilization into dangerous waters.

There is a distinctive *atmosphere* about real Theosophists and their meetings, which is very noticeable and is often commented on by inquirers. This sympathetic atmosphere is due to their simple honest purpose and desire to help. The students at Lomaland all work without remuneration, having devoted all their time and services to the work, expecting no reward but the joy which recompenses duty faithfully

## FREEDOM AND COMPULSION

performed. It goes without saying that a large body of such people must have such an atmosphere about them, which the inquirer can feel. There is nothing mystic, uncanny, or grotesque about the real Theosophist.

The doctrine of Karma is very illuminating as a theory; but how much more vital does it become when we make it the rule of our life! Then our actions show that our belief is not vain but real, not hypocritical but genuine. It means much to feel convinced that you have your destiny in your own hands, and that all which you incur is the just consequence of your own thoughts and acts.

The world has lost faith in the simple old rules of human life, and it behooves Theosophists to help them to revive that faith. For Theosophists believe in the simple old truths, such as are to be found expressed in the teachings of Christ and of the other Teachers. The world knows that there can be no welfare and happiness for humanity unless these eternal laws of morality are believed in and acted upon. Theosophy shows that these rules are but the logical outcome of man's divine nature; they are as much the natural laws of his higher nature as the rules of health are the laws of his bodily nature. Theosophists have to show by their conduct that Theosophy has a real meaning for them, and is not a mere intellectual belief. This is the path of duty, and it is also the path of knowledge; for there can be no real and useful knowledge that does not include practice. By study without practice we may grow in learning, but not in wisdom. The true meaning of Karma does not reveal itself to the student until he has lived his life by its light. Not until he has experimented on his own nature can he begin to understand the teachings as to the constitution of man. Thus, in making the teachings known to others, he makes them vital to himself.

## FREEDOM AND COMPULSION

T. HENRY, M. A.



N yielding to a lower impulse — to the passion of anger, for example, or to a fleshly lust — we feel as if we were scarcely free agents. We yield, either because we are the slaves of an acquired habit, in which case we are no longer free, or because the impulse comes upon us like a whirlwind and constrains us, as it seems, from without.

"On the other hand, when we surrender ourselves to the pressure of a higher motive, we feel that we are free; and the higher the motive, the stronger does our sense of freedom become. I find it difficult to account for these feelings except on the hypothesis that *freedom is spiritual necessity or compulsion from within.*

"The man who does right is constrained by a higher impulse. But the higher impulses

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

belong to the spiritual side of man's nature, or, in other words, to the true self; and action that is initiated by one's true self is obviously free."

No; not from a Theosophical writing, but from current literature; from an article on 'Freedom and Growth' by Edmond Holmes in the *Hibbert Journal* (July). Theosophical ideas are certainly pervading current thought. We especially commend the words we have italicized in the above quotation, as a fine definition of freedom and a neat resolution of the antithesis between freedom and necessity. Freedom is spiritual necessity. The author shows, in the course of a lengthy discussion, that freedom and necessity are not contradictory but antithetical (and therefore correlative). One is unthinkable and impossible without the other. The man who insists on treating them as inconsistent with each other, and on striving to do away with either the one or the other, is attempting a futile task; and, if he could succeed in destroying either freedom or necessity, he would have "canceled an entire category of human thought." You cannot have a workshop composed entirely of servants or entirely of bosses. Parts of Nature are subject to other parts, but ultimately we must arrive at some supreme point where there is freedom. Nature *as a whole* is free. And, in proportion as man can identify himself with Nature, he achieves freedom for himself.

"The heart of the Universe is the fountain-head of freedom. What follows with regard to man? In what sense and to what extent is he free? He is free, with the full freedom of unfettered Nature, so far as he can draw life into himself from the heart of the Universe, so far as he can live in the infinite and the eternal, so far as he can make the soul of Nature his own "

This is what Theosophists have been teaching over and over again. And, as the writer goes on to say, they have further pointed out that the attainment of freedom, as above defined, can and probably must be gradual and progressive. We need not expect to be ushered at one bound into the sublime, nor repine because this does not happen. We can go by steps, and be happy over each small advance.

As a man escapes from compulsion, he attains responsibility — another name for moral obligation. A slave, a man who works absolutely under guidance, is not responsible; hence a man who achieves emancipation from thralldom becomes responsible.

"The goal of self-realization is oneness with the One Life. . . . If the Universe is a living Whole, the only way for each of us to integrate himself (and so win freedom), without disintegrating it, is to become one with it. He who thinks to win freedom, not by growing into oneness with the living Whole, but by becoming a living whole on his own account, by integrating himself independently of the supreme Integer, by separating himself from the Cosmic life and finding the fulness of life in a little world of his own, has renounced his high birthright in the act of laying claim to it prematurely, and has become a disintegrative and morbid influence in the body politic of the great world to which, in spite of himself, he still belongs.

"Separatism, individualism, aggressive egoism, self-realization, with the stress on the word

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*self*, is the sin of sins, the malady of maladies, the exact equivalent, in the pathology of the soul, of the disease of rebellious and therefore malignant growth which we call cancer in the pathology of the body."

The author concludes with the statement that his destiny is to become one with the soul of things; and that he can either thwart this destiny by attaching himself to a lower destiny, or realize it by claiming his freedom.

Thus man's Savior is his own Divinity; and yet it is not his own Divinity in any exclusive personal sense, but the Divinity which he shares in common with all men, and which ensouls the Universe. What impels him to seek salvation by this means? It is surely sorrow and affliction. People in ease and contentment do not have much use for philosophy. It is trouble that is the great teacher. We find that we cannot make life bearable unless we recognise and follow its true laws. We go on developing our intellect, and increasing the fineness of our senses and feelings; and at the same time we intensify our personality; and the result sooner or later is that we feel a terrible conflict between our capabilities and aspirations on the one hand and our limitations and bonds on the other. And then we have to seek a way of release from those bonds. We appeal to the Light within, and set our feet on a path that leads into the free air.

✽

"THERE are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves 'Occultists,' who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the reflexion of the absolute, causeless and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay — the human body."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

## AUTUMN WOODS

MARTIN E. TEW

WHO does not love the woods when autumn lingers  
And troubled thoughts give way to reveries,  
When sunset's goddess twines her rose-tipped fingers  
Through tangled tresses of the dreamy trees!

The elfins of the frost in myriad numbers  
Built campfires here among the shrubs and sprays;  
Awakened by Aurora from their slumbers,  
Lo! they beheld the forest all ablaze.

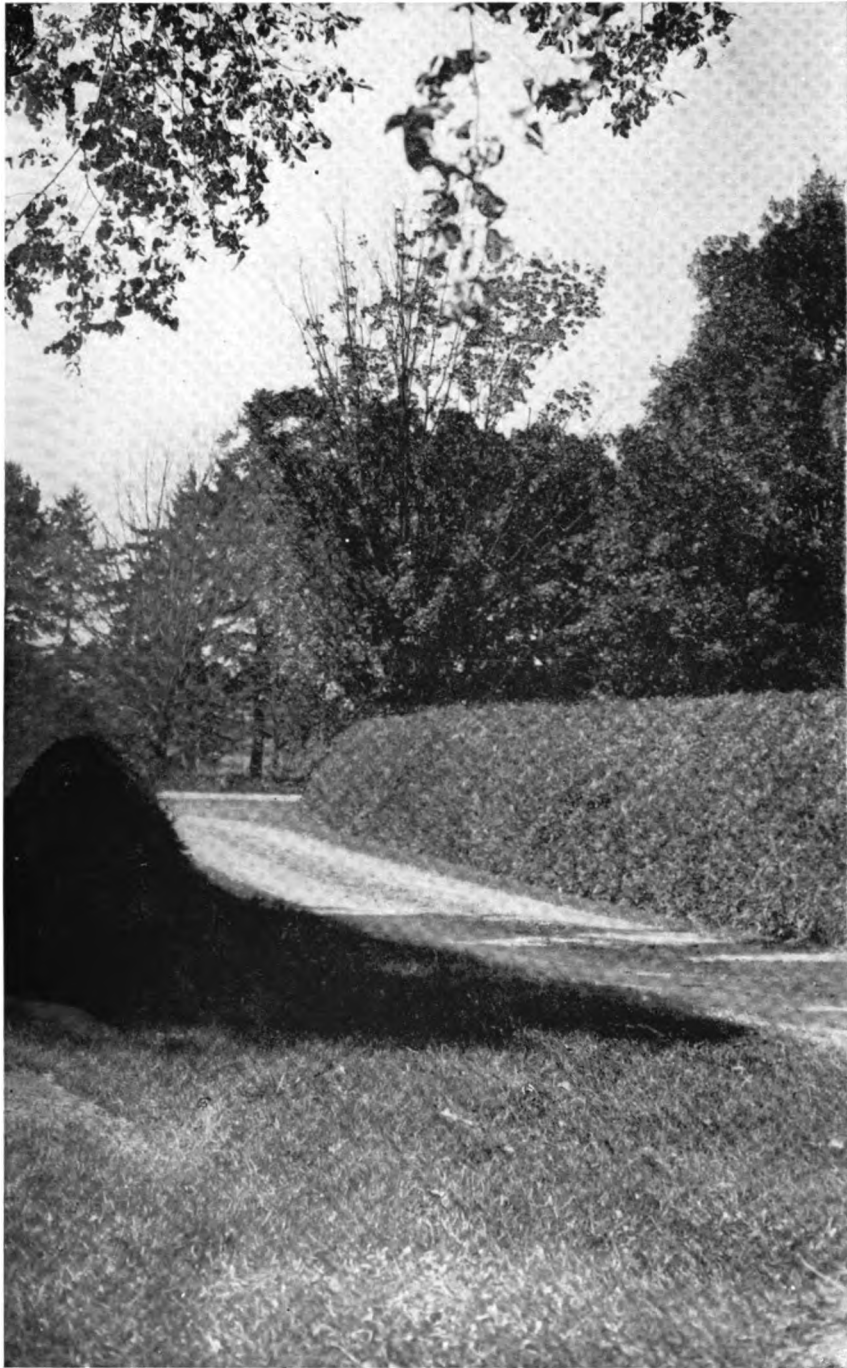
The glow among the sumacs rises higher,—  
Streams up with tongues of flame along the vine,  
And lights the maple with a mystic fire,  
Where rainbow tints and sunset gleams combine.

Sage alchemists, as told in ancient story,  
Essayed to change base metals into gold.  
Whence came their dreams but from the woodlands' glory,  
When autumn's miracles they saw unfold?

What chimes from high cathedral spires pealing,  
Touching the chords of tenderest memories —  
What soft sonata through the moonlight stealing  
Could fill the soul with lovelier harmonies?

O Thou, whose Presence fills unfathomed spaces,  
Whose perfect works reveal a Law of love —  
Here in Thy temples, holiest of places,  
Man's thoughts aspire to reach the heights above.

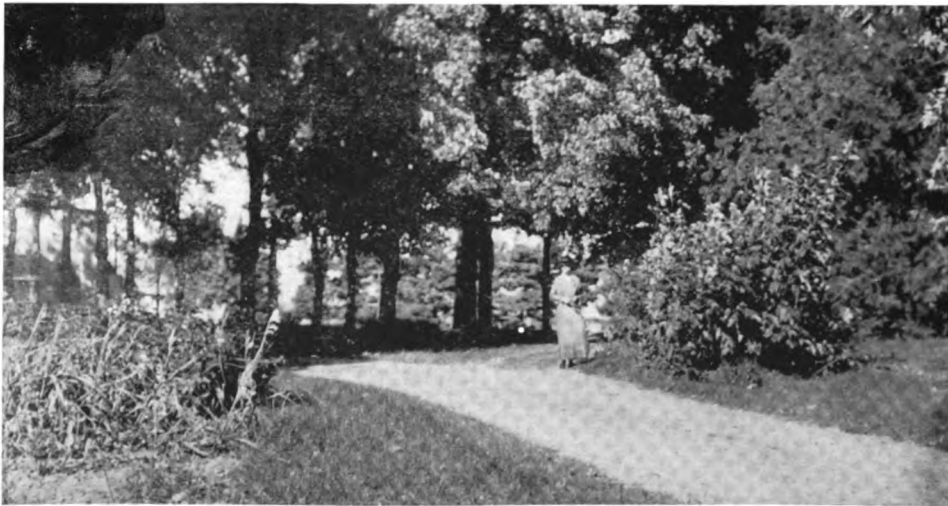
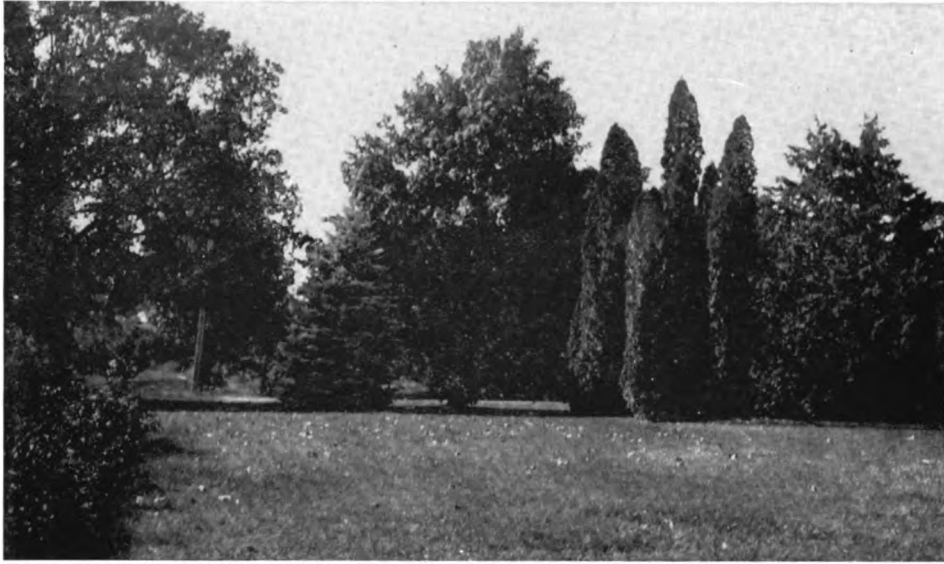




*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**MAIN DRIVE, 'OAKHURST,' LAKE CITY, MINNESOTA**

This estate was recently donated by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Underwood  
for the establishment of a Rāja-Yoga School.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

GLIMPSES OF NATURE-LIFE AT 'OAKHURST'



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

VISTAS OF MEADOW-LAND AND HILLS FROM SITE OF THE  
NEW RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MEMBERS OF THE CRUSADE PARTY WHO ACCOMPANIED KATHERINE TINGLEY  
ON HER RECENT THEOSOPHICAL LECTURE-TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES

September-November, 1919

## LOWELL'S VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

### PRELUDE

OVER his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay,  
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,  
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy  
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;  
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
We Sinais climb and know it not;  
Over our manhood bend the skies;  
Against our fallen and traitor lives  
The great winds utter prophecies;  
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;  
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
Waits with its benedict;e;  
And to our age's drowsy blood  
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;  
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
There is no price set on the lavish summer,  
And June may be had by the poorest comer.  
And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, grasping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbd away  
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God so wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack;  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —  
And hark! how clear bold chanticler,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Every thing is happy now,  
Every thing is upward striving;  
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —  
'Tis the natural way of living;  
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
The soul partakes the season's youth,  
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

# THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

## PART FIRST

### I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
And bring to me my richest mail,  
For tomorrow I go over land and sea  
In search of the Holy Grail;  
Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
Till I begin my vow to keep;  
Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
And perchance there may come a vision true  
Ere day create the world anew."  
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
And into his soul the vision flew.

### II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:  
The castle alone in the landscape lay  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;  
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
And never its gates might opened be,  
Save to lord or lady of high degree;  
Summer besieged it on every side,  
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;  
She could not scale the chilly wall,  
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall  
Stretched left and right,  
Over the hills and out of sight;  
Green and broad was every tent,  
And out of each a murmur went  
Till the breeze fell off at night.

### III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall  
In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,  
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

### IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
And morning in the young knight's heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
And gloomed by itself apart;  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

### V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,  
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;  
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall;  
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

### VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:  
"Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold  
Who gives from a sense of duty;  
But he who gives a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a god goes with it and makes it store  
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

## PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old;  
On open wold and hill-top bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,



## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;  
The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here  
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one:  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter-palace of ice;  
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;  
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;  
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;  
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks  
Like herds of startled deer.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp  
And rattles and wrings  
The icy strings,  
Singing, in dreary monotone,  
A Christmas carol of its own,  
Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window-slits of the castle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold.

### PART SECOND

#### I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had spun;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitiy  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

#### II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate;  
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;  
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,  
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

#### III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
For it was just at the Christmas time;  
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
In the light and warmth of long ago;

## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
And with its own self like an infant played,  
And waved its signal of palms.

### IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms"; —  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cower'd beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

### V

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree;  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —  
And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

### VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail  
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.  
The heart within him was ashes and dust;  
He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink;  
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

### VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But stood before him glorified,  
Shining and tall and fair and straight  
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —  
Himself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in Man.

### VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,  
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,  
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one  
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,  
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;  
This crust is my body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need, —  
Not that which we give, but what we share, —  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three, —  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

### IX

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoon: —  
"The Grail in my castle here is found!  
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,  
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;  
He must be fenced with stronger mail  
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

### X

The castle-gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;  
No longer scowl the turrets tall,  
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;  
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,  
She entered with him in disguise,  
And mastered the fortress by surprise;  
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,  
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;  
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land  
Has hall and bower at his command;  
And there's no poor man in the North Countree  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

# THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

## COMMENTS

BY KENNETH MORRIS

**T**IME has dealt unkindly with the fame of the giants of nineteenth century American poetry. Two names only still remain unshaken; and of those two, Poe's doubtfully, for his inspiration was not from the right and inner source, or was deflected and perverted on its way outward to expression. Whitman stands, and one might prophesy, will stand,—if only by virtue of *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed*.

And yet those others, Lowell, Whittier, and even Longfellow, were in their degree great and eminent men of letters; and they were not to blame that they lived in an age in which great poetry was impossible, and which could not discriminate the functions of prose and verse. Tennyson too, and Browning, in England, almost always wrote essential prose in verse form. Lowell remains one of the greatest masters of the Essay in the language,—as Emerson does: —there was no lack of greatness to do great things in prose. And if Longfellow had discarded verse-form, and suffused his stories, prose-written, with the faint atmosphere they have,—how excellent they might have been!

All this is very apparent indeed to literary and especially poetic America now. We hear the cry constantly: "How far we have progressed since the days of their ignorance! How much better we understand what poetry is and is for!" —In some respects it may be true; but beware! We stand on no secure pinnacle: time will not deal gently with us. *They* thought moralizing, done into meter, constituted true poetry; *we* see (rightly) that it does not. But what we do not see is that true Art presupposes the Good, or the Moral: that that is the soil from which it must grow. Stable Art must be based on stable and balanced living; and must reach up from that to illumine the hidden worlds of the Soul.

America now is singing from ten thousand throats: poets are thicker than blackberries in September. If there is much more growth of this sort, it will be your chief distinction never to have rhymed a couplet, or arranged your prose eccentricities in queer line-lengths as 'free verse.' We think we are in the midst of a golden age; but are we? One may read reams on reams of verse irreproachably written — that leaves no mark upon the mind at all. It paints nature excellently; one must grant it beautiful; but nearly always it is uninteresting and unimportant. Or one may read reams and reams that are bizarre; that are interesting; that attract and hold attention, and glitter. Here again, probably not

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one line will remain in the memory; but the atmosphere will . . . with a certain odor, not natural . . . a breath as from a druggist's shop. You wonder at first at the genius that produced such great work; and then grow into the conviction that the work is not great at all; does not come from genius, properly so called: draws its inspiration not from the Heart of Things and the Divine Soul in man,—but from absinthe, opium, cocaine, morphine, or some such devil's-trap.

The first mark of beauty in Art is balance, poise, naturalness. It gathers like a wave on the Sea of Being, calmly rising to its height, orderly crashing into its magnificence of foam. There is nothing in it of straining for effect, of impatience; nothing hectic; nothing of ambition or the desire to shine. Why, for instance, are the works of the old Dutch Masters beautiful? They seem to ignore beauty altogether: to make only for the prosaic and domestic; to be unaware of the Soul and the Divine Side of things. The answer is that those Dutchmen painted from the one position from which Art can be created: the inner poise or balance. They did not strive nor cry; they did not fillip their faculties for a supreme effort to conquer fame; their Open Sesame to the worlds of inspiration was never a dose of something with a 'kick' in it: they felt the serenity of things, and painted that serenity into the homely scenes they knew. A Dutch kitchen, with Mevrouw peeling turnips? That is merely the outside; what it stands for, and what is eternally satisfying and beautiful in the picture, is the Quietness, the Peace of the Eternal.

From the stillness of that balance-point, the *excitement* of true art or poetry begins, and works upward. Because there is an excitement there: the Soul does not crawl or slouch or shuffle into action, but rides grandly. But it must have the ground clear, or will not stir. All those things in the personality,—drugs, ambition, unrest, desire to shine,—it simply will not tolerate; they are obscurations of vision; there is no room for them and for the Soul. The world today is thoroughly jerked away from the center of balance, and one stroll through any of our towns full of hectic, unrestful, poiseless faces, should tell us that this is not an age when great art is likely to be produced.

The poets of the nineteenth century approached life from a different angle. They, decidedly, possessed the balance: their failure lay in looking down from it over the path they had traveled, and not in looking upward. That is to say, a prosaic age and land forbade them to go on into the excitement of the Soul, and create grandly. They were supremely aware of the value of the Moral, and often marred their Art by turning back to preach it; whereas Art only begins where those lessons are learnt. A reaction has shown us the imperfection of their method; so we have grown tired of them, and feel ourselves very superior. In reality we

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are not superior at all; are in fact further from the mark than they were. The business of poetry is to make discoveries in the Spiritual, and illumine

“the dusk within the Holy of holies”;

it cannot turn and busy itself crying, ‘Be good and you will be happy’; still less can it exist or endure in an atmosphere that ignores that precept.

Lowell and his contemporaries made, perhaps, no great revelations of the Beautiful; so they fell short of great art. But they attained their honorable stature, and will live; because though the Soul spoke not very loudly or with distinction through them, it yet found in their consciousness the Point of Balance, and so was able at least to speak. No great tones; but true tones such as they were. They wrote what the age permitted them to write: they were true, if not great, teachers, giving the pabulum needed. Where they were asked for bread, they did not give caviare: their bread was bread, of wholesome dough and yeast,—and that was the diet needed for the age. It was not the ambrosia of the Gods; nor was it any dangerous drug-savored glittering confection. They will go on satisfying those who do not ask too much, and have no palate for ambrosia; because they were true men writing the best that was in them, cleanly and well. It is the perfervid, the hectic, the drug-inspired writing that, though it catches the eye quickly, and pleases piquantly at first, comes to taste vilely after awhile. In normal times there will always be a following for Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell: one that will grow away from them, as it grows in artistic perception; but whose place will always be taken by others.

Of the three, Lowell had learnt most of that which is to be learnt, in writing, from a study of literature. He was the nearest to being a conscious artist; and indeed, when he took prose for his medium, he was an artist of a very high type. One can think of few better pictures than those he gives in his essay on Winter; where he paints like a master; the freedom of his medium allowing him fullest use of his powers. He re-draws the same objects, in verse, in his *Vision of Sir Launfal*; but they are not so good; they do not shine so, or stand out so clearly. Still, as always, they are true and just, and written with the eye on the object.

This is probably his greatest poem: in thought, in symbolism, it lacks nothing of being great poetry. Only the manner was denied to him. It is the essayist (not the poet) you hear in such lines as

“What is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days.”

Translate that into some other language, and you would never guess from the result that it was taken from a poem. But if you were to translate the lines almost immediately before that:

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“ 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking”;

their poetic origin would be clear enough. Indeed, they might easily be made to seem more like poetry in the translation, than they do in the original; — which shows that it was not the substance or the vision that he lacked, but only the manner.

So when he speaks of giving

“to that which is out of sight,  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite,”

and says that “a god goes with” gifts so given: — this is indeed real illumination of the worlds within; and though the language is, properly speaking, that of prose (for it lacks the march and intense proud exaltation of the other), the substance is eternal Poetry or revelation of the Soul.

Taken as an essay, a sermon, a parable on life, this poem is transcendent. There is the Divine Self of the world, neither mine nor thine; — and all real goodness, all salvation, all excellence, is the giving up of the personal self to that. Selfishness, and not any other thing, is the worst of sins. To have an eye to your own soul's safety and bliss is to be, “if the truth should be told, one of the wicked”; because these are the two poles: to be given to mankind, and to be encased in the sense of one's separate selfhood. The first is the pole of good, the second that of evil. Do you remember Christian's burden, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*? You can make a dogma of it, and a theological idea without relation to life and realities,— and do ill by yourself and Truth in doing so; or you can see it a glyph of true and practical things. That burden is self. To wear out the sense of self,— that is the one grand aim. But how easily one may nourish that sense with what passes for doing good! How one may inveigh against this people or that,— and all in the name of that *Christ* that, to have any true meaning at all, must be understood as the Universal Divine Spirit, the Higher Self of all humanity,— and therefore the symbol and bond of Human Brotherhood.

The symbol in the Gospels is glorious and full of truth, if we would read it simply and naturally, and not bolster it round and fudge it up with meaningless dogmas. Here is the outcast, condemned to capital punishment (crucifixion was the capital punishment of the day): but he is also the Son of Man, and the Son of God! True *now* and everlastingly; not *then* alone! The one we condemn, that we rail against in our newspapers,— in him also is the Holy Spirit of Man. Whomsoever we hang is also the Son of Man; and it is the Divine Innermost of Humanity that we sin against; that, and that alone, that we condemn and execute;



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there is never an execution, but Christ is crucified again. Oh, in us who do it, as much as in the victim!

You cannot offend against anyone, though he be the chief of sinners, without offending against the Sole Reality in yourself,— the One Thing in any of us that is worth while, and eternal, and that keeps all life from rottenness. In the separate selfhood of all of us is all the Original Sin, all the vile-wormishness, that exists: in our common humanity is the whole of salvation, the one Christ, the everlasting Glory of God. —There is that about justification by faith, and that good works are valueless in themselves; — rob it of its stale air of dogmatism and the cobwebs of theological subtlety, and it is wholly beautiful Truth. Because good works done for the sake of self and one's own salvation are not good at all, but evil: and 'faith' is, faith in the Divine Spirit of Humanity; and that alone, belief in That, the giving of self to That,— is right, and salvation. So Faith, in its expression, is Brotherhood. You may wear out your knees in prayer, you may conquer the flesh, and walk rigidly, wholly an ascetic,— and still be worthless and positively evil: all your security of salvation may be nothing but the pilgrim's huge burden that you are to stagger under through many lives; — because you lack that supreme 'faith,' — which again is what Paul calls "Charity," —

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Lord, what a lesson there is in it for the present day! We seek to patch up the broken world, and for lack of Brotherhood, are as tinkling cymbals! How easily we robe ourselves in the leper's mantle of 'righteous indignation,' and thunder from our pulpits and editorials against — dare I say it? — an offending nation! But there is this one and only thing, Humanity, from which we cannot separate ourselves: we are part and parcel of every Human Being in the universe, and one substance with him; and to condemn him, is to condemn our own souls. The attitude of condemnation *is* our condemnation. There, if you like, is your true damnation! Not eternal; because the Merciful Just Law of Life will not tolerate that attitude; and it is in the nature of things that he who hates or condemns another shall be led on through many disciplines and afflictions to sanity at last. That is precisely why we suffer. That is the *raison d'être* of our absurd wars and our calamities.

But do we love this long round of human sorrows? Do we love recurring wars and plagues and destitution? Are we enamored of earth made hell? No indeed; we hunger after a world in which happiness, secure and durable, should be possible; and it can only be brought into being through the knowledge of our human oneness, and the practice of brother-

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hood. By forgoing the imagined right to condemn and punish; and instead, seeking ever the means to remedy evil.

Just divest them of dogma; just see them clear and sparkling in the sunlight of Theosophy and common sense,— and the teachings of Jesus, — which are also those of a thousand Teachers before him and since,— become the panacea for the world's ills. Of course the leper with whom Sir Launfal shared his crust was the Christ. Every human being in whom we will allow the Divine in us to see the Divine, is for us the Christ.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

### KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM A RÂJA-YOGA STUDENT — SPECIAL  
CORRESPONDENT OF THE TOUR — ACCOMPANYING MME TINGLEY  
(Continued)

*The Copley-Plaza, Boston, Mass., October 18, 1919*

FOLLOWING a busy day of preparations we are about to seek repose after the triumph of the tour — absolutely the biggest, finest, and most remarkable meeting held to date! First of all you must realize that Symphony Hall is the finest in Boston, magnificent in proportions as well as design and decoration. With its immense capaciousness, seating 2500 people, its depth of stage and lofty ceiling, with classic statuary set in niches all around the upper wall above the second balcony, it gives one an overwhelming sense of vastness with a touch of rare artistry. The acoustics are excellent.

The day was naturally pretty well taken up with preparations — getting ready literature for distribution, rehearsing the musical numbers, and decorating the hall with flowers and foliage, which, on account of a Symphony

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Concert in the afternoon, could not be done until after its conclusion. We prepared a goodly amount of literature with the size of the Hall in view, but when the doors opened and the crowd began to pour in, our complimentary literature disappeared with lightning rapidity. It was not only the biggest thing in size, but likewise in enthusiasm. The attitude of the audience towards the Leader was that of a welcome to an old friend.

Not quite certain whether the reading of the notices, which among other things said very plainly what we thought of pseudo-Theosophy, was an opening number or not, they satisfied their consciences by applauding them. After the opening music for Harp, Violin and 'Cello, the Leader entered. She was received with rounds of applause — a genuine hearty welcome. It was not a long speech, but it covered a great deal of ground. The Leader spoke of Christ's message, of Karma and Reincarnation, of the Theosophical interpretation of death, and the Theosophic teaching that love survives beyond the grave and that there can be no lasting separation from those we love. She referred to the Peace Treaty in connexion with the future that Theosophy must bring about for mankind, wherein all men and all nations will be united in one great family and we shall need no Peace Treaty and no League of Nations to hold us together. She handled pseudo-Theosophy very tactfully but very firmly, and in such a way as not to offend the most sensitive. The close of her remarks, which had received a closeness of attention and interest exceeding anything she has had on this tour, was followed by a burst of applause that seemed as if it would never end. The applause continued so insistently that it was necessary for her to go back on to the platform and smile and bow in response.

There was no mistaking the interest of the audience. And the same thing took place with the musical numbers. On account of the length of the programs, it is our practice to avoid encores. But last evening every player had to bow him or herself off the platform and answer an insistent recall and repeat the process. Every number took instantly and unquestionably, and the program could easily and legitimately have been doubled with encores. It was a most unusual and interesting experience.

It had been announced that a second meeting, for inquirers, would be held in the Copley-Plaza Ballroom which seats over a thousand, and as the people came out of the Symphony Hall, believe me, the proverbial 'hot cakes' never went so fast as did our tickets for that second meeting. All we had were called for and we had to manufacture more on the spot, so there is every promise of another splendid meeting on Sunday, October 19th. Then, too, the book-table was thronged by people anxious to purchase literature, of which there was a record sale.

A word must also be said — or in justice, a whole letter written — regarding the splendid assistance rendered by our Boston comrades at the meeting. In the first place, by the aid of their efforts and co-operation, that great big bare platform was converted into a thing of beauty. As in Minneapolis, the Branch President and some of the members went off a great distance to

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some lake (in the neighborhood of Thoreau's old home, I believe) and brought in an auto-load of autumn leaves — oak and maple, chiefly. With these they themselves undertook the decoration of the stage, and after arranging a mass of green all along the front and setting up four or five stands of green on different parts of the platform proper, the pedestal beautifully decorated with huge yellow chrysanthemums, a big standing-vase of the same on either side of the platform, the big Mason & Hamlin piano on one side, the harp on the other, all set in the quiet and chaste ornamentation of the stage, and the great organ towering above, the picture was extremely beautiful and impressive.

October 20, 1919

BOSTON is proving itself royally — it clearly and evidently *wants* Theosophy, and is ready to make the most of it while it is here in the persons of our Leader and the Crusaders. Last night's inquirers' meeting in this hotel, of which you have had news by telegram, surpassed anything of its kind yet. That telegram was by no manner of means the product of sudden and uncalculating enthusiasm. You did not get, and can scarcely get — not having been present — a just and fair report of the nature and extent of last evening's triumph.

Reference has been made to the way in which invitations went at the Hall, Friday evening. Requests have been coming in ever since, and in the hotel proper where Mrs. Lemke has been on duty — and, may I be permitted to say, very much alive and capably on duty, to very good effect indeed — she distributed tickets to a great many more of the very nicest people in the hotel. You can get some idea of the attendance when you know that at least five hundred tickets were sent out before the Friday meeting for this second meeting, a large number disposed of at the Hall, and more than two or three hundred have gone since then, and very few, if any of those who took tickets failed to attend last evening, so you can see we had a splendid audience.

After the opening music for Harp, Violin and 'Cello, Madame Tingley gave an introductory address, first of all explaining the difference between the original Theosophical Society and the counterfeits, and from that going on to touch upon Divinity, Duality, Theosophy as the key to the Bible, Knowledge of the Inner Life, Self-directed Evolution, Jesus as the great exponent of the Spirit of Theosophy, Theosophy and the elimination of Fear, etc. And the attention — it was remarkable! Between her words, you could have heard a pin drop, and all over the hall you could see people leaning forward in their seats in rapt attention, taking in every word she said, and interested with an interest that was like that of some hungry sufferers come for a word of hope and consolation.

At the close of her address the Leader asked if any in the audience had any questions to ask. It being a large audience which necessitated the usual mode of seating in set rows with all the forms of a regular public lecture, I think the people were somewhat taken by surprise and a little hampered by the feeling of formality which usually attends a public lecture of this kind.

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So the questions came a little slowly at first, but, once started, there was no dearth of them and no hesitation on the part of the audience. Among the questions were the following: "Do Theosophists believe in Predestination?" in answering which the Leader brought out Karma in its true interpretation; "Are the Râja-Yoga Students prepared to go out into the world and meet the evils of life?" — a question not unfamiliar to all of you, the answer to which you may easily guess. Then followed an interesting and delicate question which the Leader handled in masterly style: "What position does Theosophy take in regard to capital and labor?" Prefacing her remarks with the declaration that our organization takes no part in politics — realizing that while the question was not political, it tended thither — she pointed out that there was something to say on both sides, and said she was as sorry for the capitalist as she was for the laborer, because neither of them yet had Theosophy to show them the rights and wrongs of the case.

The Leader then asked some of the Râja-Yoga Students to answer other questions which continued until nearly ten o'clock when, as there were some one hundred and twenty lantern-slides of views taken at the International Headquarters at Point Loma to be shown, questions were stopped and we went ahead with the pictures. These made a profound impression and received hearty applause. The pictures of the Râja-Yoga children and the views of our Greek Theater and sunsets were especially appreciated.

*The Copley-Plaza, Boston, October 23, 1919*

LAST NIGHT another meeting was held in the Auditorium of the hotel. None of us really anticipated a large audience, owing to the fact that this was the third public meeting here and must necessarily be of very much the same nature as the last, although it was the Leader's idea to vary the program and make it still more informal. Well, the doors were to be opened at 7:30, but as before, people began to drift in at 7:00, continuing to arrive up to 8:15 and after, until we had another splendid audience as on the previous Sunday. Many of those who had attended the two previous meetings came again, and many others besides. The program was a complete success in every way, much of the time being taken up with a series of very interesting questions answered by our Leader. These followed an opening number, 'Jocelyn' for the Harp Trio, for which we were almost compelled to give an encore in response to the prolonged applause. Following is a list of some of the questions asked. "Do you eat meat?" "Do Theosophists believe in Prayer?" "Do Theosophists believe in cremation?" "Are not love of money and selfishness two of the greatest enemies to Theosophy?" "What is the difference between Theosophy and Buddhism?" "Is there power in the spoken word?" "Does the reincarnating spirit carry on the memory of the past life?" "Is it possible to forfeit the Soul and become an animal?" "Is the basis of Theosophy Monism or dualism?" "What is the effect of Theosophic prayer?" "Do Theosophists believe in Evil?" "When is the final incarnation on earth?" "What proof have you of Reincarnation, since we have no memory of past lives?"

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Among the longest and most interesting of the Leader's answers to these questions was that to the question about Theosophists' believing in prayer. It naturally offered a splendid opportunity of bringing out the idea of the Theosophical conception of Deity as well as the illogicality of different people praying for opposite blessings from the same God. She brought out the Theosophic idea of prayer — "aspiration, the effort to give,— silence" — in a very telling manner. Everybody seemed struck by the deftness with which the Leader handled the question of Love of Money as one of the greatest evils against which Theosophy had to fight. She was careful not to fall into the trap of mere impractical idealism which calls money a curse and professes to have no dealings with it. She reminded her audience that there would not have been much of a Theosophical Lecture-Tour had she not had money to carry it on with. She pointed out, however, that it is the use one makes of money and the tendency to become a slave to it for selfish purposes which has to be watched for.

On the question about the Power of the Spoken Word, the Leader gave some very deep and interesting hints in regard to the employment of the sacred syllable OM, accentuating at the same time the need of having the motive absolutely pure, without which any spoken word was lifeless and without effect. In her answer to the question, "Do Theosophists believe in Evil?" the Leader made several interesting statements. She started out with the statement that "Evil is undeveloped good," which of course she immediately followed up with an explanation showing that this has nothing to do with Christian Science. She dwelt at length on the "All is Good" of those people, showing the sheer nonsense and impracticality of it, but at the same time that the essential heart of life and the essential nature of man is Goodness, and what we have to be sure of is to see that our actions and motives spring from this source of Goodness in ourselves. Working from this point, then despite all suffering and disappointment 'all,' touched by the power of this Immortal Good or Godhood within us, must be 'good.' It was in answering this question that she made the statement with glorious fire and conviction: "If I could live another hundred years, I could make all the world Theosophists!" She pointed out that the Laws of Life are immutable, and it is not for us to shape and plan in the larger sense, but to work in harmony with these Laws. It is not the Emotions, she said, but the deeper feeling within, which, when worked with and developed, becomes a guiding power and grows daily.

In reply to the question, "What proof of reincarnation have we, since we do not remember our past lives?" the Leader spoke from her own point of view to the effect that she was conscious of knowing many things which she had never learned in this life, as for instance her ability to give suggestions to the Comrades engaged in artistic, musical or dramatic work, as well as in other lines, in all of which those whom she helped would find her suggestions of value, and yet she could never say where or how she came to have the knowledge which enables her to make these suggestions, except

## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

through experience in former lives. She summed up the matter by reminding her listeners that this, like the answers to many other questions, has no proof to offer for itself to the human mind alone, but he who would know and feel its truth must get behind and beyond the intellect. She made a wonderful picture in this connexion of the added responsibility of the parents, when they come to regard their children as having come down to them from ages and ages of growth and experience and with infinity before them. "They are asking more of you than you dream," she said, "and you are giving them so many things they ask not of you."

*Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa., November 3, 1919, 11:15 p. m.*

THIS LETTER must be mailed tonight, but not before it has chronicled the news of our Philadelphia meeting in the Scottish Rite Hall. It is just over and we are just home. It was a great and unexpected success. There are more counter-attractions in the city this evening than it is possible to count, not the least of them being the first of the Boston Symphony Concerts for which the waiting audience extended just about around one whole block, long before the doors opened. Yet notwithstanding this, and the lateness of preparations for this meeting, and the limited publicity possible in the time, we had a large attendance of delightful people. I can say this with assurance, having met many who came for tickets today, and having met many more after the meeting, and above all having experienced the cordiality and warmth of the audience throughout the program. Without fail the Leader and every player was received on the stage with applause and received hearty and sustained applause after each number as though the whole audience were made up of members instead of heretofore strangers, which the great majority of them were.

Beginning with an explanation of true and false Theosophy Madame Tingley went on to speak of H. P. Blavatsky's message and mission; she treated of the Spirit of Brotherly Love, the necessity for Self-Analysis, Man's Divinity, in connexion with which she said: "This is a time of all times when we are challenged by our Divine Nature, by our Conscience, above all by those who have gone out in this awful struggle. Their hopes, their aspirations, their questions are with us now, they are brooding over us and we are called upon to find something more in life than ever before." She dwelt at length on the Duality of Human Nature, Reincarnation, the Immortal Self and its destiny. "Theosophy holds the key," she said, "to that quality of Salvation the heart craves for; when this is once attained there will be no fear, no mere Personal God, no mere point in space for heaven. We must reach a point where we know our Divinity, where the veil is lifted and we can look out on life with confidence and knowledge. She spoke of death and referred to her own experiences when nearly drowned. "Where," she asked, "is there a system of thought that can bring you complete satisfaction on that subject? that can make you feel that in this change you are passing out into the arms of the Infinite, that Death is a glorious Victory? There are millions of dear sweet people who build on Faith but have no

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

knowledge, no certainty." She told of her experiences during many years among the poor in the East-side tenements in New York, and of how they met death in many different ways, but always without the real knowledge. She brought out her great war-word, "Another Chance," very strongly, and told the touching story of Ralph Farris's triumph at the scaffold — a mere boy who had been hanged at San Quentin prison in California, whom she had worked so hard to save. Many of her audience were in tears. It was a glorious speech, and throughout it ran the sense that she was in very close touch with her listeners, she understood them perfectly and, for the time at any rate, they were in accord with her.

The quiet, dignified and harmonious atmosphere of the Masonic Hall, the courtesy of all the helpers, the very evident and undeniable sympathy and cordial interest of the audience, made playing a delight, and a spirit of give and take between ourselves and our listeners obtained throughout. There was no question as to their perfect appreciation and sympathy, and after the program many, including several musicians, spoke of their enjoyment. We all feel that this meeting has been a success beyond anything we could have expected, and with the meeting in the hotel, for which sufficient tickets have already gone to more than fill the hall, will make a splendid and victorious close to a wonderful and victorious tour.

## EXTRACTS FROM PRESS REPORTS

[*New York American*, October 9, 1919]

At Aeolian Hall tonight, New Yorkers will have an opportunity of learning, without paying cash, how to solve the vital problems of the day by the Theosophical methods, from the lips of its greatest living exponent, Madame Katherine Tingley, recognised Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world.

Katherine Tingley has the conviction and assurance of the born leader, and she has succeeded in imbuing her followers with this same spirit, if one may judge from the group of young men and women students she has brought with her from her famous Râja-Yoga Academy and College, at Point Loma, California, who will furnish a program of classical music next Thursday evening.

[*New York Herald*, Friday, October 10, 1919]

GO SLOW ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"The United States should go slow about ratifying the treaty with the League of Nations, as it may ultimately bring other wars," said Mme Katherine Tingley, Founder and Directress of the Râja-Yoga College, last night in a lecture in Aeolian Hall.

Mme Tingley added that she felt this would be the message of Mme Blavatsky to the American people. She said that while explaining the value of Theosophy and its religious principle of rebirth, she felt it her patriotic duty to digress long enough to give this warning that the treaty was not in harmony with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence.

She appealed for the cultivation and application of the spirit of universal brotherhood as the remedy for strikes and dissension in the business world.



## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

[*The Boston Traveler*, Friday, October 17, 1919]

Sir A. Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge are unacquainted with the Theosophical explanation of the return of the dead and have failed to find the great panacea for their heartaches, according to Mme Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world and Foundress of the Rāja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California.

Mme Tingley reached Boston with a party of her young men and women graduate students, and at Symphony Hall this evening gives a public address on 'Theosophy and the Vital Problems of the Day,' in answer to the question, 'Shall we meet our loved ones again?'

"Sir Arthur and Sir Oliver, in recording their experiences are not bringing to the world the needed enlightenment.

"Theosophy does not teach that the soul of man can materialize; but the books of H. P. Blavatsky clearly and most satisfactorily give the Theosophical interpretation of the subject of life and death. I consider a little knowledge of such a serious subject extremely dangerous.

"The war and its aftermath have set men thinking more deeply than ever before. I have had an opportunity to test the feelings of the people in their questionings, doubts and perplexities, and it seems if ever there was a time in the history of civilization when humanity needed an optimistic, sane philosophy of life, to answer our questions and give us hope, it is Now.

"That is why I have returned to Boston, doing my part in this way, without money and without price.

"It is the spirit of separateness in the human family that has undermined our national and international life. Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age. The remedy lies in new views of life and its purposes. We must know why we are here, whence we came and whither we shall go. This we shall never understand until we acknowledge our divinity.

"Man must realize that he is dual in nature; that besides this physical, mortal part, which is evident to all, there is the immortal within himself, the higher nature, which must be made the directing power in everyday life; and the other, the lower, the mortal, must be controlled, else it will wreck our lives with its passions, its weaknesses, its selfishness and its vices. In this suggestion alone is the key which will solve one of the great mysteries of every man's life. Let us begin with the youth and give them these simple teachings."

[*Boston Herald*, Saturday, October 18, 1919]

### MME TINGLEY ADDRESSES LARGE AUDIENCE

EXPOUNDS THEOSOPHY AT SYMPHONY HALL: SAYS PRESENT UNREST IS WORSE THAN WAR

Mme Katherine Tingley, Founder of the Rāja-Yoga System of Education at Point Loma, Calif., and successor to Mme Blavatsky as the teacher of Theosophy, expounded the 'ancient Wisdom-Religion' to a large audience at Symphony Hall last evening. She has been at the Copley-Plaza for several days, with a coterie of young pupils, who assisted her last evening in a musical program with numbers for the harp, violin, 'cello and piano.

Mme Tingley assured her hearers that she assumed no monopoly of 'Theosophy,' but endorsed in Boston only the branch of the 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' in Symphony Chambers. She found a "peculiar fascination" about Boston, and complimented its citizens on their "broad spirit of tolerance" which resulted in greater interest in Theosophy here than in many other cities. "It is the most optimistic city that I have visited, and I attribute your optimism to your ancestors. I was educated in New England, and I am very fond of it," she went on.

The quality of unrest which she finds in the aftermath of the war she regards as worse in its tendencies than even war itself. "The only comfort is that we are not now sacrificing human life," she said.

Theosophy, she told her audience, "will teach you to read your Bible more understandingly. You will find that Jesus was a Theosophist — a great Initiate — who reached a state of perfectibility through the experiences of many lives"; but she also maintained that "you will find salvation within the heart of man — not outside."

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"Punishment is not in our vocabulary. We do not believe in an angry, vengeful God, but in the great brooding presence of the Infinite."

[*Boston Post*, Saturday, October 18, 1919]

MADAME TINGLEY GIVES REMEDY

SAYS THEOSOPHY IS PANACEA FOR UNREST

Theosophy as a panacea for the unrest and uncertainty of after-war conditions was offered in an able lecture on Theosophy in its relation to the vital problems of the day at Symphony Hall last evening by Madame Katherine Tingley, teacher and leader of the Theosophical movement.

Madame Tingley, in a Greek dress, addressed an audience that well filled the great hall and who listened to her expoundings of Theosophy with rapt attention.

[*Haverhill, Mass., Gazette*, October 22, 1919]

KATHERINE TINGLEY, FAMED THEOSOPHIST, VISITS NEWBURYPORT  
APPLIES TENETS OF CULT TO VITAL PROBLEMS OF DAY — STUDENTS WITH HER

Declaring that the inner teachings of Theosophy if applied to the vital problems of the day would furnish a panacea for all existing evils, Madame Katherine Tingley, world-famed Theosophist and head of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, addressed a large audience in the City Hall at Newburyport, last evening.

Madame Tingley is on her eleventh lecture-tour and for the last week has been addressing audiences at Symphony Hall and the Copley-Plaza hotel in Boston. She always visits Newburyport on her trips to New England, as it was her childhood home.

"We can never reach success," declared Madame Tingley, "until we really know what brotherhood means. We must go back to the causes of existing evils. If we can reach the causes, we can better apply remedies in the future.

"A lack of faith in 'self' exists — faith in the wonderful and potential qualities in man. We have lost faith in ourselves. That is the trouble today. We should have had no war if brotherhood had been applied to human laws. We must learn to trust ourselves and trust our neighbors. There is an eternal force in the human heart that is striving to bring man to his own.

"We as American people have not learned the true meaning of patriotism," Madame Tingley asserted. "We must get back to the ideals of our forefathers."

Speaking of the tenet of Theosophy which asserts that the soul of man always has existed and always will exist in a successive round of human expression, Madame Tingley exclaimed, "Oh what a travesty, what a mockery of Divine Justice, to contemplate but one life of seventy or a hundred years! In one life we only have half a chance."

"We Theosophists believe in Universal Deity. The great effort of the Christ was to bring to the world the Divine Spirit."

[*Philadelphia North American*, November 4, 1919]

THEOSOPHIST LEADER GIVES LECTURE HERE

MME TINGLEY EXPOUNDS THE DOCTRINES OF THE 'WISDOM-RELIGION'

Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and Founder of the Rāja-Yoga Academy and College of Point Loma, Calif., now on a lecture-tour of the United States, spoke of Theosophy in Philadelphia, at Scottish Rite Hall, last night.

Madame Tingley became head of the society in 1896, after a reorganization, and succeeding the founder, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who began the movement in 1875, in New York. She removed the headquarters to a beautiful point on the Pacific coast, founding as one of the activities of the movement the Rāja-Yoga System of Education, where children are taught the science of life, the laws of physical, moral and mental health, and spiritual unfoldment; where they learn to live in harmony with nature; compassionate lovers of all that breathes.

Madame Tingley has sparkling eyes and a force that commands attention. Enveloped within the Grecian lines of a flowing dress, she was a picture last night, representing the thought that she teaches.

Foremost among the teachings Madame Tingley says that in origin and essence the universe

## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2

and man are divine, and that man's ultimate destiny is God-like perfection. The purpose is first to inculcate the idea of the universal brotherhood of all men, and to gather together a body of men and women who would make brotherhood the rule and guide of their life.

Theosophy is termed the 'Wisdom-Religion,' with an ultimate aim to bring about the kingdom of heaven upon the earth.

[*Newburyport Daily News*, October 22, 1919]

### SPOKE ON VITAL PROBLEMS OF DAY

#### MADAME TINGLEY APPLIED THE PRINCIPLES OF THEOSOLOGY TO THE SPIRIT OF UNREST

Despite the rain, the City Hall was practically filled last night with an appreciative audience, which included many of Newburyport's most prominent citizens. These gathered to listen to Madame Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, and Foundress of the Rāja-Yoga System of Education, speak on the subject, 'Theosophy and the Vital Problems of the Day.'

The stage was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. After the preliminary announcements made by Madame Tingley's secretary, Iverson L. Harris, Jr., there was a 'cello solo by Montague Machell, Miss Margaret Hanson at the piano, which was beautifully rendered and received with applause.

Madame Tingley was given an enthusiastic reception when she appeared on the stage, which was led by many of the members of Bartlett Post, G. A. R., some of whom served in the Civil War under Captain James P. Westcott, Madame Tingley's father. Madame Tingley's address was delivered in a masterly, forceful style, full of dramatic fire and earnestness. She said in part:

#### HOME OF HER CHILDHOOD

"The dear old town of Newburyport has a fascination for me; and while there have been many changes since I was here as a girl, there is an atmosphere here that touches my heart very deeply. I hope that tonight you may find in our program something that will interest you sufficiently for you to realize that our efforts are very serious, that we are very much in earnest, and that we are striving to lift humanity's burdens.

"We realize the great unrest in this country and abroad. Each month seems to add to this unrest. We know that the pressure of the aftermath of the war is upon us, and it is pathetic. Never as a race or as a people can we reach success in life in the truest sense, until we know what brotherhood means. If we can reach the causes of this unrest, then we shall be better prepared to apply the remedies in the future.

"The trouble with human nature today is that it has lost faith in itself; and when one has lost faith in himself, he is apt to run along in a rut. But when holding affectionately our ideals with a great hope and a great purpose, it is then that the soul is active — the surging, pulsating, divine power of the soul is raising us to a larger conception of our duty to ourselves and our fellowmen.

"The trouble is that for ages humanity has been following the letter rather than the spirit of the divine law, although Jesus plainly taught us to do the opposite. We have been leaning on the mortal self, the perishable self; but the other picture, that we have lost sight of, is the picture of man living in the consciousness of his own divinity, of his own strength, with the conviction that there is a nobler and higher side of life. Man is dual: the mortal and perishable holds the passions and the weaknesses; but the divine, higher, eternal self is ever present, waiting to bring man to his heritage.

#### PANACEA FOR WORLD WOES

"I declare that there is in the inner, spiritual teachings of Theosophy the panacea for the world's woes. The real success that follows the study of the laws of human life must come through Theosophy, which embraces the essential teachings of all religions. We are born religious; and so in spite of our apparent weaknesses and our shortcomings, and our living so much in the outer world, there is that surging, ever-living, eternal force in the human heart that is trying to bring man to his own.

"All down the ages people have been following dogmas and creeds and losing sight of the beauty and the grandeur of the Infinite Law — believing that they were born in sin, and that their salvation depends on outside help. These are some of the things that have put us awry,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

that have blinded us and deluded us. I cannot find anything in the teachings of Jesus that endorses dogmas and creeds; but I do find, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, superb, elevating, and inspiring principles which, if lived in a simple way, interpreted from the Theosophical standpoint, would change the whole aspect of human life.

"If there ever was a time when the people of America needed a bright, beautiful, hopeful, optimistic picture of life, it is now. We cannot stand still. We must go either forward or backward; we advance or we retrograde; and the fact is that the American people have not fully understood the meaning of patriotism. Theosophy gives us a larger and broader conception of patriotism. We must get back to the time of our forefathers in their struggles, when they wrote the Declaration of Independence and framed that great Constitution. Every time one reads those wonderful documents, they become more inspiring; and when a Theosophist reads them he draws new life from them. If we as American people are to build for the coming generations and avoid war and overcome the evils that beset us, particularly in our own natures, we must learn to know ourselves.

### THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION

"The great majority of people in this country today are limited to the idea of one earth-life of seventy or a hundred years. To me it is a travesty on infinite justice, a mockery of the divine laws, an insult to Deity, for us to be such poor interpreters of the divine purpose of life as to allow ourselves only one earth-life to work in, to manifest, to develop the divine side of our natures.

"People often ask, 'Why is it that you Theosophists are so enthusiastic? Why is it that you, Madame Tingley, have the courage to do things so differently from other people?' And I say, It is my convictions that make me strong and daring; the truths of Theosophy are for the whole human race, and a wretched apology of a human being I should be, if I took my convictions and hugged my religion to myself and longed for a point in space — the theological Heaven — where I thought I might go, while I left behind me my fellowmen to suffer here on the earth! Nothing of the sort!

"The ancient doctrine of reincarnation is now being accepted in a remarkable way all over the world. Thirty years ago the mere mention of the word 'reincarnation' aroused severe hostility.

"The great aim of Jesus and other ancient teachers, was to try to ingrain into the human mind the idea that the Christos spirit is within. Get into the spirit of Christ's teachings, the spirit of the ancient teachings, and then challenge your own souls. You may be in a cell or a dungeon; you may be so poor that you have no shelter; you may have lost your friends; you may be deserted by the whole world; but with the knowledge and conviction of the divinity of your own nature and your power to overcome, you are bound to reach the ultimate, which Theosophy teaches is perfection.

### CAN GROW AS THE FLOWER

"The soul of man can grow as the flowers grow. The nature of man can become royal, and splendid, and forceful, and serviceable, when man recognises his divine nature. You have not to wait for tomorrow; you have not to receive blessings from anyone or any initiation; you have only to let your imagination play the part that nature intended for it. I hold that imagination is the link between the brain-mind and the soul, that it is an attribute of the soul. There never was a poet or a musician who has brought to us any joy and comfort, without moving out on to the path of imagination. Some of the grandest results in life have been started by exercising this superb faculty.

"I have found in talking and corresponding with the soldiers and parents who have lost their loved ones, that Theosophy has taken a new and unique place in the world's work. I have found that this question of death, or rebirth, as the Theosophists call it, and the question, 'Shall we meet our loved ones again?' has been very prominent in their minds. The teaching of Theosophy is that when man dies, when he shuffles off this tenement-house of flesh, he for a time throws aside his weaknesses and his passions and all the unfinished business in his nature, and the soul, through the growth and the experiences of one earth-life, advances according to what it has won or achieved by its own exertions in this life; and then, when its period of rest — this process of silent life — is ended, it gravitates back to another body as a

## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

little child, and lives again, continuing its evolutionary pilgrimage, taking up the threads of its former unfinished life, equipped with greater intuitive knowledge gained from past experiences in former lives. Just as far as man works harmoniously with the divine law, he fits into place. In the mercy of the great law, we shall meet our loved ones again; and in the course of time, we shall return and group ourselves with the old loved ones to go on together. Everything is harmony in the essence of spiritual life; and consequently there is that broad, optimistic, beautiful and inspiring teaching that the soul of man lives eternally and is ever striving to reach perfection.

"Your unrest is proof that there is something ahead for you. There is something that your heart yearns for, but you do not know how it can be attained. It is this inner consciousness that is begging recognition. And so, according to Theosophy, when the soul of man arises and goes to his father, it means that he unites himself with the Supreme, the Central Light, the Divine Source of all things, and becomes a part of it. He is a ray of that great Central Sun of Spiritual Life; and as he recognises it and responds to it in purifying his life, as he endeavors to live in this higher state of consciousness, he brings the Kingdom of Heaven down into his own life and into the lives of others."

[*The Philadelphia Press*, Tuesday, November 4, 1919]

### THEOSOPHIST DECLARES LODGE AND DOYLE ARE "ON THE WRONG TRACK"

"Down through the ages men have been given to obey the letter and not the spirit of the divine laws; they have feared to investigate them. They have been timid, half-hearted and lingering in the shadows. But Theosophists, conscious of man's divinity, move on without fear."

Embodied in these words was part of the message Madame Katherine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and Founder of the Rāja-Yoga Academy and College at the International Headquarters at Point Loma, California, spoke last night in Scottish Rite Hall, Broad and Race Streets. Madame Tingley explained that her mission is "to free the human mind from the psychology of human belief that will limit man to one earth-life, and not give him opportunity to broaden and gather divine knowledge through recurring incarnations. She emphasized the belief that Sir Oliver Lodge, Arthur Conan Doyle, and other noted spiritualists, are proceeding with their investigations on the wrong track. She said that these men, instead of trying to bridge the chasm of doubt of the human mind, concern themselves with psychical phenomena, and cling to thoughts of the perishable lower mortal mind.

[*The Philadelphia Record*, Tuesday, November 4, 1919]

### CAMPAIGN OF THEOSOPHY

#### MADAME TINGLEY LECTURES ON TEACHINGS OF ITS LEADERS

Katherine Tingley, Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke to a large audience in Scottish Rite Hall last night on some of the teachings of Theosophy. She began by referring to Philadelphia and Boston as the "two greatest cities of culture in the country." The conditions brought about by the war, she said, had turned our minds back to antiquity to find some basic truth. It became a "real urge," the speaker said, to try to bring these teachings to all the people.

"I think," she continued, "if we can reach the masses we shall be able to set them to thinking. This is the time of all times when we should be led by our conscience. Theosophists believe in self-directed evolution. They believe they hold the key to that path which leads to salvation. We need a new trust to bring us together and to put us on our feet, that we may help those who have fallen."

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California



02300

# The Theosophical Path

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."





# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

What, therefore, shall we say, if it is thus one, when any one inquires in the first place doubting, whether soul can after this manner be at once one in all things? And in the next place, when one soul is in body, but another not (how this takes place?) For perhaps it follows that every soul is always in body, and especially the soul of the universe. For this soul does not, as ours is said to do, leave the body; though some say that even this soul abandons its body, and yet is not entirely out of the body. But if the soul of the universe is entirely out of the body, how is it that one soul leaves the body, but another does not, though both are (essentially) the same? . . . Hence, the soul of the universe is always transcendent, because it does not belong to it to descend, and be converted to these inferior realms. But our souls are subordinate, because a certain part of their essence is limited to this terrene abode, and to a conversion to body which requires solicitude and care. The soul of the world, therefore, in its most inferior part, resembles a great vegetable soul, which without labor and silently, governs the plant of which it is the soul.

—PLOTINUS: *A Discussion of Doubts relative to the Soul*  
Translated by Thomas Taylor

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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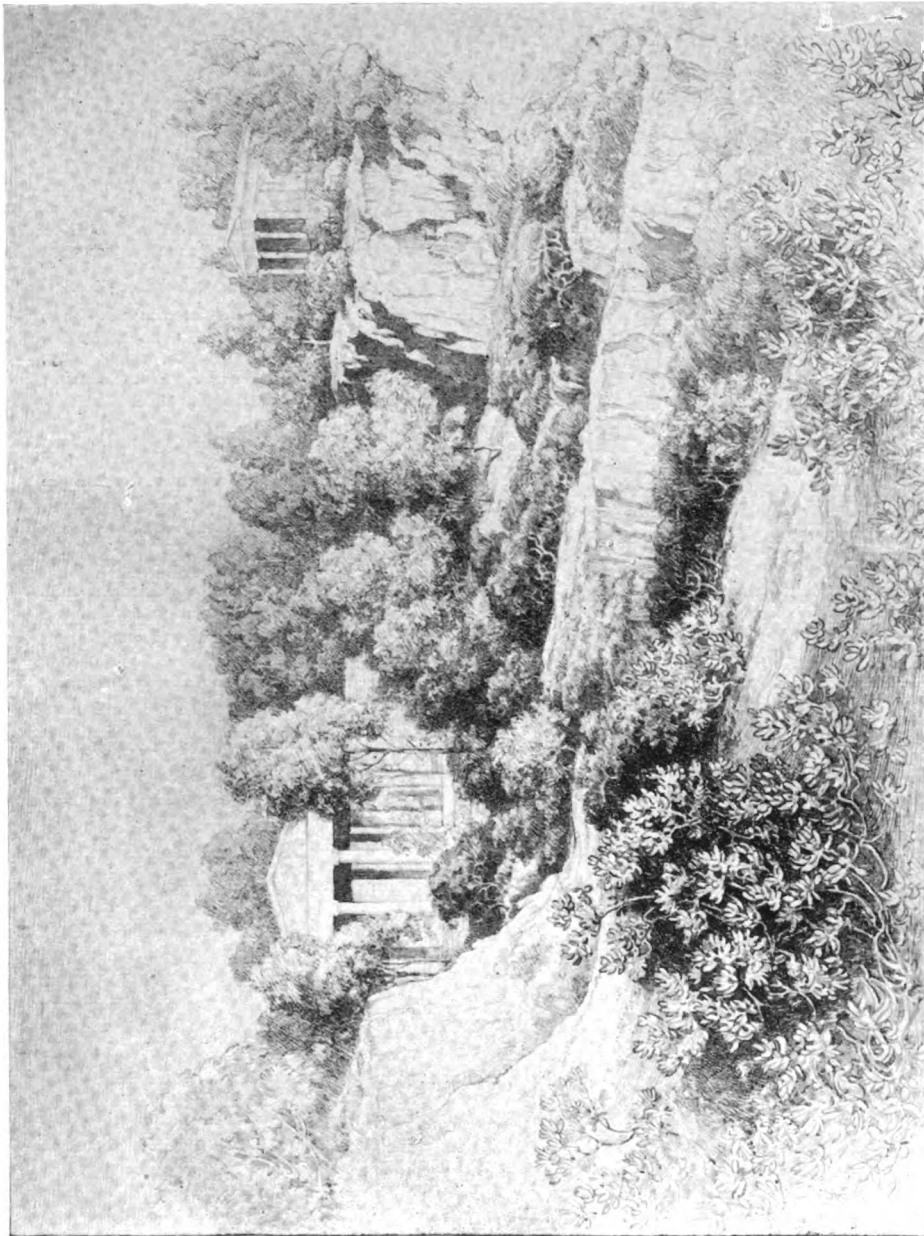
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*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER FROM THE CANYON BELOW  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1920

*"Here, likewise, the soul rests, and becomes out of the reach of evils, running back to that place which is free from ill. . . . For the present life, which is without God, is a vestige of life, and an imitation of that life which is real."*

— PLOTINUS: *On the Good or the One* (Translation by Thomas Taylor)

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE MYSTICAL CHRIST\*



**CHRISTMAS-TIME**, with its sacred associations and dear memories, carries us back into childhood, when we began life in sweet trust. It seems to appeal to the hearts of us now in a way that perhaps nothing else does; and the thought that comes with this appeal is: What a pity that we are not more intimately associated in trust, and in the common interests and general welfare of our fellowmen! How pathetic that, in spite of all our associations in our relationship as a nation and a race, we are to a very large degree selfishly separated — divided by personal interests that in the truest sense are impermanent!

The whole system of thought and effort today tends to keep the human family apart, and to me a moment like this is a rare opportunity for each and all of us, for it will never come again. So let us think more closely of the preciousness of time, and use it for the future, more thoughtfully and unselfishly.

Those of us who are Theosophists realize that there is no such thing as chance in life — that our lives are governed by immutable and divine laws, and that there is ever surging in our hearts the divine Christos Spirit, which is most truly our own divine nature. Even the poorest and humblest, and even the greatest human failures, have in their possession this spirit.

All over the western world I presume, for a week at least, we shall hear accentuated many beautiful and interesting sentiments about the life of the historical Christ. I am introducing this Great Soul tonight as one who had lived many lives, and had thus gained sufficient experience to bring him to a realization of the reality of the spiritual life and of the great needs of humanity. Theosophists call him Jesus the Initiate — one of the Spiritual Teachers of Humanity.

\* Extracts from an extemporaneous address delivered by Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, Sunday evening, December 21, 1919.



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*My thought this evening is not so much with the historical Christ as it is with the mystical Christ — that Christos Spirit which I declare every man possesses. Let us throw ourselves into the thought of the greater possibilities of human life; let us hold to all that is noble and sweet and treasurable in the life of the historical Christ; and let us also realize that he has been misunderstood and misinterpreted from the beginning, even by those who considered themselves his most faithful followers.*

*To know this great Teacher better one must realize that evolution extends through successive incarnations. This teaching of reincarnation affords a key to the proper understanding of the life and mission of Jesus. Take his sayings from beginning to end, study them from the Theosophical standpoint, and you will find yourself in a larger area of thought, moving out into broader conceptions of life's purposes. Following this line, the future of humanity will look brighter to you.*

*It was Robert Browning who said:*

*"There is an inmost center in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in —  
This perfect, clear perception — which is truth."*

*Many people would interpret this, perhaps, as meaning that the truth was within the physical — in the flesh; but from a Theosophical standpoint we can see that it is the tendencies of the flesh that shut out the truth, that hold the soul in subjection to such a degree that it cannot express itself; and yet it is that "inmost center," truth, which according to the Theosophical teaching is the Christos Spirit — the mystical Christ. And this divine power is in every man.*

*If we can move, in study, in research and in analysis, away from the letter of the Law, and take almost the very antithesis of the former interpretation of the Christ, we shall then find ourselves very near to the truth, and to the real meaning of the immortal life of man. We should discover that man holds a key — a treasure of treasures, the sacred golden key that will enable him to unlock the prison-gates of flesh and to come forth into the light in all his spiritual dignity.*

*The word 'overcome' applied rightly and Theosophically, in harmony with this idea of the divine Spirit, evolves a wonderful power of optimism for all — when the world is awry; when man hardly knows what tomorrow will bring him; when he finds humanity pitted against itself, state against state, country against country; and when the gulf of separation is widening. In spite of the intellectual advancement of the day, truly as a people and as a race we are not going forward and upward.*

*The message of the mystical Christ — the divine part of man's nature — is the keynote that will bring comfort and encouragement to humanity, if it*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

can be met rationally and unselfishly. Some of our greatest thinkers and workers in the workaday world are yet weighed down by the influence of dogmatic education, of limited opinions, and by the psychology of the present age, which evolves doubt, selfishness, fear, and hatred.

As the human mind can carry only just so much weight, only just so many burdens, it cannot pile up on the shelves of the intellect the non-essentials of beliefs and opinions, and then expect to evolve those intrinsic forces, those rare, ever-abiding and eternal factors of the spiritual life which is the Christos life.

So in approaching the New Year with new aspirations, hopes and resolutions, we must put our mental houses in order; we must immediately change our outlook on life, take a new viewpoint, study truth and the immortal issues of life from a new angle. The incentive is great; it will inevitably force man to dig deeper into his own nature, into the very center of his being, "where truth abides in fulness."

By following this path, the daily problems so difficult to cope with will begin to adjust themselves to such a degree that all along life's journey man will catch little glimpses of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, which Jesus taught is nearer than you dream — is indeed within the heart of man.

Truly, religion is a reality in every man's nature, even if he may never have professed any particular form of religious belief, never studied it, never taught it, or indeed never thought about it. Man is a religious being, and of all the realities religion is the greatest. Some will not accept this philosophy or this opportunity; but no matter what they believe or how they live, truth is indestructible — it is a living power and will stand for all time. The race has arrived at a point of uncertainties, of doubts, and of fears, and it is drifting away from the Light; and if those who have it not desire not to take such an occasion as this to arouse themselves and awaken in the consciousness of the Christos Spirit, they must drift and learn their lessons through pain and despair.

Many of the external and fascinating attachments of life which we love and hug so dearly, those things which we in our selfishness hold the most precious, will fade away in the course of time. But the great inner knowledge, the inner life — truth — will never desert one; for there is constantly abiding in man this inner power, this controlling Christos Spirit, which will bring home to all the very knowledge that man has instinctively sought for ages.

In spite of the glorious and inspiring incentive, of the possibilities of man's attainment in the Christos life, still unrest goes on in human affairs — still inquiry, still lack of faith in the self and in humanity. "The gross flesh" still hems in the divine quality which I speak of.

Let us consider on the one hand the unrealities, the unsatisfying aspects

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*of life which I have mentioned; and then on the other hand the Theosophical view of life — man divine in essence, a soul progressing through many lives, learning lessons from each experience, broadening the mind under the influence of that higher state of consciousness — the Christos Spirit — which proclaims man's divinity, until it becomes a conviction. Then man feels his larger responsibility and reaches out in the fulness of the new strength and knowledge, with a quality of compassion that he has never known before, feeling that he embraces humanity in the spirit of charity and justice. This state of mind and of living belongs only to the life of the mystical Christ.*

*We may read, think, and work away from this truth in all its sublime beauty; yet in the course of time, along the great path of human effort and disappointments, we must ultimately come to it. Hence I say to you: Seek the deeper meaning of life from the inmost recesses of your own nature, "where truth abides in fulness."*

*I find in my travels and in my interviews with some of the most learned minds of the time, that even those of great scholastic attainment are unprepared to meet life's responsibilities. I find them resting on set beliefs and doctrines, perched on a dusty shelf in their brains — beliefs which are emphasized on all occasions, in all arguments, and backed up by quotations from other 'great intellects' like their own, who are lost in the shadows of unrealities like themselves. But rarely is it possible to find in the present age even an educated mind of the highest scholarship opening up the inmost recesses of the inner nature. Minds of the former type have no conception that there is anything beyond a half-trust or a half-faith — a half-acceptance of the old theological doctrines; or, on the other hand, the opposite position of cold materialism.*

*But as the miner digs in the ground and works with the conviction that there is gold hidden deep inside, and pushes on with energetic perseverance in spite of all discouragements, working only for material aggrandizement: thus we can conceive that the same energy rightly applied to spiritual research and endeavor would bring him to the realization of this inner mystical Christos Spirit. Through these simple suggestions, if you are interested in them, read the words of Jesus and see how differently you will interpret them — how much more interesting and helpful will be the historical Jesus, whose life was controlled by the Christos spirit, on, on, through many incarnations, until he reached the state of human perfection, and chose to return to the world, that the Light from his 'Father' — Deity — might be more manifest in the hearts of men.*

*Now if this were not so, how could he have spoken of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth? How many people are there today who believe that it is possible to make a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth? Do we not find the majority, even*



## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*of so-called spiritually-minded people of today, carrying themselves away from this plane in their conception of the Kingdom of Heaven? But Theosophy tells us that it can be found in the individual life, and that all we have to do is to seek for it. Once in possession of the knowledge of the mystical Christ — the divine in man — man will know that he could have found this Kingdom of Heaven long ago if he had thought more deeply and lived more unselfishly — if he had dared to throw aside his former beliefs, his hard, set opinions.*

*It is not phantasy nor fanaticism that colors the spirit of my talk with you; it is the simple plain thinking of one who has an urge in her life, an urge for better things for humankind — a quality of aspiration that manifests itself in trust and continuous work.*

*Whence come our aspirations? Why do they give us their beautiful and sacred touches at our best moments? They come in varying degrees from that "inmost center in us all" — the Christos Spirit.*

*It is blundering work for me to attempt to make clear to you all that I feel on this subject in my forty-five minutes' address. These ideas that I have given you are in one sense simply a challenge, and in another sense an encouragement, to show you that you have not to wait to pass out of this life to find your heaven, or to find the knowledge that will bring you to your heaven; that you have not to ignore any truths that have been proven according to your conscience: but you surely have yet something to learn, as I also have.*

*The fact is, that we humans are so separate, so divided in all our interests: we move along very splendidly, I admit, in our material interests, with a great deal of pride. But these are impermanent. I am talking of realities, that will stay with a man from the beginning of his efforts until the great ultimate — until he reaches the end, the goal of perfection. I am unable to think out any plan by which I can bring these simple truths home to the sad and the unhappy and the discouraged, otherwise than by saying that to study Theosophy and to make it a living power in the life, is to find truth — the Wisdom-Religion, far older than the oldest now known. This embodies in itself the essential teachings of all religions.*

*The true way can be found by reading the Theosophical books and feeling the touch of all that is best in them, by appealing to one's own nature, by seeking a broader conception of life and an opportunity for more service — service to oneself, service to the family, service to our country, and to humanity. Let this be our new urge, born of this Christmas-time. Since we are reminded by tradition and sacred memories of what Christmas means in the outward sense, think of what it means on the inner plane — what it can bring to each and all of you!*

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*We find so many in the world rebelling against conditions; so many questioning their Bible, questioning their God, and above all questioning the apparent injustices in the world. Read the newspapers if you have no other source of information, and you will see constant evidences of man's inhumanity to man and of the failures to practise Brotherhood in the world. But the moment we take our Theosophical books and commence to study them (and they are not simply for the educated, they are for all classes — even the little children can understand them), we begin to find a key to the solution of life's problems, a revelation of new possibilities for man.*

*Now it was this touch, this urge, this knowledge, coupled with a great love for humanity, that brought Mme Blavatsky out of the little worldly life of her childhood home in far-off Russia. It was this compassion, this divine urge from the inmost part of her nature, that made her feel there must be explanations and remedies for the injustices that she witnessed in Russia, watching the prisoners sent along the roads near her father's estate at Ekaterinoslaf and carried into exile, to bleak Siberia.*

*She felt this urge in the very air; she loved nature, she saw the true and beautiful in nature, and that there was even in its very silence a recompense for living. And yet when facing man — man in society, man in the lower walks of life, man in poverty, man in selfishness, ignorance, and degradation — there was no answer for her except in this knowledge of the Wisdom-Religion, which she revered.*

*And so with that spiritual compassion which I have referred to, she started out on her mission of service to the world's children, with a determination that one voice at least should be heard in the chaos of human opinions and despair. Theosophy was her optimistic message, and she accentuated it in speech, in the glorious and superb example of her life, and also in her wonderful writings. She was so distinctively impersonal. She told those who followed her and felt that she was the messenger of the time in the spiritual sense, that the truths she brought were not hers, that she had not originated them, but that she had garnered and gathered them in her travels and from the different religions of the world. And more than that, her research was so great, her devotion so determined, her urge so inspiring, that she never let an obstacle impede her progress in this great work for humanity.*

*In her efforts to know more of the Truth she rested on her knowledge of the power of the Christos Spirit in man; and ere long she found herself in far-off Egypt and India, in the presence of one, or two, or three, or four men of the new type, you might say, and yet of the old type — men who had advanced in spiritual knowledge — men who had followed the teachings of the mystical Christ, and*

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*who fortified their lives with simplicity, purity, beauty, and undogmatic methods. From them she gained more knowledge: she gained spiritual truths handed down by word of mouth from the ancients, far back of the time of the historical Christ. She garnered these flowers of Truth, and her own convictions concerning the mystical Christ in man received confirmation in meeting these very types of men that she had not dreamed existed in this present age. They were not supernatural; they were not spirits: they were human beings, rounded out through the experiences of many lives, and brought to a realization of the world's needs by their own evolution and suffering, through successive incarnations. Such men as these, few as they are, are still serving humanity, in spite of its unbelief, with loyal and determined purpose.*

*So when Mme Blavatsky came to the western world, with her divine message of Theosophy, she found many eager hearts and minds awaiting her. In their aspirations for better things, they had turned away from the selfishness of the world; and they knew within their hearts that there was a divine side to human nature — that life had a deeper meaning than was yet understood by the masses. They knew that in some way and somehow there must come the help and the light that would adjust the deplorable conditions in the world. Then they found Mme Blavatsky. They followed her with the same devotion with which the disciples of Jesus followed him. And in that devotion, in that association — in that linking of man to man, and heart to heart, and purpose to purpose — there was formed a unity in the spirit of brotherhood such as she hoped to make manifest in the world. Thus the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875, and many of her devoted pupils yet live to spread broadcast her glorious message.*

*Mme Blavatsky accentuated the simplicity of the unsectarian life, explaining to us that dogmas and creeds had blinded humanity down through the ages. She gave a clearer definition than can be found anywhere outside of her books, of the mystical Christ, of the divine in man, of the hope that lies there, and of the blessing that can be found in trying to reach it in all its infinitude.*

*In regard to the subject of death, or, as we Theosophists call it, rebirth, I have some little knowledge, but I could not make it clear to you how my knowledge comes. Let us consider for a moment a soul passing out into the new life. I am not referring at present to a Theosophist, but to one who has lived shut in with the belief in one life only, with the idea that his soul-salvation depended upon something outside himself, believing in the personal God, in the revengeful God, and with his limited view of the orthodox heaven. Now according to my knowledge (and Theosophy teaches it also, but not just my way) there comes to that soul, passing out into the unknown — when the lips are closed and when the mind seems unconscious, though the soul is not — a certain knowledge. It is then*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*that it understands the unreality of what the life has been, in spite of its earnest effort for better things. It realizes the unfinished business of the past life; it cries out for a larger opportunity; it longs to come back and begin over again, and take up the threads of the unfinished life. But even in spite of this process of enlightenment, because it has never heard the golden notes of Theosophy, that soul still moves on anxious and questioning.*

*Believing as I do in the Infinite Law, and in the great Over-Soul of Life — the Supreme Deity — I know that the soul, before it leaves its tenement of flesh, discerns spiritual light thrown upon the path ahead; and in its progress it has a revelation of what might have been, and a glimpse of what the soul can attain. I believe further that the consciousness stays with the soul in its journey, that memory for a time is vivid and strong; and that the soul going out under such conditions and before getting fully into the new state, absolutely free from the body, realizes that there is in the divine economy another chance upon this plane of life; and that in the realization of this the soul is still attached to the unfinished part of its life, with a courage that belongs only to the divine side of man.*

*Can you not conceive how that soul at such a time would rest in trust in the arms of the Infinite Law, and await its time, that it might return — that it might take up the old threads of life, correct the old failures, make new efforts, build anew, and do it understandingly; where before it knew not whence it came or whither it should go? In this state we can conceive of a manifestation of the mystical Christ, the Christos Spirit, awakened in the transition of the soul from one life to another.*

*The mission of Theosophy is to give to every human mind a key, a talisman, by which it can find itself in its larger strength and spiritual life before the soul passes out, in order that the greater tomorrow may open a new and more splendid opportunity to follow the path of eternal effort. This key, this talisman, will bring home to those who are sad and discouraged, and have lost faith in themselves, a lasting power that they have little dreamed of — a hope that they never expected would be theirs, an enlightenment that will stay with them forever. There will be the awakening of the heart to those tender inner touches that come only to those who are unselfishly striving and working for the progress of the race. This is the benediction of the spirit of the mystical Christ.*

*Someone may say, "This is a far-off idea; no one can get the beginning or end of it." I even catch this thought from the mind of one of my listeners. Let me assure that person that he must go round and round the mountain, in suffering and ignorance, according to Karmic law, and learn many lessons through suffering, before he will awaken to the consciousness of the Christos Spirit within him.*

*But to those who have suffered and feel they can suffer no more, to those who*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*are disappointed and in despair, to those who have gone through the agony and the mystery of death through the loss of their loved ones, to those who are meeting the hard strains of life in poverty and sickness, without hope, suffering losses and apparent injustice — it is to those that this message comes as a royal spiritual Christmas gift. Oh how superb is the knowledge that comes from that "inmost center in us all"!*

*One of the greatest difficulties that some human minds have to meet in their limitations is, that they demand that the soul shall be brought down and put in the palm of the hand to prove its existence. Such a demand is as unreasonable as to attempt to pull the stars down to the earth in order to analyse them. If man is to grow, if he is to become, if he is to live in the golden light of truth, and in this larger and more superb belief in the mystical Christ, he must put aside his accumulated preconceptions, prejudices, and set opinions, and ask not so much for proof of spiritual truths. He must knock at the door of his inner nature, introspect, and find in his own heart the answer to his questions. "Man, know thyself," say the ancients. Let man get back into the quietness of the simple life, just as Jesus and other Great Teachers taught — to seek the inner chamber and there to pray. Not by lip-prayer, not by exaltation, but rather in the spirit of humility and devotion to truth shall he find the light — the mystical Christ, the Redeemer in the truest sense, who lives in the hearts of all. Thus he will find the 'peace that passeth understanding.'*

*So at this Christmas-time, if this idea of the mystical Christ could be preached in every pulpit with this Theosophical interpretation; if it could reach every tired heart in prison, in hospitals, in insane asylums, in homes where the tired mothers, suffering and in poverty, are asking the whys and wherefores of life; if this glorious message of the present hour, the great Christmas message of the twentieth century, old as the ages and yet new in a sense, could be preached and understood throughout the world, and interpreted from a Theosophical standpoint, believe me, in no long time — right in the material life of humanity — discord, confusion, and revolution would disappear; the difficulties between the rich and the poor would be overcome, because there would be knowledge to adjust these differences — spiritual knowledge; and consequently brother would meet brother in the spirit of the ancients, in the embrace of that intimate spiritual relationship which we should all have for one another — in the spirit of justice.*

*Then all would have developed that great soul-quality of intuition that enables one to draw the line between the man and the action. If an evil action is perpetrated, condemn the action but preserve the man; "judge not that ye be not judged"; still love the man, and serve him, even while protesting against the action in such a way that the protest will prove a correction and an encouragement*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*to the evil-doer, so that he will turn from the wrong path and follow the right one. These are perhaps far-off things to some limited minds, who are trying to change the whole world through intellection and the ordinary lines of action alone. But to those who have come here tonight, with tears in their hearts because they think they have done their very best and yet have not found peace, it is to such as these that this message will be of lasting help and significance.*

*But for you to return to your homes and attempt to interpret these teachings simply because I have declared them, will not be of much consequence; yet all that I have said will become of much consequence if I have touched your hearts, if I have aroused a new hope in your minds, so that you can go on in life with a larger trust, unafraid, with that quality of courage that will enable you to seek and find a more purposeful path in life. One has not to humiliate himself and live back in the memory of the old teaching of man's sinfulness and weakness or in the idea that he was born in sin. Instead, let him go forward in the consciousness of his soul's divinity, and shut the door on the past.*

*The charm, the beauty, the inspiration, and the exquisite response of the teachings of Theosophy is, that no matter how evil or how wrong one may have been, he can be assured that there are light and help ahead; that in the divine economy there is another chance. Another chance! This is the charm of Theosophy. It gives man a worthy perspective — a chance to live the next life in a stronger and nobler way.*

*But oh my friends, the preciousness of time! How it tells in the record of human life! I say this to you because the present opportunity will never come again, some of us may never meet again; and there is in the spirit and the psychology of this hour sufficient aspirations to change the whole aspect of human life, if each took unto himself just enough of the strength of my pleadings to evoke from research, study, and application a larger hope and a bigger trust, and the spirit of forgiveness which belongs to the inner man, to the Christos Spirit.*

*Surely if we are to live with any hope for the future, we must ever keep our minds playing in harmony with the grand symphony of those beautiful words, "Love ye one another," which the Jesus of history taught; which the great seers and enlightened ones of the ages, years and centuries before, taught also. It is in the very air that we breathe. If we can only reach it and bring it into our lives, it will add a perfume to each day. Let it become an inspiration. Let those who are living in disharmony just take this message back and carry it out in thought and action, "Love ye one another." Think of the psychological effect of these beautiful words daily sweeping into human life, telling in the smallest thing,—bringing home a new gladness and a new joy to all the peoples of the earth,—giving to all a power, a spiritual energy, that would lift all out of the great shadows*

## THEOSOPHICAL UNIVERSITY

*of despair on to the path which leads to enlightenment — to a broader, fuller, richer and happier life, where we can begin as a race to establish harmony through our larger beliefs, our broader conceptions, and our deeper compassion; so that the true path shall be followed and the goal reached, and the perfectibility of man shall be assured in the minds of the people of the twentieth century.*

*Time is indeed precious. This Christmas-time most truly will never come again. The truth is here if you will only choose to find it. We have not met here this evening by chance. The Good Law brought us together; and there is a meaning, a holy meaning, a sacred meaning, to the hours of Christmas-time.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## THEOSOPHICAL UNIVERSITY

AN ADDRESS BY MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, DELIVERED TO THE ORGANIZERS OF THE UNIVERSITY, ON DECEMBER 29, 1919, POINT LOMA, CALIF.



THE establishment of Theosophical University is an event of great personal interest to all members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, but a matter of greater interest lies in the fact that it challenges the entire structure of contemporary systems of education.

The name and title, 'Theosophical University,' have been expressly and deliberately chosen by its President, Madame Katherine Tingley, who is also the Foundress of the Râja-Yoga system of education, first inaugurated in 1900, — deliberately chosen in order that there may be no mistake as to the distinction between the Theosophic methods of education and the usual conventional methods of instruction. The three Râja-Yoga Institutions hitherto operating, the School, the Academy, and the College, and now the Theosophical University, are the outgrowth of the 'Theosophic Movement' of which Madame Katherine Tingley is also the Leader and Official Head; and she holds that no opportunity must be lost, at this critical time of turmoil and of empirical attempts at Reconstruction, in emphasizing this method of education. It is necessary for the guidance and welfare of our own and of future generations. There is great responsibility attached to the possession of knowledge; it is the grandest asset of the Human Race, and its most beneficent aims can only be achieved when it is inseparably conjoined with morality; indeed, the acquisition of Right Knowledge is only possible in connexion with Ethics. These great truths must be understood and established first in the minds and lives of all teachers, and by them

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communicated to students, and through the example of these last the whole world will be benefited. This high object cannot, however, be accomplished without a firm basis, found only in a Universal and Unsectarian Philosophy, such as Theosophy and the Râja-Yoga system of education provide.

With this event comes into existence an altogether new method of training and instruction, whereby the building of character is to be the essential part of all culture alongside of the well-approved university curriculum, by means of which a more perfect balancing of the physical, mental, and moral faculties of our youth shall be attained.

Existing colleges and universities, though literally faithful to their profession in the intellectual branches of learning, have scarcely realized their natural aspirations for rounding out a uniformly complete and well-balanced type of manhood and womanhood. Not very many graduates, after finishing their professional education, can be counted on to show such a dependable moral restraint and such typical rectitude in act and thought as the public has a right to expect from them; nor have they, except in rare cases, sufficient personal assurance of a moral philosophy of their own. The cause of this lack of a complete balance of character is due to an absence of certain vital subjects from the curriculum of educational institutions and an unfortunate allegiance to the long-established practice of excluding all direct instruction in the nature and workings of the psychological nature of man — the very heart, the essence, of true education.

On the other hand the Râja-Yoga system of education, which is to be the sole Rule and Guide in all matters of instruction in Theosophical University, while comprising a full and thorough intellectual training, also expressly provides and inculcates a thorough knowledge of the inherent duality of human nature, and a control, by self-mastery, of the lower propensities through the higher qualities with which man is likewise endowed by his nature. The efficacy of instruction on these and kindred subjects has been well proved during the last twenty years by the Râja-Yoga College, the Râja-Yoga Academy, and the Râja-Yoga Schools, and out of these has grown, of necessity, the organization and establishment of this University.

In the absence of the fundamental qualifications and course of training, mentioned above, in the system in vogue in very many contemporary institutions of learning, character-building has long been somewhat overlooked. If permanent and successful Reconstruction of the world's affairs is to be accomplished, we must have a better and higher type of citizenship in our own and in other countries. A serious effort towards such introduction of them must be made in order to justify the confi-



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dence and trust which the public still displays in the efficacy and adequacy of the usual educational system.

The educated classes should be the moral and spiritual leaders of the masses of our brother-humans, who are always eager to follow implicitly those whom, in their faith, they believe to be possessed of superior experience, judgment, and wisdom.

All earnest students and all earnest teachers, who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reformation inaugurated here, and who have builded their lives on such a firm ethical basis as to be worthy of participating in so great and unselfish a service, will surely be challenged to their utmost capacity in response to the demand that will be made upon them. At the same time they will be truly compensated for their devotion and for their efforts when they see the eagerness of the crowds of learners and aspirants who will enter the path of self-directed evolution through admission to this unique seat of learning.

You who are the organizers of Theosophical University, may therefore truly rejoice in having been given the opportunity of participating in the practical establishment of this really glorious venture.

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C. J. RYAN

**A** VERY new advance in knowledge is not only interesting to all who possess the distinguishing human quality of longing to understand the wonder and beauty of the universe, but to students of Theosophy the steady trend towards certain fundamentals emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky in the teachings she brought from the East, is especially significant. Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect of world-conditions, the upheavals, the greed, selfishness, and misery, there is a tendency away from the materialism of nineteenth-century science becoming more and more perceptible among certain groups of thinkers; and just as the catchwords of 'The Struggle for Existence,' 'Nature red in tooth and claw,' and 'The Survival of the Fittest,' thrown broadcast by the leaders of science half a century ago, penetrated into every stratum of society and powerfully affected the general consciousness, so we may hope that the concept of Universal Brotherhood subsequently emphasized in all quarters of the world by the Theosophical activities has partly neutralized the materialism of nineteenth-century science, and liberated some minds at least from its shackles.

By the very nature of modern science, change of views must be fre-

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quent; it works from particulars to universals; the discovery of some minute fact, if new, compels the reconstruction of laborious theories. The Esoteric or Higher scientific method of antiquity was different. It did not depend so much upon reasoning, but knew the process of getting knowledge more directly. By the development of spiritual faculties it learned the general laws of being, the laws which control the vast complex of their expression in the minute. When humanity regains the knowledge of its own divinity, its higher self, the methods of certainty will become easy and will replace the groping which is apparently all we can do in this dark age.

A few of the general principles governing human life and the physical conditions in which we find ourselves, derived from Those who have kept alive the ancient wisdom so that it shall not be entirely lost to the world, were brought to us by H. P. Blavatsky; and although the source of inspiration may be ignored for a while longer, the effects are plainly visible. It is the duty of Theosophical students, when recording new and higher developments in thought and scientific discovery, to reiterate and demonstrate the fact that their tendency, *and in many cases the exact thing*, was outlined or even defined in the earlier Theosophical literature published at a time when such things were unheard-of in the world at large.

In connexion with the total solar eclipse of May 29, 1919, a profoundly interesting problem, discussed at great length by H. P. Blavatsky, has apparently been solved in the manner she indicated, improbable though it seemed at the time. This eclipse, though an inconvenient one, aroused special interest because it offered a chance of settling a new and most unexpected problem which has lately become pressing. This problem, which is involved in the revolutionary 'Theory of Relativity' of Einstein, is whether light is an actual substance of some kind or merely a wave-effect or vibration of the 'luminiferous ether,' the latter a hypothetical supposition to explain the behavior of light and heat. Sir Isaac Newton considered light to be corporeal, though he also suspected the existence of some kind of ether. Controversy has raged upon this subject ever since his day. Huyghens, Fresnel and Young brought out various objections to the substantial nature of light, and it was only the enormous weight of Newton's authority that prevented his theory being abandoned earlier. Finally it was decided by the consensus of opinion that the question was settled in favor of the undulatory theory, *i. e.*, that light is nothing more than a vibration or wave-motion in the ether. However, there were eminent objectors for a long time, whose difficulties were not and have not been fully cleared up. For instance, there is a serious problem in reconciling with the wave theory the principle that the intensity of light varies inversely with the distance from the luminous

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body. We do not need to enter more deeply into this question, but a little consideration will make some of the difficulties of this problem clear. Towards the end of the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky discusses the subject and gives unequivocal support to the theory of Newton — or, more properly, of Pythagoras, who upheld it two thousand years earlier.

It should be noted by students of Theosophy that Newton was a deep student of the great Mystic, Jakob Boehme. In the *Athenaeum* of Jan. 26, 1867, there is some curious information upon the subject. It says:

“ ‘Positive evidence can be adduced that Newton derived all his knowledge of gravitation and its laws from Boehme, *with whom gravitation or ATTRACTION is the first property of Nature.*’ . . . For with him ‘his [Boehme’s] system shows us the *inside* of things, while modern physical science is content with looking at the outside.’ ”  
— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 494

H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Thus Newton, whose profound mind read easily between the lines, and fathomed the spiritual thought of the great Seer in its mystic rendering, owes his great discovery to Jakob Boehme, the nursling of the genii (Nirmānakāyas) who watched over and guided him. . . .”  
— *Ibid.*, I, 494

Speaking more particularly of light, H. P. Blavatsky deals fully with the substantiality of it in the paragraphs beginning:

“And now Occultism puts to Science the question: ‘Is light a body, or is it not?’ Whatever the answer of the latter, the former is prepared to show that, to this day, the most eminent physicists know neither one way nor the other. To know what is light, and whether it is an actual substance or a mere undulation of the ‘ethereal medium,’ Science has first to learn what are in reality Matter, Atom, Ether, Force. Now, the truth is, that *it knows nothing of any of these*, and admits it.”  
— *Ibid.*, I, 482

“ ‘AN LUMEN SIT CORPUS, NEC NON?’ Most decidedly Light is not a body, we are told. Physical Sciences say Light is a Force, a vibration, the undulation of ether.”  
— *Ibid.*, I, 483

“The Occultists are taken to task for calling the *Cause* of light, heat, . . . a *substance*. Mr. Clerk Maxwell has stated that the pressure of strong sunlight on a square mile is about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. It is, they are told, ‘the energy of the myriad ether waves’; and when they call it a ‘substance’ impinging on that area, their explanation is proclaimed *unscientific*.”— *Ibid.*, I, 514

But:

“It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of matter, and the infinite divisibility of the atom, that the whole science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to *substance* informed by the divine breath of its soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamt of by the most spiritually disposed chemists and physicists.”  
— *Ibid.*, I, 520

The Theory of Relativity recently advanced by the brilliant Swiss-Hebrew mathematician, Professor Albert Einstein, and supported by the experiments of Michelson of Chicago, threw the gravest doubt upon the existence of the *accepted light-bearing ether* (not necessarily upon that of some other kind of ether), and made it extremely probable that Newton was right after all, and that light is a substance capable of being attracted

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by the force of gravitation! The question of proving or testing this revolutionary idea became pressing, but how was it to be done? The speed of light is so tremendous (180,320 miles per second) that it would be very difficult to find something powerful enough to attract it perceptibly. Perhaps the sun's tremendous gravitational force would be mighty enough to draw the rays which pass close by it from their course, even if only a very little? The only rays of light which can be utilized as tests are those from the distant stars, and the stars when near the sun are invisible in the largest telescopes. But during the few minutes of darkness when the moon hides the disk of the sun at a total eclipse of the sun, the stars shine almost as brightly as at night. The total eclipse of last May offered the advantage of the sun being situated in a rich field of stars in the constellation Taurus, and an expedition from Greenwich Observatory, England, was sent to photograph the sky in immediate proximity to the sun, with the object of testing the validity of the Einstein Theory of Relativity in regard to the substantial nature of light. If the rays from the distant stars were bent inwards by the sun's attraction as they passed by its surface, it would be the strongest evidence that light is of a substantial nature, capable of being affected by solar gravitation, or its equivalent. A prominent opponent of the Einstein Theory conceded that a deflexion of more than half a second of arc (about  $1/3800$  of the apparent diameter of the sun or moon as we see them with the naked eye) could not be explained by the theory that light is merely a vibration in the ether; any deflexion of the rays from the stars towards the sun would be positive evidence in favor of the Einstein Theory and Newton's belief that light is a substance of some kind.

On November 6, 1919, Sir F. Dyson, Astronomer Royal of England, announced to a profoundly interested meeting of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society that examination of the photographs of the stars near the sun during the total eclipse of May 29 had proved that the rays passing the sun were deflected more than *three times as much* as was possible to explain by the wave-theory, or in any way except by the theory that light was a substance. Further developments are awaited with great interest, because if the Einstein Theory of Relativity can be established there may have to be a considerable reconstruction in the domains of physics and astronomy, apparently in the direction away from materialism.

Before leaving the subject it should be mentioned that H. P. Blavatsky distinctly hints that there may be some compromise between the undulatory and substantial theories of light:

"True, the corpuscular theory of old is rejected, and the undulatory theory has taken its

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place. But the question is, *whether the latter is so firmly established as not to be liable to be dethroned as was its predecessor?* . . .

"We do not say that we deny the theory, but assert only that it needs completion and re-arrangement. But the Occultists are by no means the only *heretics* in this respect. . . ."

—*Ibid.*, I, 579, 580

and, speaking of Crookes' "Genesis of the Elements," she says:

"It is, indeed, as *near an approach*, made by a great scholar and specialist in chemistry, to the Secret Doctrine, as could be made. . . [Footnote 978] How true it is will be fully demonstrated only on that day when his discovery of radiant matter will have resulted in a further elucidation with regard to the true source of light, and revolutionized all the present speculations. Further familiarity with the northern streamers of the *aurora borealis* may help the recognition of this truth."

— *Ibid.*, I, 621

Recent investigations of the *aurora borealis* have given support to the last sentence.

Curiously enough, about the same time that the news of the deflexion of light by the attraction of the sun reached us, Professor T. J. J. See, of Mare Island, announced the results of his recent researches into the constitution of the ether. He has no doubt of its existence, and he declares it is a kind of *gas* of extraordinary rarity—a decidedly heretical theory. We have become a little accustomed to the idea of the extreme minuteness of the atom, and radio-activity has introduced us to the electron components of the atom, a positive charge in the center surrounded by a circle of planet-like revolving negative charges, each electron being, according to Sir J. J. Thomson, 1760 times smaller than the atom of hydrogen, the lightest of the gases; but Professor See makes the startling statement that the atom of ether is two billion times smaller than the electron! He also said that the ether is not of uniform density throughout space—a significant claim, if established. The existence of the ether is closely connected with gravitation, for it is supposed to transmit it, and Professor See announced that he was able to confirm the remarkable claim recently made by Professor Maiorana of Rome, that a basin of mercury beneath a suspended mass of lead will act as a screen to decrease the gravitational pull of the earth upon the lead. He believes that waves in the ether are the immediate cause of gravitation. Other researchers have recently conducted experiments which seem to prove that the attractive (gravitational) force exerted by a large leaden ball upon a small one can be increased or diminished by the action of electricity. We are evidently on the verge of new and probably revolutionary information upon the subjects of gravitation and the ether. The Einstein Theory of Relativity may greatly modify our conceptions of time and space, and help to demonstrate the illusionary nature of the so-called 'material' world, a fundamental proposition in Theosophy; but even if it compels new theories of the ether, it cannot possibly destroy the con-

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cept of some kind of ether. According to *The Secret Doctrine* the ether of science is a material aspect of *Ākāśa*, which is

“MATTER existing in *super-sensuous* states. . . . Such states can be perceived by the SEER or the Adept during the hours of trance, under the *Sushumna ray* — the first of the Seven *Mystic rays* of the Sun.” — I, 515

In respect to the proximate causes of the forces of nature, science “merely traces the sequence of phenomena on a plane of effects, illusory projections from the region that Occultism has long since penetrated.” — *Ibid.*, I, 515

The Theory of Relativity is the most metaphysical product of modern science, and the serious consideration it is now receiving — after earlier neglect — shows that science is approaching the time when it will no longer be able to disregard the declaration of the higher teachings of antiquity and the East, that materialistic and atomo-mechanical theories are utterly unable to solve the problems of nature. The clues by which man can find his true way to wisdom through the labyrinth of illusion are outlined in the teachings of Theosophy derived from aeons of experience of Wise Men.

Professor See has worked out a curious parallelism between the rapid movements of the molecules of ordinary gases, according to the kinetic theory now generally accepted, and the movements of the almost infinitely smaller particles of which he believes the ether to be composed. After speaking of the mean free path of the molecules of the gases (*i. e.*, the length of the trajectory between successive collisions of their molecules) as being about half a millionth of an inch, according to the kinetic theory, he is reported as saying that the free path of *ether* particles is nearly 2000 miles, “but in addition” to this extreme length of free path, ether particles have the enormous velocity of 250,000 miles per second, one-third faster than light.” We shall, no doubt, hear much discussion of Professor See’s remarkable suggestions, but it is significant to students of Theosophy that H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Ether is a material agent, though hitherto undetected by physical apparatus.”  
— *Theosophical Glossary*

In the wonderful chapter of *The Secret Doctrine*, ‘Gods, Monads and Atoms,’ H. P. Blavatsky refers to something which may possibly be the etheric particles that Professor See believes he has demonstrated to exist by mathematical reasoning. The paragraph is so apposite and significant that we need offer no excuse for quoting it:.

“Atoms fill the immensity of Space, and by their continuous vibration *are* that MOTION which keeps the wheels of Life perpetually going. It is that inner work that produces the natural phenomena called the correlation of Forces. Only, at the origin of every such ‘force,’ there stands the *conscious* guiding noumenon thereof — Angel or God, Spirit or Demon — ruling powers, yet the same.

## AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL

"As described by Seers—those who can see the motion of the interstellar shoals, and follow them in their evolution clairvoyantly — they are dazzling, like specks of virgin snow in radiant sunlight. Their velocity is swifter than thought, quicker than any mortal physical eye could follow, and, as well as can be judged from the tremendous rapidity of their course, the motion is circular. . . . Standing on an open plain, on a mountain summit especially, and gazing into the vast vault above and the spatial infinitudes around, the whole atmosphere seems ablaze with them, the air soaked through with these dazzling coruscations. At times, the intensity of their motion produces flashes like the Northern lights during the *Aurora Borealis*. The sight is so marvelous, that as the Seer gazes into this inner world, and feels the scintillating points shoot past him, he is filled with awe at the thought of other, still greater mysteries, that lie beyond, and within, this radiant ocean. . . .

"However imperfect and incomplete this explanation on 'Gods, Monads and Atoms,' it is hoped that some students and theosophists, at least, will feel that there may be indeed a close relation between materialistic Science and Occultism, which is the complement and missing soul of the former." — *Ibid.*, I, 633-634

Considerable interest has been aroused in scientific circles by a surprising announcement in chemistry from such an authoritative source that it seems impossible that an error has been made. Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford's experiments appear to have demonstrated that the supposed rather inert element nitrogen is not a simple element, but a combination of hydrogen and helium atoms forming a pseudo-atom of nitrogen. How is it that nitrogen has succeeded in masquerading as a true element so long? The following quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* is well worthy of careful consideration in this regard, and it shows that the writer had an appreciation of the anomalous position of nitrogen long before Science suspected such a thing:

"And now Science tells us that 'the first-born element' . . . would be '*hydrogen* . . . which for some time would be the only existing form of matter' in the Universe. What says *Old Science*? It answers: Just so; but we would call hydrogen and oxygen . . . the *Spirit*, the *noumenon* of that which becomes in its grossest form oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen on Earth — nitrogen being of no divine origin, but merely an earth-born cement to unite other gases and fluids, and serve as a sponge to carry in itself the breath of LIFE — pure air."—I, 626

## AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL

MARTIN E. TEW

DEATH brings us face to face with the Eternal.  
A simple trust in the Unchanging Good  
Robs death of all its terrors, doubts and fears.  
This good man, my father and your neighbor,  
Has passed this door of death into that life  
Where all is harmony and lasting peace.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Entrusted with the talent of a mind  
As clear and vigorous as his arm was strong,  
He gave the world his best in faithful service,  
Craving no more than simple sustenance,  
Freedom from debt and manly independence.

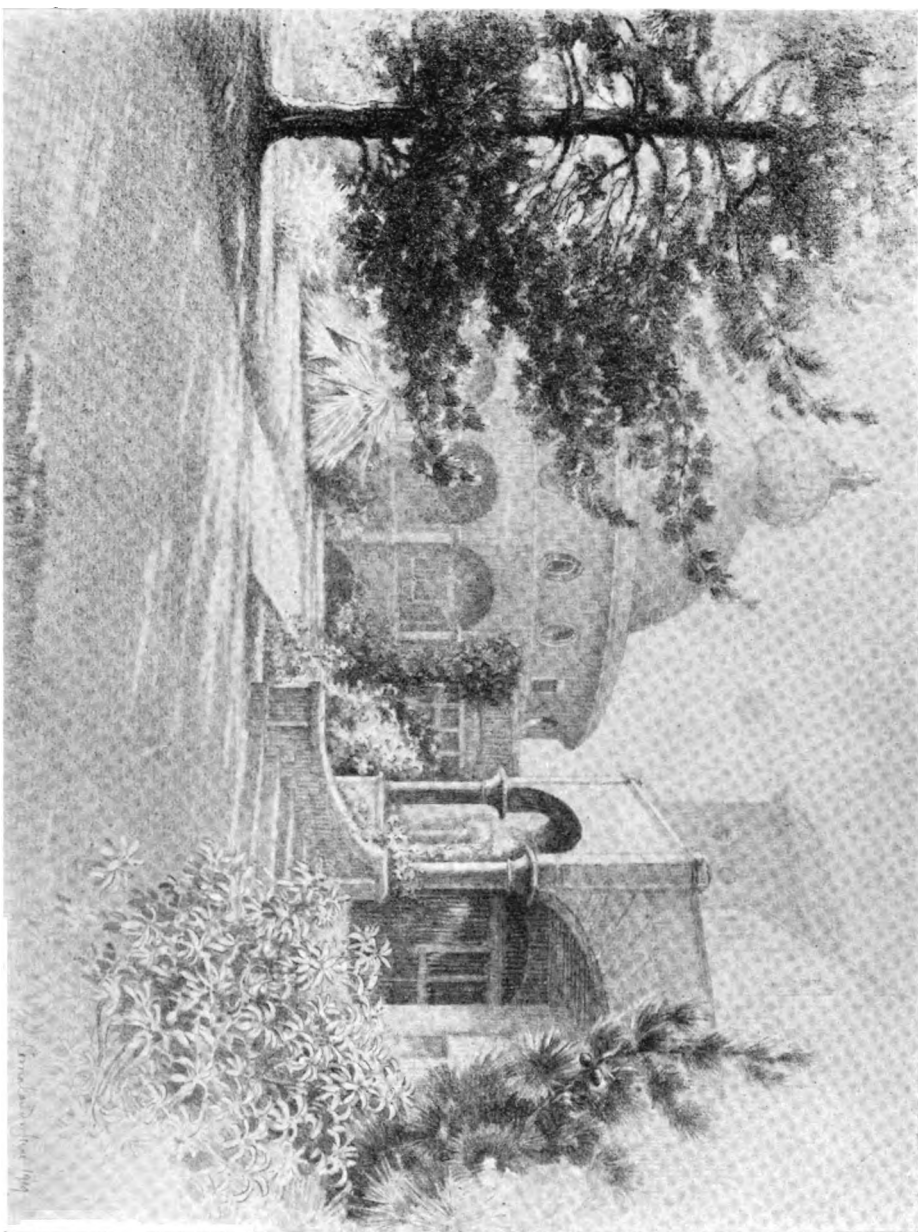
His door was open as his heart and hand:  
The stranger, the unfortunate, were all  
As welcome at his board as his own kin,  
For all were kinsmen in that larger bond.  
Not knowing guile, he trusted everyone;  
Would rather be deceived than the deceiver —  
Rather be wronged than guilty of a wrong:  
In every human soul he saw the good.  
To us, his heirs, he has bequeathed the wealth  
Of an unspotted name, more precious far  
Than all the hoarded gold of mart or mine.

Without pretense, but with a modest air  
He walked among his fellow men. His eyes  
Were never downward turned in vain attempt  
To follow doubtful paths by others trod.  
Always he looked to the All-knowing Will,  
Which swings each sun and star in its own course  
And guides the wild-fowl in its pathless flight.  
This was his guidance. In the Nazarene  
He saw God's ways incarnate, but no creed  
Was large enough to hold the priceless wealth  
Of his broad charity and simple trust.

He freely spoke his mind — sometimes rebuked,  
But not in malice. Hate, envy, revenge,  
Hypocrisy, false pride, ambition, greed,  
Never found lodgment in that open soul.

His life-work done, and the allotted time  
Of three score years and ten now nobly lived,  
He laid his burden down, and without fear  
Or doubt sank peacefully into that sleep  
Which is not death, but only sweet repose.





*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE RAJA-YOGA ACADEMY AND THE ARYAN TEMPLE  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



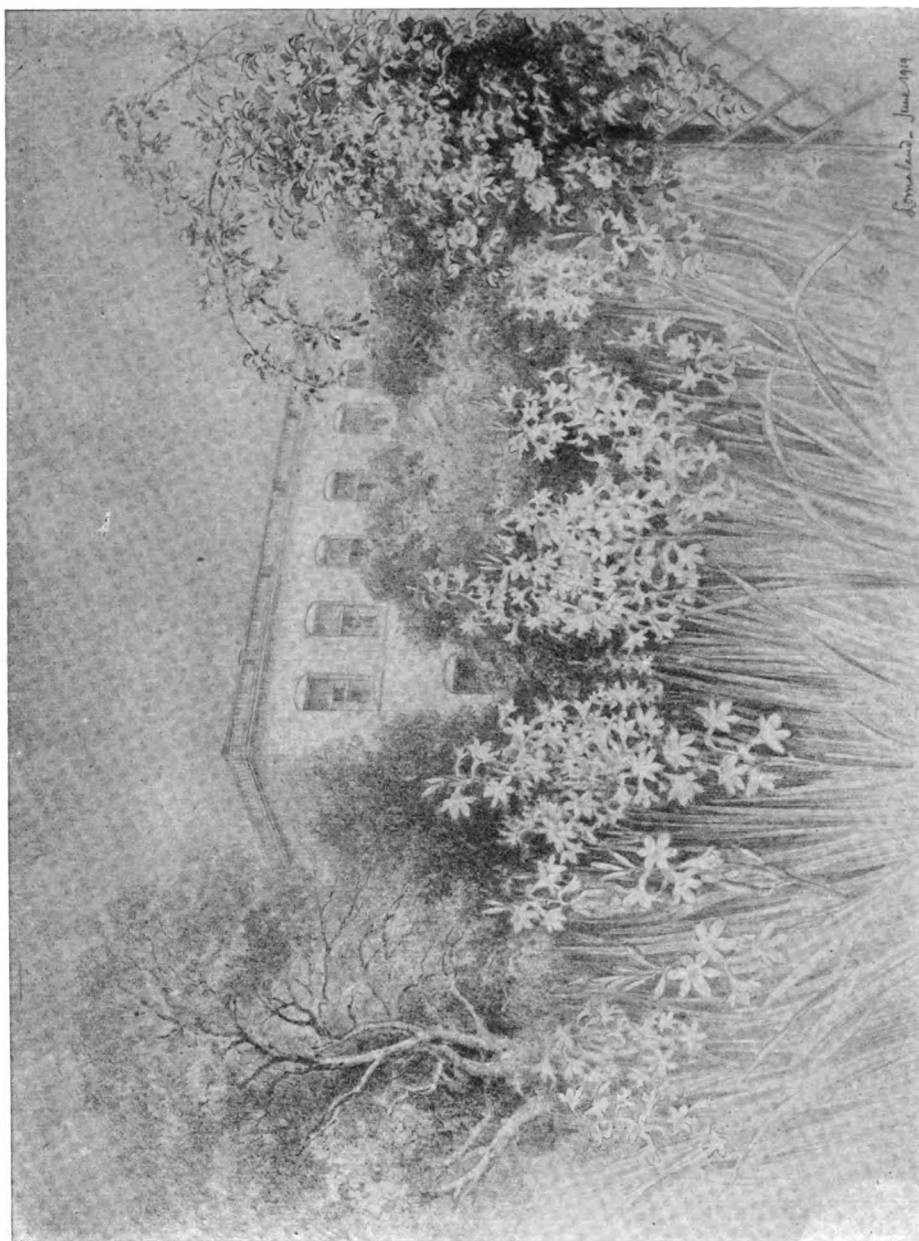
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**HILLSIDE BUNGALOWS, WESTERN SLOPE OF LOMALAND**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**LILIES AND CAMPANULAS — A LOMALAND GARDEN**



Lomaland June 1919

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**JUVENILE HOME FROM THE BROWNIES' GARDEN, LOMALAND**

## THE GOD IN MAN

R. MACHELL

**T**HERE surely never was a time more modern than our own. We are the people, beyond a doubt, and all that went before us were mere experimenters; and those that follow after will be merely imitators, whether they be conservatives or revolutionists. No new vagary of the human mind is possible. We know it all! And we demand our rights!

That seems to me to be the essence of modernity: to know what are one's rights and to demand them.

We can do no more; because rights such as these are simply unattainable: but no matter; they can be demanded.

Of course a very little thought will serve to show that rights are all a matter of agreement and concession. There is no other basis for a right, unless might is accepted as the only right, which is most obviously the great wrong, since it can override all rights that have less might.

Some tell us that man has a right to the necessities of life. How can that be, when man cannot establish and maintain his right to live? For every living thing must die, in spite of all assertion of the right to live. And if man cannot justify his right to live, how can he prove his right to the necessities of life?

Then we hear much about equality: which obviously exists nowhere within the bounds of the observable universe, which universe is but a demonstration of the universal law of differentiation, that makes impossible the creation of two objects absolutely equal in all respects: for if they were so they would be identical; not two, but one.

And yet the two most popular ideals of the day are probably equality, and the rights of man (*man* used generically).

There is a wise old saying that in the voice of the people speaks the voice of a God: and it is more profitable to seek the God than to denounce the irrational ignorance of man.

What then is the basis of the imagined rights of man? Certain it is that almost everyone believes that there are some inalienable rights, such as the right to breathe the air. But this and most of these rest on the fallacy of a man's right to live, when we all know that every man sooner or later finds that he has not the right to breathe, and so he dies. The only answer to this seems to lie in the fact that life is continuous

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and eternal, although men's bodies die and disappear. Is it then to be supposed that this assurance of the continuity of life lies at the root of the popular assertion of man's right to breathe the air? If so, then indeed we may say the voice of a God speaks in the instinct of a people. That is perhaps just what the Theosophist would say: but he would add that the God is the eternal man that does not die when the body loses its power to breathe.

Granted the spiritual nature of man and of the Universe, then we may find a philosophic basis for the illusionary rights of man, as well as for his actual responsibilities, for the two are inseparable, being but aspects of the law of Karma.

But those who are most insistent in demanding their rights are not those who believe that man is a spiritual being, whose real life is continuous through and in spite of birth and death. They claim rights by reason of their supposed equality; and they claim equality as a natural right of man — and in both of these claims there speaks the voice of a god.

But Gods are irrational, and delight in paradox. Only man is rational; and that is why he makes so many mistakes, fondly imagining that the Gods are like himself, and not understanding what he is himself. The rational man is only the lower nature; the Higher Self is the god in man; and the Higher Self is spiritual; whereas rationality is a quality of the intellect, or middle principle.

The animal man is irrational but instinctual; the intellectual man is rational, reasoning, argumentative, critical and analytical, observant of external objects and events: but the divine man is spiritual; his perception of truth is direct cognition — he does not feel, like the animal, the desires of the body, nor does he reason about things, or speculate; he does not look back into memories of the past, nor does he dream of the future; but, living in eternity, he knows the Truth, which transcends the limitations of Time and the illusive separateness of persons and things, with which the brain-mind is chiefly concerned.

If we accept the Theosophical explanation of man's inner constitution, we shall see that all men are differentiated rays from the central Spiritual Sun, to use symbolical language. Thus as spiritual beings they are One in origin, and similar in essence. Their equality is original, spiritual, and eternal. But, as living personalities, they are all different and actually separate, each being an Ego, or a particular manifestation of the unmanifested Universal.

So then the assertion of human equality amounts to a declaration of the spiritual nature of the divine or higher man; and it implies an assumption of the identity of the lower man with his inner and Spiritual Self,

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which, if admitted, would show man's independence, his egoity, his personality in fact, to be an illusion, or a temporary appearance on this plane of a being really subsisting on a plane that is superior to brain-mind reasoning, and hence not concerned with claiming its rights or asserting its equality.

Any declaration of the rights of man that is not based on this ancient doctrine of the sevenfold division of the constituent principles in man, must rest, as they all do, on assertion (or bluff), on assumptions open to endless questioning, or on emotion. Any one of these will serve to attract the support of a certain number of people. But all of them together cannot convince a reasoning man whose higher nature is not completely cut off from contact with the intellectual principle.

I have said that the lower nature is irrational; and for this reason it is easy for the middle principle, the mind, to mistake the promptings of the lower nature for those of the spiritual Self. Thus the masses of the people are frequently stirred by instinctual impulses, or elemental desires, which may assume to the mind the appearance of divine inspiration or of a revelation of Truth. The marvelous results of the work of revivalists are perhaps to be attributed to this source. Great waves of national enthusiasm frequently have no higher origin. In all of them there is to be heard the voice of a god: but what kind of a god? St. Paul said, "There be Gods many." Some ancient peoples looked upon the various families in the lower kingdoms of nature as, each collectively, the incarnation of a god, or elemental being, which ensouled all the individual members of the family equally. And it would seem that the human families, or races, are also similarly expressions of some such elemental consciousness, which is not individualized in individual men, but which is dominated by the individualized mind, or middle principle, making of man a responsible individual, distinct from the animals. But we are also taught that this already complex being, man, is completed, in his sevenfold complexity, by the ensouling principles of the Higher Spiritual Triad, which is said to overshadow the individual self, until the evolution of man unites him more definitely with his Higher Self.

This overshadowing divine principle is the true God in man, and its promptings are indeed the voice of a god.

Man thus stands between two great universal principles: the God and the demon, Spirit and matter; and he must continually choose between them, for he stands at the turning-point of evolution, with power to discriminate. His choice will be good or evil in so far as it accords with or opposes the trend of evolution.

The Theosophical teaching reveals a vast scheme of evolution in which man has to play a leading part, by virtue of having attained to a

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certain degree of self-consciousness, which seems to be nothing less than the power to recognise in himself the voice of the God, and to follow its call, or to resist its urge.

When a man individually becomes aware of a higher consciousness within, that constantly (or perhaps only occasionally) seems to be calling him to a higher conception of life and duty, he may either recognise in that call the voice of his own real Self, or he may resent its appeal as the interference of some extraneous influence. In the latter case he will probably seek to justify his position by deciding that there is no God either within or without, and that the call is simply the echo of some imaginary creation of the human mind.

When the voice is recognised as the voice of the true Self, its appeal becomes a guiding power to the mind, and not a command issued by some arbitrary master. Then a man feels that his inner conception of right is an ideal that offers to his lower nature the help of a friendly guiding hand, which it is his privilege to follow. But the privilege is also an obligation. His recognition of the call carries with it the duty of adopting it as his own choice. He has recognised the God as his own Higher Self, to oppose whom is to commit suicide. But suicide, whether individual or racial, is not a legitimate step in evolution: it is a blunder due to ignorance; or, at best, an alternative evil — a plunge in the dark to avoid some more apparent disaster. Courage and patience are born of interior knowledge, which we call faith.

The voice of the God urges man to patient endurance, and to courageous effort, because the God is superior to time, and knows that 'Justice rules the world,' and that good fortune, or evil fortune, are but temporary aspects of events in evolution.

The personal man is restless and impatient, eagerly seeking the gratification of some desire, or regretting the loss of some hoped-for indulgence. The principle of desire is insatiable, and knows no limits to its demands. But it may be controlled by the mind, or rational principle, when the latter is directed by the wisdom of the divine or higher Self. The God and the demon do not meet, but they are like the two ends of a stick, eternally opposed.

Man, the personal rational being, can lean to either extreme, or he can find the point of balance, which is the open door to the Supreme, from which both Spirit and matter, God and demon, and all other opposites, have come into the world of Time and Space to fashion the Universe.

The reason for the confusion of mind, that comes upon one who tries to understand the Ultimate, is simply that the understanding mind is itself but a part of the Consciousness we so loosely call Man.



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Man the divine is supreme; Man the intelligence is conditioned; man the animal is irresponsible.

Man can choose, when he has become man. So long as he remains an animal he cannot claim the rights of true man; because he has not yet found himself. When that is accomplished he will see that his rights are inalienable, being indeed the measure of his own growth and evolution. To claim more is simply to hold up to his own gaze a higher ideal for his own attainment; his claim is but a challenge to himself to become that which he asserts his right to be.

The first step in evolution is therefore the control of the demon in himself. This can only be accomplished by identifying the self with the God, not as a deity above or beyond or outside of man, but as the true Self. When that step is achieved, peace comes. The delusion of personal rights will give place to the conscious possession of the real rights, which are duties. For evolution is the accomplishment of things necessary.

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*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

### XI — CONFUCIUS THE HERO

**H**E had done enough in the way of holding office and governing states. Laotse had taught that of old time, before Tao was lost, the Yellow Emperor sat on his throne and all the world was governed without knowing it. Confucius worked out the doctrine thus: True government is by example; given the true ruler, and he will have the means of ruling at his disposal, and they will be altogether different from physical force. 'Example' does not convey it, either: his thought was much deeper. There is a word *li* — I get all this from Dr. Lionel Giles — which the egregious have been egregiously translating 'the rules of propriety'; but which Confucius used primarily for a state of harmony within the soul, which should enable beneficent forces from the Infinite to flow through into the outer world; — whereof a result would also be, on the social plane, perfect courtesy and politeness: these the most outward expression of it. On these too Confucius insisted; which is the very worst you can say about him. — Now, the ruler stands between Gods and men; let his *li* be perfect — let the forces of heaven flow through him unimpeded,— and the people are regenerated day by

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day: the government is by regeneration. Here lies the secret of all his insistence on loyalty and filial piety: the regeneration of society is dependent on the maintenance of the natural relation between the Ruler who rules — that is, lets the *li* of heaven flow through him — and his people. They are to maintain such an attitude towards him as will enable them to receive the *li*. In the family, he is the father; in the state, he is the king. In very truth, this is the Doctrine of the Golden Age, and proof of the profound occult wisdom of Confucius: even the (comparatively) little of it that was ever made practical lifted China to the grand height she has held. It is hinted at in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:— “whatsoever is practised by the most excellent men”; again, it is the Aryan doctrine of the Guruparampara Chain. The whole idea is so remote from modern practice and theory that it must seem to the west utopian, even absurd; but we have Aśoka’s reign in India, and Confucius’s Ministry in Lu, to prove its basic truth. During that Ministry he had flashed the picture of such a ruler on to the screen of time; and it was enough. China could never forget.

But if, knowing it to have been enough,— knowing that the hour of the Open Door had passed, and that he should never see success again,— he had then and there retired into private life, content to teach his disciples and leave the stubborn world to save or damn itself: — enough it would not have been. He had flashed the picture on to the screen of time, but it would have faded. Twenty years of wandering, of indomitability, of disappointment and of ignoring defeat and failure, lay before him: in which to make his creation, not a momentary picture, but a carving in jade and granite and adamant. It is not the ever-victorious and successful that we take into the adyta of our hearts. It is the poignancy of heroism still heroism in defeat,—

“Unchanged, though fallen on evil years,”—

that wins admittance there. Someone sneered at Confucius, in his latter years, as the man who was always trying to do the impossible. He was; and the sneerer had no idea what high tribute he was paying him. It is because he was that: the hero, the flaming idealist: that his figure shines out so clear and splendidly. His outer attempts — to make a Man of Marquis This or Duke That, and a model state of Lu or Wei — these were but carvings in rotten wood, foredoomed to quick failure. All the material of the world was rotten wood: he might have learned that lesson; — only there are lessons that Such a One never learns. Well; we in turn may learn a lesson from him: applicable now. The rotten wood crumbled under his hands time and again: under his bodily hands; — but it made no difference to him. He went on and on, still hoping to begin his life’s

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work, and never recognising failure; and by reason and virtue of that, the hands of his spirit were carving, not in rotten wood, but in precious jade and adamant spiritual, to endure forever. On those inner planes he was building up his Râja-Yoga; which Time saw to it should materialize and redeem his race presently. Confucius in the brief moment of his victory illuminated the world indeed; but Confucius in the long years of his defeat has bowed the hearts of twenty-five centuries of the Black-haired People. We can see this now; I wonder did he see it then? I mean, had that certain knowledge and clear vision in his conscious mind, that was possessed in the divinity of his Soul — as it is in every Soul. I imagine not; for in his last days he — the personality — could give way and weep over the utter failure of his efforts. One loves him the more for it: one thinks his grandeur only the more grand. It is a very human and at last a very pathetic figure — this Man that *did* save his people.

Due west from Lu, and on the road thence to Honanfu the Chow capital, lay the Duchy of Wei; whither now he turned his steps. He had no narrow patriotism: if his own Lu rejected him, he might still save this foreign state, and through it, perhaps, All the Chinas. He was at this time one of the most famous men alive; and his first experience in Wei might have been thought to augur well. On the frontier he was met by messengers from a local Wei official, begging for their master an interview: — “Every illustrious stranger has granted me one; let me not ask it of you, Sir, in vain.” Confucius complied; was conducted to the yamen, and went in, leaving his disciples outside. To these the magistrate came out, while the Master was still resting within. — “Sirs,” said he, “never grieve for your Teacher’s fall from office. His work is but now to begin. These many years the empire has been in perilous case; but now Heaven has raised up Confucius, its tocsin to call the people to awakening.” — A wise man, that Wei official!

At the capital, Duke Ling received him with all honor, and at once assigned him a pension equal to the salary he had been paid as Minister of Crime in Lu. He even consulted him now and again; but reserved to himself liberty to neglect the advice asked for. However, the courtiers intrigued; and before the year was out, Confucius had taken to his wanderings again: he would try the state of Ch’in now, in the far south-east. “If any prince would employ me,” said he, “within a twelvemonth I should have done something considerable; in three years the government would be perfect.”

He was to pass through the town of Kwang, in Sung; it had lately been raided by a robber named Yang Hu, in face and figure resembling himself. Someone who saw him in the street put it abroad that Yang Hu was in the town, and followed him to the house he had taken for the night.

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Before long a mob had gathered, intent on vengeance. The situation was dangerous; the mob in no mood to hear reason; — and as to that, Yang Hu also would have said that he was not the man they took him for, — very likely would have claimed to be the renowned Confucius. The disciples, as well they might be, were alarmed: the prospect was, short shrift for the whole party. — “Boys,” said the Master, “do you think Heaven entrusted the Cause of Truth to me, to let me be harmed by the townsmen of Kwang?” The besiegers looked for protests, and then for a fight. What they did not look for was to hear someone inside singing to a lute; — it was that great musician Confucius. When he sang and played you stopped to listen; and so did the Kwang mob now. They listened, and wondered, and enjoyed their free concert; then made reasonable inquiries, and apologies, — and went their ways in peace.

In those south-eastern states there was no prospect for him, and after a while he returned to Wei. He liked Duke Ling personally, and the liking was mutual; time and again he went back there, hoping against hope that something might be done, — or seeing no other horizon so hopeful. Now Ling had a consort of some irregular kind: Nantse, famed for her beauty and brilliance and wickedness. Perhaps *ennuyée*, and hoping for contact with a mind equal to her own, she was much stirred by the news of Confucius’ return, and sent to him asking an interview. Such a request was a characteristic flouting of the conventions on her part; for him to grant it would be much more so on his. But he did grant it; and they conversed, after the custom of the time, with a screen between, neither seeing the other. Tse Lu was much disturbed; considering it all a very dangerous innovation, inconsistent in Confucius, and improper. So in the eyes of the world it would have seemed. But Nantse held the Duke, and Confucius might influence Nantse. He never let conventions stand in his way, when there was a chance of doing good work by breaking them.

One suspects that the lady wished to make her vices respectable by giving them a seeming backing by incarnate virtue; and that to this end she brought about the sequel. Duke Ling was to make a progress through the city; and requested Confucius to follow his carriage in another. He did so; not knowing that Nantse had seen to it that she was to be sitting at the Duke’s side. Her position and reputation even in those days needed some regularizing; and she had chosen this means to do it. But to the people, the spectacle was highly symbolic; and Confucius heard their jeers as he passed: — Flaunting Vice in front, Slighted Virtue in the rear. — “I have met none,” said he, “who loves virtue more than women.” It was time for him to go; and now he would try the south again. In reality, perhaps, it mattered little whither he went

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or where he stayed: there was no place for him anywhere. All that was important was, that he should keep up the effort.

An official in Sung, one Hwan Tuy, held the roads against him, accusing him of "a proud air and many desires; an insinuating habit and a wild will." From this time on he was subject to persecution. The "insinuating habit" reminds one of an old parrot-cry one has heard: "She hypnotizes them." He turned westward from this opposition, and visited one state, and then another; in neither was there any disposition to use him. He had found no more likely material than Duke Ling of Wei, who at least was always glad to see and talk with him: — might not be jade to carve, but was the wood least rotten at hand. But at Wei, as usual, there was nothing but disappointment in store.

Pih Hsih, a rebel, was holding a town in Tsin, modern Shansi, against the king of that state; and now sent messengers inviting Confucius to visit him. Tse Lu protested: had he not always preached obedience to the Powers that Were, and that the True Gentleman did not associate with rebels? — "Am I a bitter gourd," said Confucius, "to be hung up out of the way of being eaten?" He was always big enough to be inconsistent. He had come to see that the Powers that Were were hopeless, and was for catching at any straw. But something delayed his setting out; and when he reached the Yellow River, news came of the execution in Tsin of two men whom he admired. "How beautiful they were!" said he; "how beautiful they were! This river is not more majestic! And I was not there to save them!"

The truth seems to be that he would set out for any place where the smallest opening presented itself; and while that opening existed, would not be turned aside from his purpose; but if it vanished, or if something better came in sight, he would turn and follow that. Thus he did not go on into Tsin when he heard of these executions; but once, when he was on the road to Wei and a band of roughs waylaid him and made him promise never to go there again, he simply gave the promise and went straight on.

At Wei now Duke Ling was really inclined to use him; — but as his military adviser. It was the last straw; he left, and would not return in Ling's lifetime. He was in Ch'in for awhile; and then for three years at Ts'ae, a new state built of the rebellion of certain subjects or vassals of the great southern kingdom of Ts'u. On hearing of his arrival, the Duke of Ts'ae had the idea to send for Tse Lu, who had a broad reputation of his own as a brave and practical man, and to inquire of him what kind of man the Master really was. But Tse Lu, as we have seen, was rigid as to rebels, and vouchsafed no answer. — "You might have told him," said Confucius, "that I am simply one who forgets his food in the pursuit

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of wisdom, and his sorrows in the joy of attaining it, and who does not perceive old age coming on."

Missionary writers have cast it at him, that where of old he had preached against rebellion, now he was willing enough to "have rebels for his patrons"; — "adversity had not stiffened his back, but had made him pliable." Which shows how blind such minds are to real greatness. "They have nothing to draw with, and this well is deep." He sought no "patrons," now or at another time; but tools with which to work for the redemption of China; and he was prepared to find them anywhere, and take what came to hand. His keynote was *duty*. The world went on snubbing, ignoring, insulting, traducing, and persecuting him; and he went on with the performance of his duty; — rather, with the more difficult task of searching for the duty he was to perform. This resorting to rebels, like that conversing with Nantse, shows him clearly not the formalist and slave of conventions he has been called, but a man of highest moral courage. What he stood for was not forms, conventions, rules, proprieties, or anything of the sort; but lines of least resistance in his high endeavor to lift the world: lines of least resistance; middle lines; common sense. — As usual, there was nothing to be done with the Duke of Ts'ae.

Wandering from state to state, he came on recluses in a field by the river, and sent Tse Lu forward to ask one of them the way to the ford. Said the hermit: — "You follow one who withdraws from court to court; it would be better to withdraw from the world altogether." — "What!" said Confucius when it was told him; "shall I not associate with mankind? If I do not associate with mankind, with whom shall I associate?"

In which answer lies a great key to Confucianism; turn it once or twice, and you get to the import of his real teaching. He never would follow the individual soul into its secrecies: he was concerned with man only as a fragment of humanity. He was concerned with man *as* humanity. All that the West calls (personal) religion he disliked intensely. Any desire or scheme to save your own soul; any right-doing for the sake of a reward, either here or hereafter, he would have bluntly called wrong-doing, anti-social and selfish. (I am quoting in substance from Dr. Lionel Giles.) He tempted no one with hopes of heaven; frightened none with threats of hell. It seemed to him that he could make a higher and nobler appeal, — could strike much more forcibly at the root of evil (which is selfishness), by saying nothing about rewards and punishments at all. The one inducement to virtue that he offered was this: By doing right, you lead the world into right-doing. He was justified in saying that Man is divine; because this divine appeal of his was effective;

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not like the West's favorite appeal to fear, selfish desire, and the brutal side of our nature. "Do right to escape a whipping, or a hanging, or hell-fire," says Christendom; and the nations reared on that doctrine have risen and fallen, risen and fallen; a mad riot of peoples struggling into life, and toppling back into death in a season; so that future ages and the far reaches of history will hardly remember their names, too lightly graven upon time. But China, nourished on this divine appeal, however far she may have fallen short of it, has stood, and stood, and stood. In the last resort, it is the only inducement worth anything: the only lever that lifts. — There is that *li*,— that inevitable rightness and harmony that begins in the innermost *when there is the balance* and duty is being done, and flows outward healing and preserving and making wholesome all the phases of being; — let that harmony of heaven play through you, and you are bringing mankind to virtue; you are pouring cleansing currents into the world. How little of the tortuosity of metaphysics is here; — but what grand efficacy of super-ethics! You remember what *Light on the Path* says about the man who is a link between the noise of the market-place and the silence of the snow-capped Himâlayas; and what it says about the danger of seeking to sow good karma for oneself,— how the man that does so will only be sowing the giant weed of selfhood. In those two passages you find the essence of Confucianism and the wisdom and genius of Confucius. It is as simple as A B C; and yet behind it lie all the truths of metaphysics and philosophy. He seized upon the pearl of Theosophic thought, the cream of all metaphysics, where metaphysics passes into action,— and threw his strength into insisting on that: Pursue virtue because it is virtue, and that you may (as you will,— it is the only way you can) bring the world to virtue; or negatively, in the words of *Light on the Path*: "Abstain (from vice) because it is right to abstain — not that yourself shall be kept clean." And now to travel back into the thought behind, that you may see if Confucius was a materialist; whether or not he believed in the Soul; — and that if he was not a great original thinker, at least he commanded the ends of all great, true and original thinking. Man, he says, is naturally good. That is, collectively. *Man* is divine and immortal; only *men* are mortal and erring. Were there a true brotherhood of mankind established, a proper relation of the parts to the whole and to each other,— you would have no difficulty with what is evil in yourself. The lower nature with its temptations would not appear; the world-old battle with the flesh would be won. But separate yourself in yourself,— consider yourself as a selfhood, not as a unit in society; — and you find, there where you have put yourself, evil to contend with a-plenty. Virtue inheres in the Brotherhood of Man; vice in the separate personal and

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individual units. Virtue is in That which is no man's possession, but common to all: namely, the Soul — though he does not enlarge upon it as that; perhaps never mentions it as the Soul at all; — vice is in that which each has for himself alone: the personality. Hence his hatred of religiosity, of personal soul-saving. You were to guard against evil in the simplest way: by living wholly in humanity, finding all your motives and sources of action there. If you were, in the highest sense, simply a factor in human society, you were a good man. If you lived in yourself alone,— having all evil to meet there, you were likely to succumb to it; and you were on the wrong road anyway. Come out, then; think not of your soul to be saved, nor of what may befall you after death. You, as you, are of no account; all that matters is humanity as a whole, of which you are but a tiny part. — Now, if you like, say that Confucius did not teach Theosophy, because, *so far as we know*, he said nothing about Karma or Reincarnation. I am inclined to think him one of the two or three supreme historical Teachers of Theosophy; and to say that his message, so infinitely simple, is one of the most wonderful presentations of it ever given.

It is this entire purity from all taint of personal religion; this distaste for prayer and unrelish for soul-salvation; this sweet clean impersonality of God and man, that makes the missionary writers find him so cold and lifeless. But when you look at him, it is a marvelously warm-hearted magnetic man you see: Such a One as wins hearts to endless devotion. Many of the disciples were men who commanded very much the respect of the world. The king of Ts'u proposed to give Confucius an independent duchy: to make a sovereign prince of him, with territories absolutely his own. But one of his ministers dissuaded him thus: —“Has your majesty,” said he, “any diplomatist in your service like Tse Kung? Or anyone so fitted to be prime minister as Yen Huy? Or a general to compare with Tse Lu? . . . If K'ung Ch'iu were to acquire territory, with such men as these to serve him, it would not be to the prosperity of Ts'u.” — And yet those three brilliant men were content — no, proud — to follow him on his hopeless wanderings, sharing all his long sorrow; they were utterly devoted to him. Indeed, we read of none of his disciples turning against him; — which also speaks mightily well for the stuff that was to be found in Chinese humanity in those days.

Tse Kung was told that some prince or minister had said that he, Tse Kung, was a greater man than Confucius. He answered: “The wall of my house rises only to the height of a man's shoulders; anyone can look in and see whatever excellence is within. But the Master's wall is many fathoms in height; so that who fails to find the gateway cannot see the beauties of the temple within nor the rich apparel of the



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officiating priests. It may be that only a few will find the gate. Need we be surprised, then, at His Excellency's remark?" Yen Huy said:—"The Master knows how to draw us after him by regular steps. He broadens our outlook with polite learning, and restrains our impulses by teaching us self-control."

Only once, I think, is he recorded to have spoken of prayer. He was very ill, and Tse Lu proposed to pray for his recovery. Said Confucius: "What precedent is there for that?" — There was great stuff in that Tse Lu: a bold warriorlike nature; not very pliable; not too easy to teach, I imagine, but wonderfully paying for any lesson taught and learned. He figures often as the one who clings to the letter, and misses vision of the spirit of the teaching; so now — the Master plays him a little with this as to precedent,— which weighed always more strongly with Tse Lu than with Confucius. — "In the *Eulogies*," said Tse Lu (it is a lost work), "it is written: 'We pray to you, O Spirits of Heaven and Earth!'" — "Ah!" said Confucius, "my prayers began long, long ago." But he never did pray, in the Western sense. His *life* was one great intercession and petition for his people.

As to his love of ritual: remember that there are ceremonies and ceremonies, some with deep power and meaning. Those that Confucius upheld came down to him from Adept Teachers of old; and he had an eye to them only as outward signs of a spiritual grace, and means to it. "Ceremonies indeed!" said he once; "do you think they are a mere matter of silken robes and jade ornaments? Music forsooth! Can music be a mere thing of drums and bells?" — Or of harps, lutes, dulcimers, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of instruments, he might have added; all of which, together with all rites, postures, pacings, and offerings, were nothing to him unless channels through which the divine *li* might be induced to flow. Yet on his wanderings, by the roadside, in lonely places, he would go through ceremonies with his disciples. Why? — Why is an army drilled? If you go to the root of the matter, it is to make *one* the consciousness of the individual soldiers. So Confucius, as I take it, in his ceremonies sought to unify the consciousness of his disciples, that the *li* might have passage through them. I say boldly it was a proof of that deep occult knowledge of his,— which he never talked about.

They asked him once if any single ideogram conveyed the whole law of life. — "Yes," he said; and gave them one compounded of two others, which means 'As heart'; — the missionaries prefer to render it 'reciprocity.' His teaching — out of his own mouth we convict him — was the Doctrine of the Heart. He was for the glow in the heart always; not as against, but as the one true cause of, external right action. But the Heart Doctrine cannot be defined in a set of rules and formulae;

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so he was always urging middle lines, common sense. That is the explanation of his famous answer when they asked him whether injuries should be repaid with kindness. What he said amounts to this: "For goodness' sake, use common sense! I have given you 'as heart' for your rule." — We know Katherine Tingley's teaching; not one of us but has been helped and saved by it a thousand times. I can only say that, in the light of that, the more you study Confucius, the greater he seems; the more extraordinary the parallelisms you see between her method and his. Perhaps it is because his method has been so minutely recorded. We do not find here merely ethical precepts, or expositions of philosophic thought: what we see is a Teacher guiding and adjusting the lives of his disciples.

— When he had been three years at Ts'ae, the King of Ts'u invited him to his court. Ts'u, you will remember, lay southward towards the Yangtse, and was, most of the time, one of the Six Great Powers.\* Here at last was something hopeful; and Confucius set out. But Ts'ae and Ch'in, though they had neglected him, had not done so through ignorance of his value; and were not disposed to see his wisdom added to the strength of Ts'u. They sent out a force to waylay him; which surrounded him in the wilderness and held him besieged but unmolested for seven days. Food ran out, and the Confucianists were so enfeebled at last that they could hardly stand. We do not hear that terms were offered, as that they should turn back or go elsewhere: the intention seems to have been to make an end of Confucius and Confucianism altogether,— without bloodshed. Even Tse Lu was shaken. — "Is it for the Princely Man," said he, "to suffer the pinch of privation?" — "Privation may come his way," Confucius answered; "but only the vulgar grow reckless and demoralized under it." So saying he took his lute and sang to them, and hearing him they forgot to fear. Meanwhile one of the party had won through the lines, and brought word to Ts'u of the Master's plight; whereat the king sent a force to his relief, and came out from the capital to receive him in state. The king's intentions were good; but we have seen how his ministers intrigued and diverted them. In the autumn of that year he died, having become somewhat estranged from the Master. His successor was one from whom no good could be expected, and Confucius returned to Wei.

Duke Ling was dead, and his grandson, Chuh, was on the throne. There had been a complication of family crimes and plottings: Chuh had driven out his father, who in turn had attempted the life of his own

\**Ancient China Simplified*: by Prof. E. Harper Parker; from which book the account of the political condition and divisions of the empire given in these lectures is drawn.

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mother, Nantse. Chuh wished to employ Confucius, but not to forgo his evil courses: it was a situation that could not be sanctioned. For six years the Master lived in retirement in Wei, watching events, and always sanguine that his chance would come. He was now sixty-nine years old; but hoped to begin his life's work presently.

Then suddenly he was in demand,— in two quarters. There was a sort of civil war in Wei, and the chief of one of the factions came to him for advice — as to the best means of attacking the other. Confucius was disgusted. Meanwhile Lu had been at war with Ts'i; and Yen Yu, a Confucianist, put in command of the Lu troops, had been winning all the victories in sight. Marquis Ting now slept with his fathers, and Marquis Gae reigned in his stead; also there was a new Chief of Clan Chi to run things: — Gae to reign, Chi to rule. They asked Yen Yu where he had learned his so victorious generalship; and he answered, "from Confucius." — If a mere disciple could do so much, they thought, surely the Master himself could do much more: as, perhaps, lead the Lu armies to universal victory. So they sent him a cordial invitation, with no words as to the warlike views that prompted it. High in hope, Confucius set out; these fourteen years his native country had been pulling at his heart-strings, and latterly, more insistently than ever. But on his arrival he saw how the land lay. Chi consulted him about putting down brigandage: Chi being, as you might say, the arch-brigand of Lu. — "If you, Sir, were not avaricious," said Confucius, "though you offered men rewards for stealing, they would cleave to their honesty." There was nothing to be done with such men as these; he went into retirement, having much literary work to finish. That was in 483.

In 482 his son Li died; and a year later Yen Huy, dearest of his disciples. We have seen how he gave way to grief. There is that strange mystery of the dual nature; even in Such a One. There is the human personality that the Great Soul must work through. He had performed his function; he had fulfilled his duty; all that he owed to the coming ages he had paid in full. But the evidence goes to show that he was still looking forward for a chance to begin, and that every disappointment hurt the outward man of him: that it was telling on him: that it was a sad, a disappointed, even a heart-broken old man that wept over Yen Huy. — In 481, we read, a servant of the Chief of Clan Chi caught a strange one-horned animal, with a white ribbon tied to its horn. None had seen the like of it; and Confucius, being the most learned of men, was called in to make pronouncement. He recognised it at once from his mother's description: it was the *k'e-lin*, the unicorn; that was the ribbon Chingtsai had decked it with in the cave on Mount Ne the night of his birth. He burst into tears. — "For whom have you come?" he cried;

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"for whom have you come?" And then: "The course of my doctrine is run, and wisdom is still neglected, and success is still worshiped. My principles make no progress; how will it be in the after ages?" — Ah, could he have known! — I mean, that old weary mind and body; the Soul which was Confucius knew.

Yen Huy, Tse Lu, and Tse Kung: those were the three whom he had loved and trusted most. Yen Huy was dead; Tse Lu, with Tse Kao, another disciple, he had left behind in Wei holding office under the duke. Now news came that a revolution had broken out there. "Tse Kao will return," said he; "but Tse Lu will die." So it fell. Tse Kao, finding the duke's cause hopeless, made his escape; but Tse Lu fought the forlorn hope to the end, and died like a hero. Only Tse Kung, of the three, was left to him. Who one morning, when he went to the Master's house, found him walking to and fro before the door crooning over this verse:

"The great mountain must crumble,  
The strong beam must break,  
The wise man must wither like a flower."

Heavy-hearted, Tse Kung followed him in. — "What makes you so late?" said Confucius; and then: "According to the rites of Hia, the dead lay in state at the top of the eastern steps, as if he were the host. Under the Shangs, it was between the two pillars he lay, as if he were both host and guest. The rite of the Chows is for him to lie at the top of the western steps, as if he were the guest. I am a man of Shang," — it will be remembered that he was descended from that royal house; — "and last night I dreamed that I was sitting between the pillars, with offerings set out before me. No intelligent monarch arises; no prince will make me his teacher. My time has come to die." — That day he took to his bed; his passing was a week later.

On the banks of the Sze his disciples buried him; and for three years mourned at his grave. But Tse Kung built himself a cabin at the graveside, and remained there three years longer. "All my life," said he, "I have had heaven above my head, but I do not know its height. I have had earth beneath my feet, but I have not known its magnitude. I served Confucius: I was like a thirsty man going with his pitcher to the river. I drank my fill, but I never knew the depth of the water."

And Tse Kung was right; and what he felt then, one feels now. You read Boswell, and have your Johnson in the hollow of your hand: body, soul, and spirit: higher triad and lower quaternary. Of Confucius we have a picture in some respects even more detailed than Boswell's of Johnson; but when we have said everything, we still feel that nothing has been said. Boswell lets you in through his master's church-door;

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shows you nave and aisles, vault and vestry; climbs with you to the belfry; stands with you at the altar and in the pulpit: till you have seen everything there is to see. But with Confucius — as with every Adept — the case is quite different. "The Master's wall is fathomless," said Tse Kung; but he and the other disciples took care that China at least should find the gate of entry; and it is still possible for us to go in, and "see the beauty of the temple, the richness of the robes of the officiating priests." You go through everything; see him under all sorts of circumstances; and ask at last: "Is this all?" — "No," says your guide; "see here!" and flings one last door open. And that, like the door in Lord Dunsaney's play, opens on to the vastness of the stars. What is it that baffles us and remains undefined and undefinable? Just this: TAO: the Infinite Nature. You can survey the earth, and measure it with chains; but not Space, in which a billion leagues is nowise different from an inch or two,— it bears the same proportion to the whole.

There was his infinite trust; — and his unbroken silence as to the Things he trusted in. Time and the world went proving to him year by year that his theories were all impracticable, all wrong; that he was a failure; that there was not anything for him to do, and never would be a chance for him to do it; — and all their arguments, all the sheer dreadful tyranny of fact, had no weight with him at all: he went on and on. What was his sword of strength? Where were the Allies in whom he trusted? How dared he pit K'ung Ch'iu of Lu against time and the world and men? — The Unseen was with him, and the Silence; and he (perhaps) lifted no veil from the Unseen, and kept silent as to the Silence; — and yet maintained his Movement, and held his disciples together, and saved his people,— as if he himself had been the Unseen made visible, and the Silence given a voice to speak.

And with it all there was the human man who suffered. I think you will love him the more for this, from the *Analects*:

"The Minister said to Tse Lu, Tseng Hsi, Jan Yu, and Kung-hsi Hua as they sat beside him: 'I may be a day older than you are, but forget that. You are wont to say, "We are unknown": well; had ye a name in the world, what would ye do?'

"Tse Lu answered lightly: 'Give me charge of a land of a thousand chariots, crushed between great neighbors, overrun by soldiery and oppressed by famine; in three years' time I should have put courage and high purpose into the people.'

"The Master smiled. — 'What wouldst thou do, Ch'iu?' he said.

"Jan Yu answered: 'Had I charge of sixty or seventy square miles, or from fifty to sixty, in three years' time I would give the people plenty. As for courtesy, music and the like, they could wait for those for the rise of a Princely Man.'

"And what wouldst thou do, Chih?' said the Master.

"Kung-hsi Hua answered: 'I would speak of the things I fain would learn, not of what I can do. At service in the Ancestral Temple, or at the Grand Audience, clad in black robe and cap, I fain would fill a small part.'

"And thou, Tien?' said the Master.

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"Tseng Hsi stopped playing, pushed away his still sounding lute, rose up, and made answer: 'My choice would be unlike those of the other three.'

" 'What harm in that?' said the Master. 'Each but speaks his mind.'

"Tseng Hsi said: 'In the last days of Spring, and clad for the season, with five or six grown men and six or seven lads, I would bathe in the waters of Yi, all fanned by the breeze in the Rain God's Glade, and wander home with song.'

"The Master sighed. — 'I hold with Tien,' said he."

Very, very human, I say; very Chinese. But here is that which was not human but divine: he never turned from his path to satisfy these so human and Chinese longings: the breeze in the Rain God's Glade never blew for him. It is just as well to remember, when you read of the ceremonies, the body bent under the load of the scepter, the carefully chosen (as it may seem) and habitually worn expression of face on passing or approaching the throne, the "elbows spread like wings": —all the formal round of proprieties; — that it was the last days of Spring, and the waters of Yi, and the breeze in the Rain God's Glade, that were calling to his Chinese heart.

Yes; he was very human: listen to this: — "Yüan Jang awaited the Master squatting on the ground. The Master said: — 'Unruly when young, unmentioned as man, undying when old,— this spells *Good-for-nothing*'; and hit him on the leg with his staff."

— Which brings one naturally to his sense of humor.

Once he was passing through a by-street when a man of the district shouted: — "Great is Confucius the Philosopher! Yet for all his wide learning he has nothing which can bring him fame!" The Master turned to his disciples and said: — "What shall I take up? Shall I take up charioteering? — or archery? — I must certainly take up charioteering!"

His disciples once were expecting him at the city of Ch'ing; and Tse Kung asked a man who was coming from the east gate if he had seen him there. — "Well," said the man, "there is a man there with a forehead like Yao, a neck like Kao Yao, his shoulders on a level with those of Tse-ch'an, but wanting below the waist three inches of the height of Yü; — and altogether having the forsaken appearance of a stray dog." Tse Kung recognised the description and hurried off to meet the Master, to whom he reported it *verbatim*. Confucius was hugely delighted. "A stray dog!" said he; "fine! fine!" Unluckily, no contemporary photographs of Yao and Yü and the others have come down; so the description is not as enlightening now as it may have been then.

"Tse Kung," we read, "would compare one man with another. The Master said:—"What talents Tse has! Now *I* have no time for such things!"

I keep on hearing in his words accents that sound familiar.

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When he was at Loyang — Honanfu — one of the things that struck him most was a bronze statue in the Temple of the Imperial Ancestors, with a triple clasp on its mouth. One does not wonder. A Great Soul from the God World, he kept his eyes resolutely on the world of men: as if he remembered nothing of the splendor, and nothing foresaw. . . . Indeed, I cannot tell; one would give much to know what really passed between him and Laotse. If you say that no word of his lightens for you that 'dusk within the Holy of holies,' — at least he gives you the keys, and leaves you to find and open the Holy of holies for yourself if you can. There are lost chapters, that went at the Burning of the Books; and an old-fashioned Chinaman would often tell you, of any Western idea or invention his countrymen may not have known, that you should have found all in the lost chapters of Confucius. It may be; — and that you should have found there better things, too, than Western ideas and inventions. There is a passage in the *Analects* that tells how the disciples thought he was keeping back from them some part of his doctrine: "No, no," he answered; "if I should not give it all to you, to whom should I give it?" Distinctly, then, this suggests that there was an esotericism, a side not made public; and there is no reason to suppose that it has been made public since. But it is recorded that he would lift no veils from the Other-worlds. "If you do not understand life," said he, "how can you understand death?"

Well; we who are stranded here, each on his desert island of selfhood, thrust out after knowledge: peer for signs at all the horizons; are eager to inquire, and avid of the Unknown — which also we imagine to be something outside of our own being. But suppose a man, as they say one with Tao, in which all knowledge rests in solution: what knowledge would he desire? After what would he be inquisitive? And how much, desiring it, would he possess? What is the end of being, after all? — To perform your function, your duty: what men and the world, — ay, and the far suns and stars,— are requiring of you: — that is all. Not to gain infinite knowledge; but to have at every step what knowledge you need; that so you may fill your place in the Universe, meeting all contours and flowing into them; restoring and maintaining the Harmony of Things. So we hear much about this performance of duty. But in reality, to do one's duty is to sing with the singing spheres: to have the Top of Infinity for the roof of one's skull, and the bottom of the Great Deep for one's footsoles: to be a compendium, and the Equal, of Heaven and Earth. The password into the Tao of Laotse is *Silence*; Confucius kept the great Silence more wonderfully than Laotse did — or so it seems to me now. Laotse said: *Sing with the singing spheres, and behold, your duty is doing itself under your hands.* — The password into the Tao of Confucius

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is *Duty*: he said merely *Do that, and*,— the rest is silence. He may have played that *rest* on his lute; we are not to hear it in his words. There was a knowledge that Laotse, enthroned in his silence, had no means of using; that Confucius riding the chariot of duty, had no occasion to possess.

Now whether you call Tao *duty*, or *silence*,— what should the Man of Tao desire beyond the fulness of it? All the light is there for him; all the suns are kindled for him; — why should he light wax candles? That is, for himself: he will light them fast enough where others may be in need. To us, a great poem may be a great thing; but to them who have the fulness of which the greatest poem is but a little glimpse — what should it matter to them? And of the infinite knowledge at his disposal, would the Man of Tao choose to burden himself with one little item of which there was no present need?

So when they say, "Confucius was nobody; there is no evidence that he knew the great secrets"; answer them: — "Yes, there is. He knew that supreme secret, how to *teach*, which is the office of a Teacher: he knew how to build up the inner life of his disciples: to coax, train, lure the hidden god into manifestation in them." And for evidence you can give them this: Tse Kung — who, you remember, was always comparing this man with that — asked which was the better, Shih or Shang. (They were two disciples.) Confucius answered: "Shih goes too far; Shang not far enough." Said Tse Kung (just as you or I would have done): — "Then Shih is the better man?" — "Too far," replied Confucius, "is not better than not far enough." — To my ears there is more occultism in that than in a thousand ethical injunctions. — Or there is this: Tse Lu asked: "Shall I do all I am taught?" The Master answered: — "Whilst thy father and thy elder brother are alive, how canst thou do all thou art taught?" Jan Yu said: — "Shall I do all I am taught?" The Master said: — "Do all thou art taught." Kung-hsi Hua said: "Yu asked, 'Shall I do all I am taught?' and you spoke, Sir, of father and elder brother. Ch'iu asked, 'Shall I do all I am taught?' and you answered: 'Do all thou art taught.' I am puzzled, and make bold to ask you, Sir." The Master said: — "Ch'iu is bashful, so I egged him on. Yu has the pluck of two, so I held him back."

Think it over! Think it over!

This thought occurs to me: Was that sadness of his last days caused by the knowledge that the School could not continue after his death; because the one man who might have succeeded him as the Teacher, Yen Huy, was dead? So far as I know, it did not go on; there was no one to succeed him. That supreme success, that grand capture of future ages for the Gods, was denied him; or I daresay our own civilization might have been Confucian — BALANCED — now. But short of that —



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how sublime a figure he stands! If he had known that for twenty-five centuries or so he was to shine within the vision of the great unthinking masses of his countrymen as their supreme example: their anchor against the tides of error, against abnormalities, extravagances, unbalance; a bulwark against invading time and decay; a check on every bad emperor, so far as check might be set at all; a central idea to mold the hundred races of Chu Hia into homogeneity; a stay, a prop, a warning against headlong courses at all times of cyclic downtrend: — if he had known all this, he would, I think, have ordered his life precisely as he did. Is there no strength implied, as of the Universal, and not of any personal, will, however titanic, in the fact that moment after moment, day after day, year after year, he built up this picture, gave the world this wonderful assurance of a man? In his omissions, no less than in his fulfilments. He taught,— so far as we know,— nothing but what the common mind might easily accept: nothing to miss the mark of the intelligence of dull Li or Ching toiling in the rice-field; — nor yet too paltry for the notice of the Hwangti on the Dragon Throne. Laotse had come in the spirit of Plenydd the Light-bringer; in the spirit of Alawn, to raise up presently sweet profusions of song: he illuminated the inner worlds; his was the urge that should again and again, especially later when reinforced by Buddhism, prick up the Black-haired People to heights of insight and spiritual achievement. — But the cycles of insight and spiritual achievement, these too, must always run their course and fall away; there is no year when it is always Spring. Dark moments and seasons come; and the Spirit becomes hidden; and what you need most is not illumination,— which you cannot get; or if you could, it would be hell, and not heaven, that would be illuminated for you; not a spur to action,— for as things are constituted, any spur at such a time would drive you to wrong and exorbitant action: — what you need is not these, but simply stability to hold on; simply the habit of propriety, the power to go on at least following harmless conventions and doing harmless things: — not striking out new lines for yourself, which would certainly be wrong lines, but following as placidly as may be lines that were laid down for you, or that you yourself laid down, in more righteous and more luminous times. A strong government, however tyrannical, is better than an anarchy in which the fiend in every man is let loose to run amuck. Under the tyranny, yes, the aspiring man will find himself hindered and thwarted; but under the anarchy, since man is no less hell than heaven, the gates of hell will be opened, and the Soul, normally speaking, can only retire and wait for better times: — unless it be the Soul of a Confucius, it can but wait till Karma with ruthless hands has put down the anarchy and cleared things up. Unless it be the Soul

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of a Confucius; — and even Such a One is bound to be a failure in his own day.

But see what he did. The gates of hell were swung wide, and for the time being, not the hosts of the Seraphim and Cherubim,—not the armed Bodhisatvas and Dhyānis,—could have forced them back on their hinges: “the ripple of effect,” we read, “thou shalt let run its course.” But in the ideal world he erected a barrier against them. He set up a colossal statue with arms outthrown to bar the egress: the statue of Confucius preaching the Balanced Life. With time it materialized, so to say, and fell into place. You can never certainly stop the gates of hell,—in this stage of our evolution. But perhaps as nearly as it can be done, he did it. Rome fell, and Christendom made a mess of things: it has never yet achieved that union which is the first condition of true civilization. But China, older than Rome, despite her sins and vicissitudes, has made a shift to stand. I shall come to comparing the two histories presently; then you will see. When the pralaya came on her, and the forces of life all went elsewhere — as they do and must from every civilization in their season,—China lost two of her treasures: Plenydd’s vision, and Alawn’s gift of song, were taken from her. But this stability: these Gloves of Gwron: this instinct for middle courses and the balance, this Doctrine of the Mean and love of plain sane doings: she has retained enough of this to keep her in being. And it was K’ung Ch’iu of Lu that gave it to her. Shall we not call him Such a One as only the Gods send?

Someone told me the other day what he had seen a couple of Chinamen do in a Californian garden. They had a flower-bed to plant, about forty feet long; and each a basket of seedlings to plant it with, and a slip of wood for a model, with mystic unintelligible signs inscribed thereon: WELCOME HOME in English capitals. One went to one end of the bed and the other to the other, and they began their planting. They made no measurements or calculations; used no rod or line; but just worked ahead till they met in the middle. When that happened, and the job was done, the bed was inscribed, in perfectly formed and proportioned English capitals made of young plants, WELCOME HOME. There was no crowding or omission. To account for it you have twenty-four centuries of Confucianism,—of Katherine Tingley’s doctrine of Middle Lines, the Balanced Life.

It is a very small thing; but it may help us to understand.

## TEMPTATION

T. HENRY, M. A.

**I**N *The Secret Doctrine* we chance upon the following remarks:

“‘Lead us not into Temptation’ is addressed daily to ‘our Father which art in Heaven,’ and not to the Devil, by millions of human Christian hearts. They do so, repeating the very words put in the mouth of their Savior, and do not give one thought to the fact that their meaning is contradicted point-blank by James ‘the brother of the Lord.’ ‘Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man.’ Why, then, say that it is the Devil who tempts us, when the Church teaches us *on the authority of Christ* that it is God who does so?” — I, 414

And the author points out that theology defines temptation in two ways: afflictions whereby God tries his people; and snares whereby the Devil entices mankind. It is this dual understanding of the word ‘temptation’ that may help us to understand how the Deity permitted man to be tempted in Eden. This is a well-known stumbling-block; for people have asked why, if the Deity is omniscient, did he not prevent the Devil from thwarting his will? The difficulty disappears when we understand temptation in its other sense; because then it appears that the Deity was *testing* man, and the Devil would seem, on this occasion at any rate, to have been his agent. It will be remembered that Job was tempted or tried in the same way, and that Satan, on this occasion, presents himself among the sons of God.

The practical lesson to be learnt from the above is that temptation in general wears this dual aspect, and that we should never lose sight of this fact. If we are to take the story of Adam in Eden as an exemplar of human life, we must suppose that man’s further evolution necessitated that he should be tested. Indeed it is impossible to see how a being endowed with free-will and the power of choice can progress unless he makes use of those prerogatives; otherwise he will always remain a negatively good creature. And if man possesses these powers, it must be his function to act as a responsible being, not as a mere puppet. In matters of ordinary business we can understand that a mere unskilled laborer can get along without much power of initiative, by obeying orders; whereas a foreman or manager must be able to exercise his own discretion. This latter agent therefore requires to be tested.

In saying that God or the Devil tempts man, we are liable in either case to imagine that the temptation is wrought by a personality — the personal God or the personal Devil. But, since the assignment of personality to these good and evil powers belongs to the crude conceptions

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of an outworn theology, and is liable to lead us into superstitious error, we may avoid it. Is it not rather man who tempts himself?

Man is a pilgrim journeying through life. In reality he is an immortal Soul, superior to life and death, possessing Knowledge; but he has undertaken a pilgrimage through the wilds of earth-life, for the purpose of which he assumes incarnate form. With his bodily form he puts on forgetfulness, so that he does not know he is an immortal Soul, and his divine nature is revealed to him only in transient flashes of intuition. Yet it is his destiny, in fulfilment of his higher evolution, to win back the Knowledge he has lost, and thus to achieve 'salvation' and enlightenment even while incarnate in the body. He is here for the purpose of gaining experience and for the perfecting of his nature. Hence we can truly regard man as one who is continually testing himself. Observe, however, that it is the Higher Ego, the real Self, that is doing the testing, and not the ignorant lower personality; and it is necessary to observe this carefully in order to avoid the disastrous mistake of supposing that we can deliberately court evil for the purpose of testing our own character. When the Teachers say, 'Learn from experience,' or 'Test all experience,' they do not mean that you shall deliberately choose evil, but that you shall endeavor to turn even your involuntary mistakes into useful lessons. A man who deliberately chooses evil misuses his will, and the Karmic penalty for that is very heavy; that is, he sets in motion a force which it is very hard to counteract.

Temptations are of the pleasurable sort which we call good luck, and of the painful sort which we call bad luck — anything that tends to shake the soul from its equilibrium and to cause it to become the slave of desires and passions. The inevitable experiences of life are sufficient to afford all the necessary tests, without our deliberately courting temptation. As far as our will is concerned, we have to strive continually to the good, and to endeavor to view the inevitable as experience needed for strengthening of our character.

The work which man is doing is like that of a man struggling into self-possession after a bad dream: we are trying to realize ourselves, to extricate ourselves from delusion and from the pull of conflicting forces. Self-mastery is our goal. But it is essential to realize that the real Man is not the self-seeking personality, but the illuminated Man within, which we are trying to bring forth into the light.

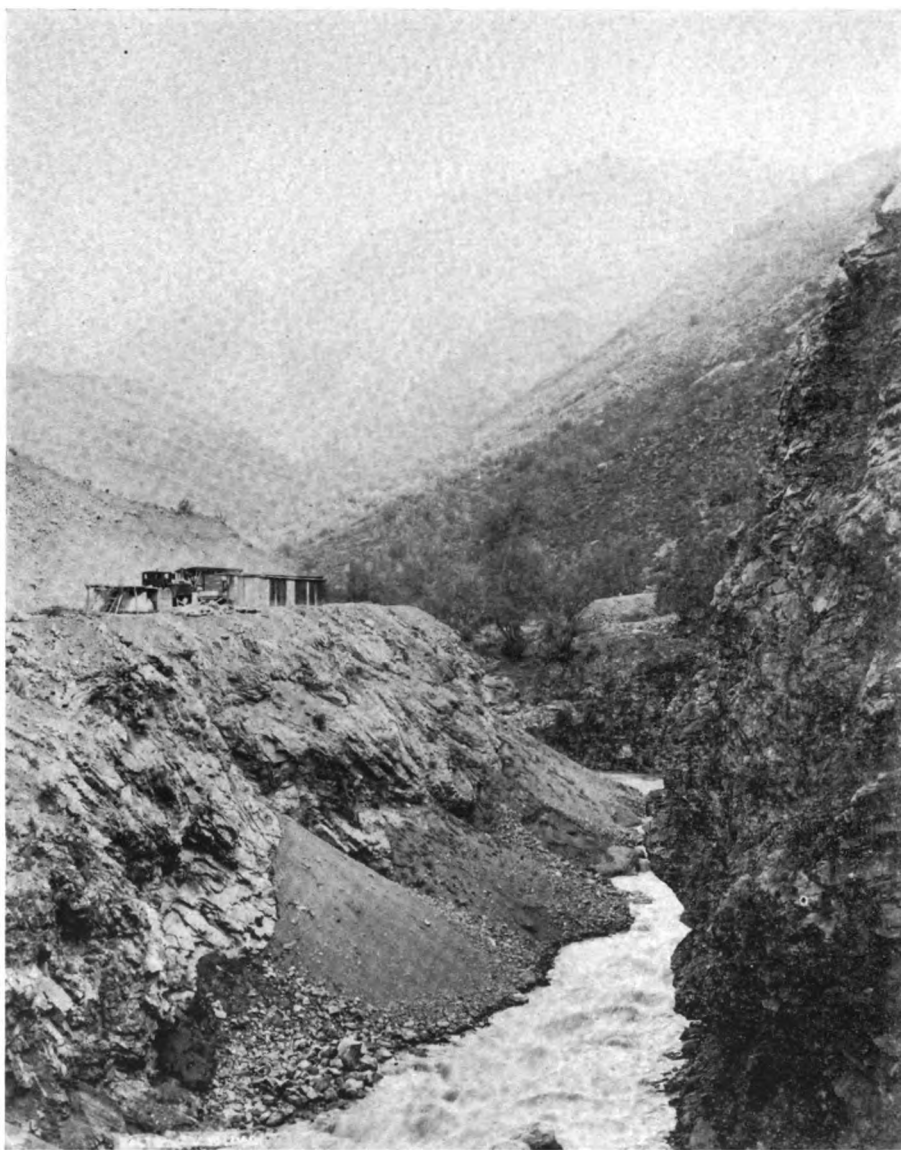
Our own aspirations bring us into trial, because thereby we challenge the hostile forces in our nature. Thus it is evident that it is we ourselves who are testing ourselves.

How are we to understand the prayer, addressed to the God within, "Lead us not into temptation"? Probably in connexion with the suc-



MUNICIPAL PARK, VALPARAISO, CHILE

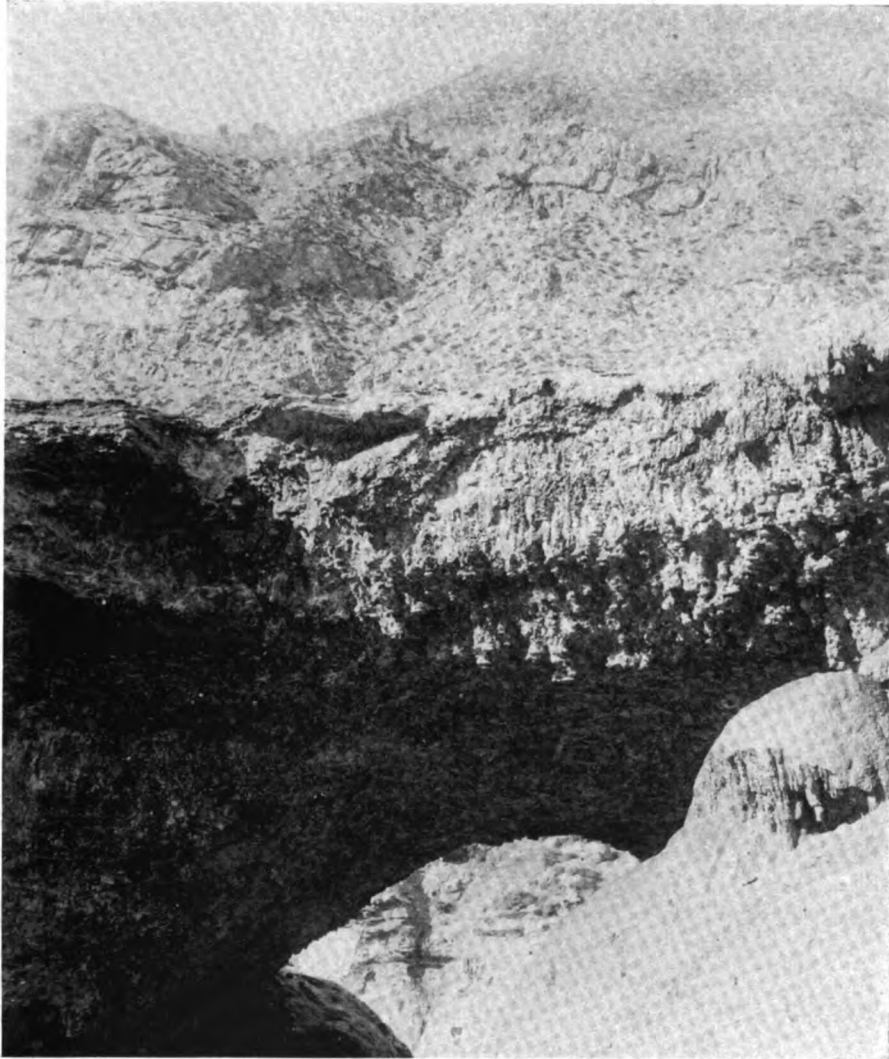
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**SOLDIER'S JUMP, ANDES MOUNTAINS**

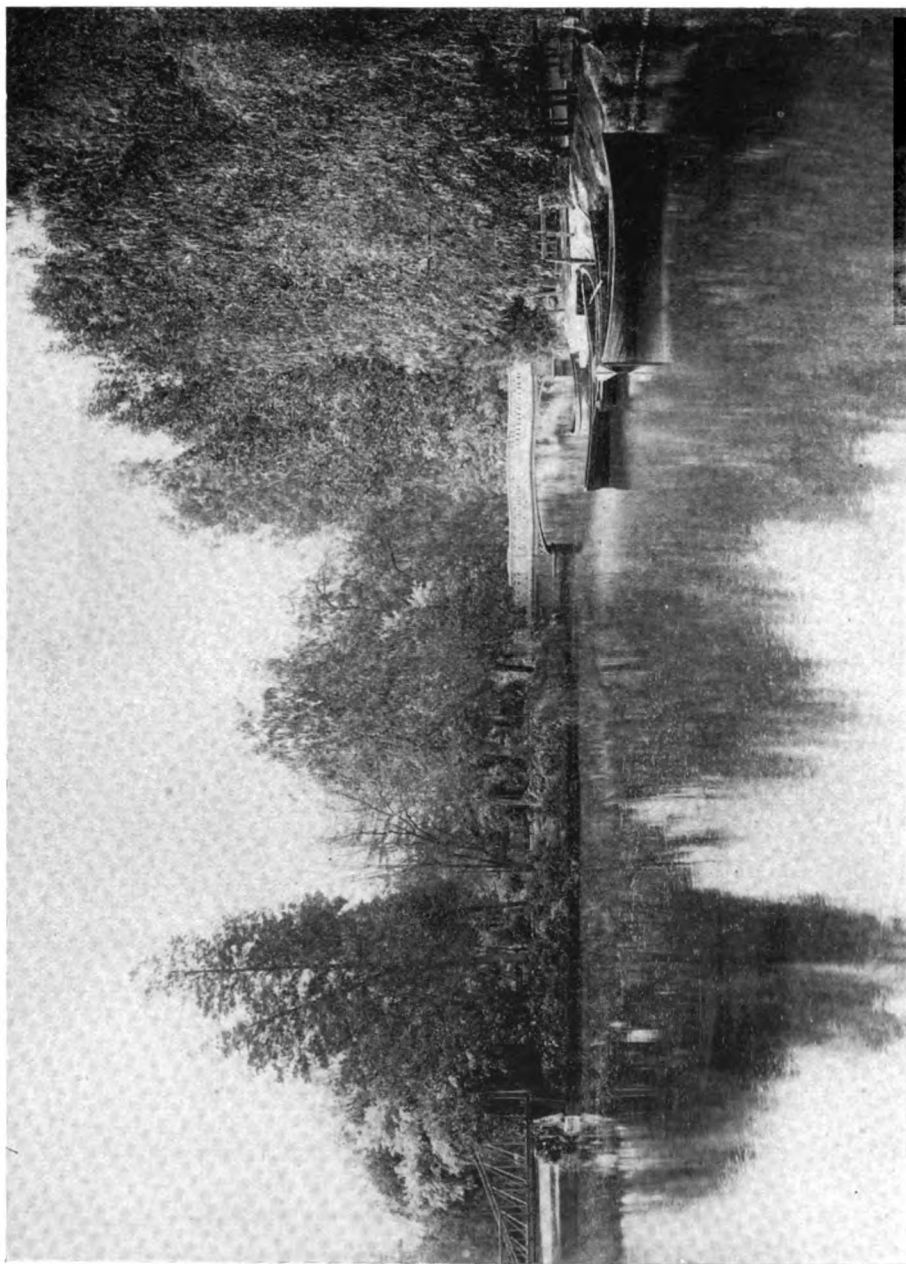


*Photo by Leblanc*

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### **'INCA BRIDGE,' ANDES MOUNTAINS**

**A natural bridge, with a raging river flowing far below;  
midway to the Cumbre Pass between Argentina and Chile.**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**LAKE IN COUSIÑO PARK, VALPARAISO, CHILE**

Given to the City. with provision for perpetual maintenance, by Sra. Doña Cousiño for use as a public park for the poor.



## TEMPTATION

ceeding sentence, "But deliver us from evil." In this case the meaning of the prayer would be, 'Grant that we break not down under trial.'

The Theosophical teachings help us greatly to profit by the injunction, because they give us confidence in the power of our own pure resolve: they convince us that such a resolve will actually bring into play a higher power from the deep resources of our own nature. We know that the Manas is dual, and that its higher aspect is illumined by the Light from above.

There are many fashionable cults of 'metaphysics' and such-like, which teach us to summon powers from within; but they are selfish powers. The aim is self-satisfaction or gain of some sort. To invoke spiritual powers, the aspiration must be pure from personal motives and unselfish. This is real prayer.

If we believe there is a serene and higher life for man, free from the anxieties and cares that arise from the lower nature, then we must study how to stand firm amid temptations, whether of the pleasurable or the painful kind; for these, if succumbed to, will bind us closer in the meshes of desire and disappointment.

It is characteristic of the fatuity of man that he often seeks for great and dramatic tests, while all the time he is neglecting the little opportunities which daily life presents. It is these little temptations of pride and prejudice and anger and desire that are our real foes or friends, according as we meet them — foes if we yield, teachers if we overcome.




"RECENT discoveries made by great mathematicians and Kabalists thus prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that every theology, from the earliest and oldest down to the latest, has sprung not only from a common source of abstract beliefs, but from one universal esoteric, or 'Mystery' language. These scholars hold the key to the universal language of old, and have turned it successfully, though only *once*, in the hermetically closed door leading to the Hall of Mysteries. The great archaic system known from prehistoric ages as the sacred Wisdom Science, one that is contained and can be traced in every old as well as in every new religion, had, and still has, its universal language . . . the language of the Hierophants, which has seven 'dialects,' so to speak, each referring, and being specially appropriated, to one of the seven mysteries of Nature."—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 310

## NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

FRED. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E., School of Antiquity, Point Loma, California

"Nature geometrizes universally in all her manifestations. There is an inherent law — not only in the primordial, but also in the manifested matter of our phenomenal plane — by which Nature correlates her geometrical forms, and later, also, her compound elements; and in which there is no place for accident or chance. It is a fundamental law . . . that there is no rest or cessation of motion in Nature. That which seems rest is only the change of one form into another."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 97

 HE idea so long accepted, that movements in the plane have no place in elementary geometry, is one which we are inclined to suggest has little basis in historical fact, or even in the implicit evidence afforded by the postulates, theorems, and problems more or less attributed to Euclid. The failure to recognise this fundamental principle of plane movement has led to much confusion of thought. Its denial seems to be not only a radical error, but is perfectly needless, and is eminently discouraging to pupils. We propose to take up this matter in some detail. For it is surely high time that theoretical geometry — which ought to be preceded by a course in practical — should be taught with careful regard to the importance of movement. Kinematics is also geometry; and in brief, a knowledge of the geometry of movement is essential in many branches of science.

Why did an omission so serious occur at all? We are asked, no doubt, to lay it at the door of some Greek geometers, although, as we hope to show, Euclid should not be included among the pedants, ancient or modern. We need not question that most of the valuable demonstrations in Euclid owe their existence to Pythagoras, Thales, and Eudoxus. Nor need we doubt that some Greeks insisted on 'ruler and compasses' alone being used. Our object in the main is to show that this restriction is not only purely artificial, but that in fact it is *entirely foreign to the subject*. By the way, Newton, who is said to have absorbed the *Elements* of Euclid rapidly, at an early age, expressed in later life his regret that he had not given more attention to them.

Perhaps we might trace an Aristotelean influence in this limited treatment of geometrical ideas, notwithstanding the theory that Pythagorean geometry considered "continued quantity so far as it is [momentarily?] immovable." One is hardly inclined to accept modern estimates of Pythagoras; as when, for example, we find him pictured as *trying* "to find whether five equilateral triangles could be placed at a common vertex." As if knowledge of the five regular solids only began with him!

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Our records of the earlier geometers and their work are sparse, which need not be wondered at. Thales and Pythagoras, like many others of the older Academies, gained their knowledge in Egypt and the East. If, owing to the effective measures taken to anticipate vandalism, all the most precious rolls of the Alexandrian library were carefully preserved, they are not as yet available for Europeans. Diocletian burned whole libraries, including all the ancient books that could be found in Egypt. Cardinal Ximenes consigned 80,000 Arabic manuscripts to the flames. On the other hand, we note that nearly seventy thousand years ago — a more probable date than only *four*, for good reasons — the Great Pyramid had its polished marble slopes precisely at the angle whose tangent is  $4/\pi$ ; that it was accurately oriented; that the principal chamber, among other things, had its length, breadth, and long diagonal integral; and that the whole work was laid out with an accuracy surpassing the capabilities of the best modern instruments to check satisfactorily, as W. M. Flinders Petrie has confessed. All this was not the work of men who lacked a very thorough knowledge of geometry. And what do the ancient writers tell us of astronomical knowledge? The enormous antiquity of this science, perhaps the highest practical instance of applied geometrical knowledge, is almost incredible; and the full significance of this is not yet appreciated. The *Sârya-Siddhânta* we have in translated form gives but an imperfect indication of the extent of this and other ancient sciences. All that has reached the Sanskritists, so far, is little more than fragments of rejected versions of the originals. Much more might be said on these matters. We merely touch upon them in order to hint that what reached Greece and even Egypt were but portions of archaic knowledge in all sciences of a quality and completeness beyond our grasp for the present; and that when ideas flash into the minds of Archimedes or Einstein or Planck they are but rediscoveries of portions of a knowledge of Nature's principles inherited by long-past high civilizations, due to reappear again and again, along with profounder knowledge of the meaning of life itself, as conditions permit. Vandalism, intolerance, and unbrotherliness limit the possibilities of real and important advances in science to a far greater degree than men realize or even suspect.

To return, then, to our main subject. We shall find that correct principles correspond, as they should, with correct practice. Plane geometry should deal with movements *in* — not above or outside — the plane. Secondly, just as it has to bring points and lines into coincidence, it also necessarily utilizes coincident planes in mutual relative rotation around a point common to both. The latter is implied in Euclid's rather vaguely worded circle-postulate. Compasses, being outside the plane, have no act or part in the business. Were the 'given radius' to be found

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and applied by compasses, *his second and third propositions would be needless*. It is remarkable that a simple matter like this should so long have been kept out of sight — for we can hardly say altogether ignored — in the text-books. The consequences of this oversight — for it is nothing else — have been entertaining. Things have been declared impossible by the geometry of line and circle which are not only entirely possible, but entirely simple.

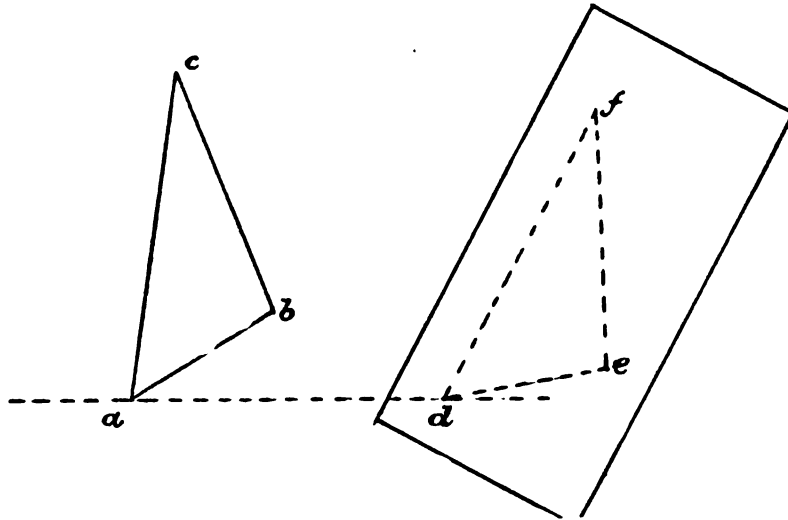


Fig. 1

Let us consider Euclid's *Elements*, I, iv. A triangle,  $abc$  (Fig. 1), is given in the plane (A) of the paper, and another,  $def$ , on a plane B coincident with plane A. Plane B can be represented by a sheet of tracing-paper. The angles at  $a$  and  $d$  are given equal, also  $ac = df$ , and  $ab = de$ . To prove congruence, or identity. Join  $ad$  by a 'straight,' and let  $d$  in plane B move along  $da$  till coincident with point  $a$ . Then let plane B rotate around the now common point  $ad$  until line  $df$  coincides with any point, as  $k$ , in the line  $ac$ . Proof of congruence follows in the usual way. Note that it is a *circle-movement*, arrested upon  $df$  coinciding with  $k$ , which brings  $f$  into

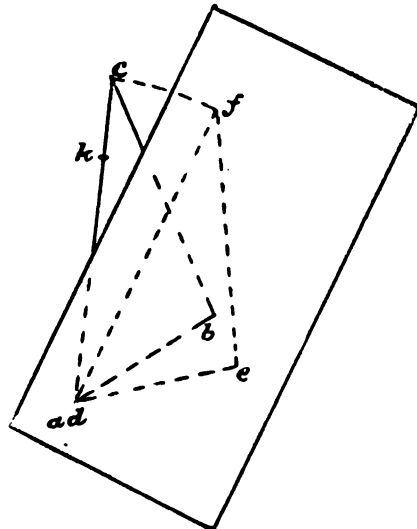


Fig. 2

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coincidence with  $c$  (Fig. 2). This is plane geometry; whether Euclidean or not is not of the slightest consequence, although we are inclined to the view that this, and nothing else, is what Euclid had in mind, having regard to the two preceding propositions.

In their anxiety to avoid the Heresy of admitting movement in the plane, it is really laughable to note the straits to which some text-book writers are driven, resulting in more complex, as well as indeterminate, movements *through space*, and often in an insoluble enigma. Let us see. First of all they invent a new axiom: Let it be granted that any figure may be moved about *in space* without changing either its size or shape.

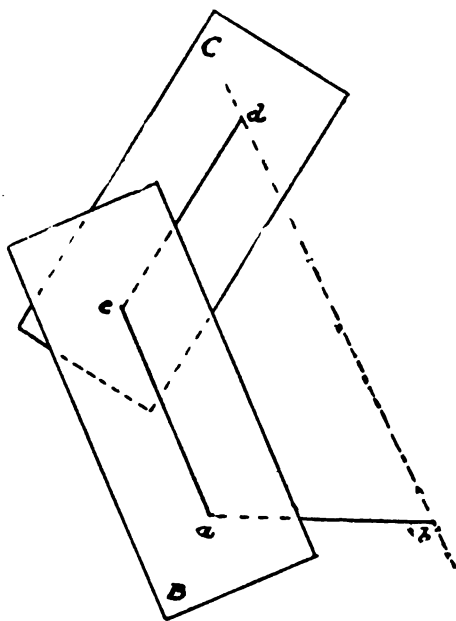


Fig. 4

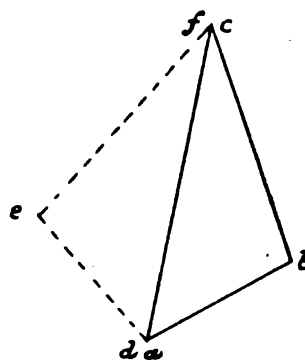


Fig. 3

Accordingly we have to imagine the triangle  $def$  springing suddenly into space, and after executing  $n$  somersaults ( $n$  integral or fractional) to stop somewhere in intersection with the original plane along a line  $pq$ . After rotating its plane around this

line as an axis till coincident with the original plane, the same movements as before described would *still be requisite* — but owing to a miscalculation of the number of whole or half somersaults the final position might not improbably be as in Fig. 3, where proof of congruence is impossible at this supposed stage of geometrical theory; whereas the original triangle  $def$  in Fig. 1 had been in correct right-and-left position. Surely all this is retrogressive rather than plane geometry!

Again, as two or more points, two or more lines, can by plane-movement be brought to coincidence, so with two or more planes, and this without in the least departing from plane-geometry principles.

Given a line-sect  $ab$  (Fig. 4) on plane  $A$ ; an equal line-sect  $ac$  on coincident plane  $B$ ; an equal line-sect  $cd$  on coincident plane  $C$ . Let  $A, B,$

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be capable of mutual rotation round  $a$  common to both; and  $B, C$ , round point  $c$  common to both. Join  $db$ , and let point  $d$  move along  $db$  till coincident with  $b$ . The resulting triangle formed by  $ba, ac, cd$  is evidently equilateral. The only originating movement needed is the rectilineal, of point  $d$ . Now just as a straight-edge affords a convenient means for representing straights on a plane, so the old pocket mathematical foot-rule, when laid on the paper, is a convenient representation of the coincident planes  $B, C$ , and has only to be furnished with a needle-point

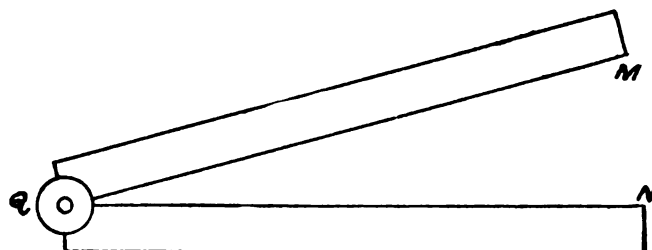


Fig. 5

at corner  $N$  (Fig. 5) to render it a good instrument for some problems. The center of rotation at  $Q$  might be provided with an adjustable needle-point. These needle-points are normal to the paper, unlike ordinary compasses which, as generally used, are often inclined to the paper, bore conical holes, and have other undesirable and non-mathematical features, however convenient for rough work. Keeping to plane geometry has its advantages, practically as well as theoretically. Possibly those obstinate Greeks forgot these things too. The fundamental idea of this foot-rule is utilized in Amsler's planimeter, along with other ideas of course, and it is one of the most perfect geometrical instruments known. And if anything more were needed to show the superior accuracy of correct principles as applied to the circle, we could scarcely do better than open the box containing this instrument. We find therein a thin flat metal bar, of which Fig. 6 is a plan.

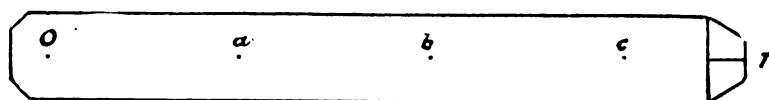


Fig. 6

At  $O$ , on the under face, a short needle-point enters the paper. At  $a, b, c$ , on the upper face, are small holes which exactly fit the tracing-point of the planimeter. Their centers are at accurately-known units of distance from center  $O$ . At the fiduciary end  $T$  is a short fine radial line, at whose end a point is pricked in the paper. The tracing-point of the instrument

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having been inserted at say point  $c$ , the bar is then rotated  $n$  times, coincident with the paper-plane, finally stopping at marked point  $T$ , when the planimeter-reading divided by  $n$  should give the known area of a circle of radius  $Oc$ . If not, the divided bar of the planimeter is adjusted by slow-motion screw until on repetition the reading is correct. The instrument is then ready for use. Note that the ideally accurate circle described, though not *delineated*, by point  $c$  is not completed till the radial line returns to the point pricked in the paper. Here is a feature which is ignored in most plane-geometry text-books, and to which the unfortunate student is seldom introduced till he takes up the study of trigonometry. Yet it should be fundamental in the definition of a circle, surely. Secondly, in this example, as in astronomical and geodetic instruments, accuracy is *alone* attainable through the mutual rotation of coincident planes, and this is simply, we repeat, because this principle is absolutely fundamental in any correct, or even intelligible, treatment of the subject. These matters become of far greater import when the student finally realizes that we never, in mathematics, pass beyond plane geometry under any circumstances. Whether we deal with spherical trigonometry, or with three co-ordinate planes and a fourth time-plane as well, every single relation is established in the first instance by plane geometry alone. If it comes to that, we rarely think even in two dimensions. For instance, a triangle is there, and about all we can do is to crawl along each side and measure it, or else creep along an arc and measure that.

But as for *movement*, or centers of rotation — Heaven preserve us! — these must surely belong to other states of being. We never so much as heard of them. Pupils who wish to push on to physics or mechanics, are thus not infrequently discouraged, at least at the outset — and unless rendered pedant-proof by a prior course in practical common-sense geometry — by this array of vaguely-worded postulates and inconsistent suppositions and inert figures, which latter might yield all their real meaning rapidly if set forth properly in text-books. Simplification, not complexity, would ensue.

There is another *movement* that merits more attention. It is the 'John Perry movement,' and it ought to have its energetic successors in these days. A few steps were taken, and then came a halt. Pedagogy remains too much alienated from the practical, not from lack of information but, in this case at least, from actual neglect of the most fundamental principles of geometry — certainly a strange situation. If there are clamors for the elimination of mathematics as an entrance requirement and so on, Science has only herself to blame. With one breath she says certain things can NOT be done, and with the next that they *have* been

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

done, long ago, comparatively speaking (*i. e.*, perhaps a few decades ago). People grew tired of it all.

Since the days when Zeno puzzled his listeners with the problem of the hare and the tortoise, there has perhaps been no finer instance of this self-contradictoriness and confusion than that afforded us about forty years ago by the brilliant geometer John Casey, LL. D., F. R. S., the very man to whom we are indebted for the correct idea of the trisection problem. For he calls his solution "the trisection of an angle by ruler and compass." (Here "an angle" means any angle.) His diagram shows a series of approximate trial positions. As a matter of fact the trisection of any angle (excluding *some* angles) can *not* be accomplished by "rule and compass," or compasses, as they are usually called. But let us now abandon fads, Greek or otherwise; apply our fundamental principles; and unearth that foot-rule.

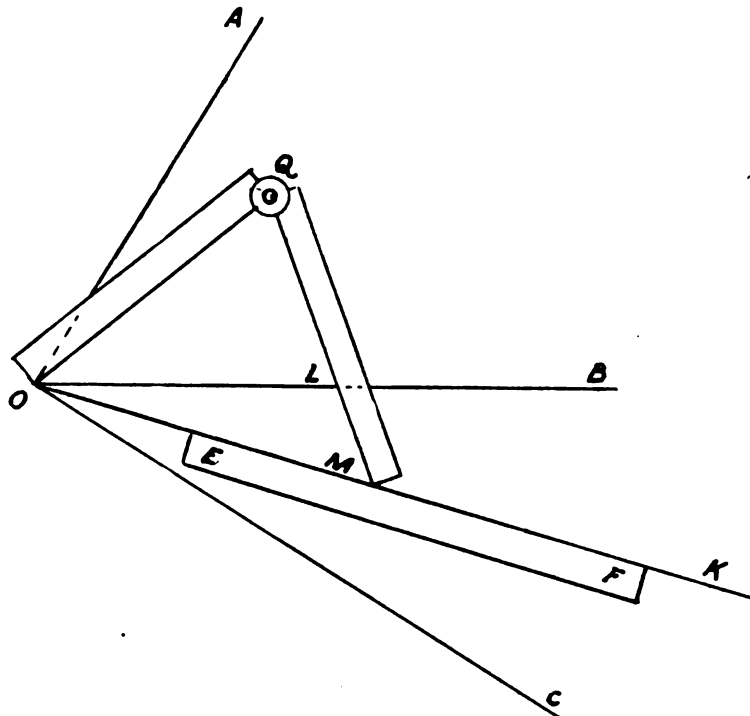


Fig. 7

The angle  $AOB$  (Fig. 7) is to be trisected. Draw  $OC$  perpendicular to  $OA$  and bisect angle  $BOC$  by  $OK$ . Mark point  $L$  on  $OB$  so that  $OL$  equals the length  $QN$  (Fig. 5). Insert the needle-point, at  $N$  of foot-rule, at point  $O$ . Lay a straight-edge  $EF$  along  $OK$ . Move the other arm along  $KO$  till  $QM$  coincides with  $L$ . Depress needle in center at  $Q$ . Then



## NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

angle  $AOQ$  is one-third of  $AOB$ . The proof is an easy exercise. Notice that the originating movement, as in connexion with Fig. 4, is rectilinear, ceasing upon coincidence of a *line* with a *point*, just as we saw happen

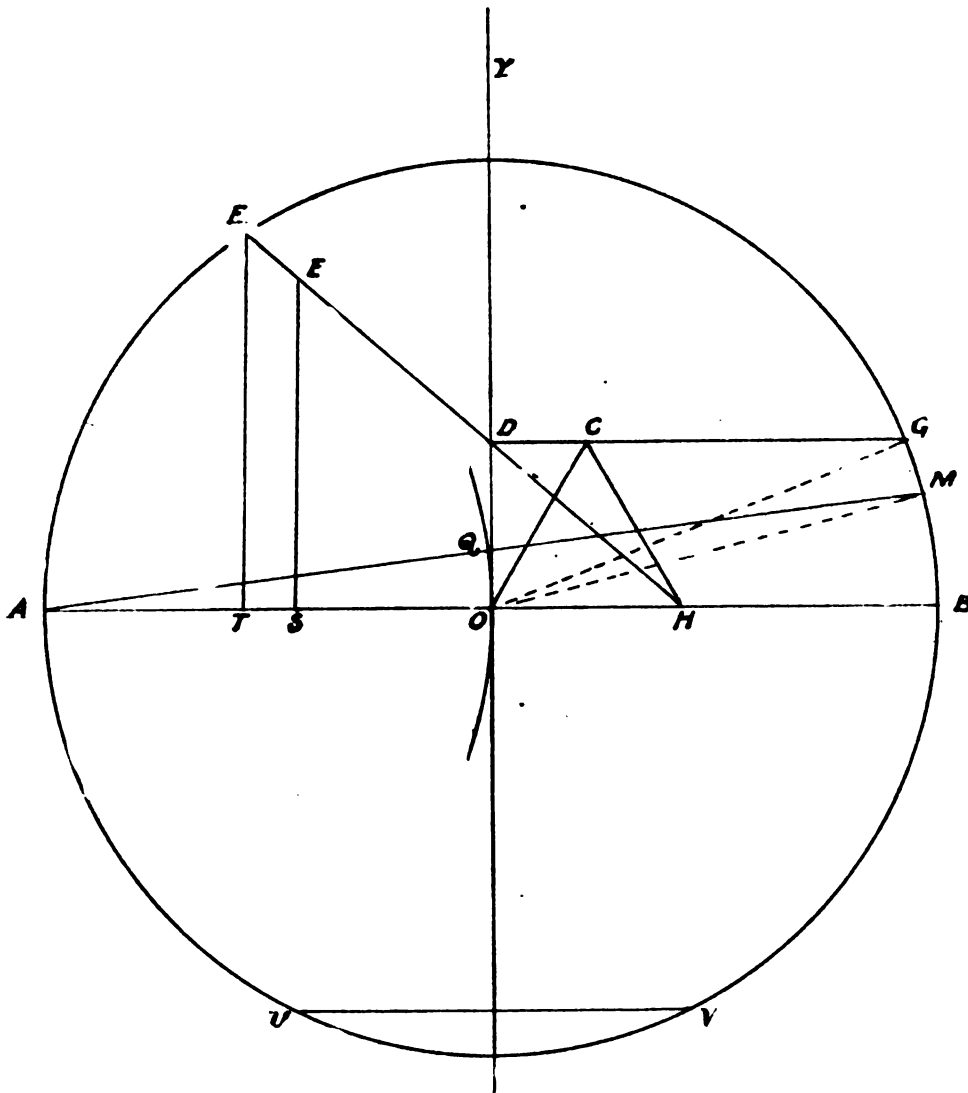


Fig. 8

in Fig. 1, that is to say, as necessarily also in Euclid, I, iv. Nothing could well be simpler, more definitely accurate in principle, or more thoroughly in consonance with the very spirit of pure plane geometry!

Even Gauss, who might have known better had he studied the full significance of Euclid's second and third propositions, seems to have

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

imagined that the vague circle-postulate implied the use of compasses! And so, on this extra-planar and rather preposterous assumption, he proceeds to achieve fame, intrinsically as regards its detail well merited, by proving that except for regular polygons of  $2^n$ , 3, 5 sides and their derived combinations, only regular polygons whose number of sides is a *prime* number of the form  $2^{2^n} + 1$  can be inscribed in a circle. Of course this excludes from the list one of seven sides — or the Heptagon.

Let us then turn to the Heptagon, and see whether or not another scientific superstition ought to be abolished. On the radius  $OB$  (Fig. 8) make  $OH$  three-sevenths of the same. Construct the equilateral triangle  $OCH$  thereon, and through  $C$  draw  $DG$  parallel to  $OB$ , cutting the 'y-axis'  $OY$  in  $D$  and the circle in  $G$ . Trisect angle  $GOB$  at  $M$  by the pure geometry method just outlined ( $GOM = \text{one-third } GOB$ ). Join  $AM$ , and make  $AQ = \text{radius}$ . Make  $HT = MQ$ . Join  $HD$  and produce, making  $DE = DH$ , and  $HF = \text{perimeter of the equilateral triangle}$ . Join  $FT$  and draw  $ES$  parallel, cutting  $AB$  in point  $S$ .  $HS$  is the side of the inscribed Heptagon.

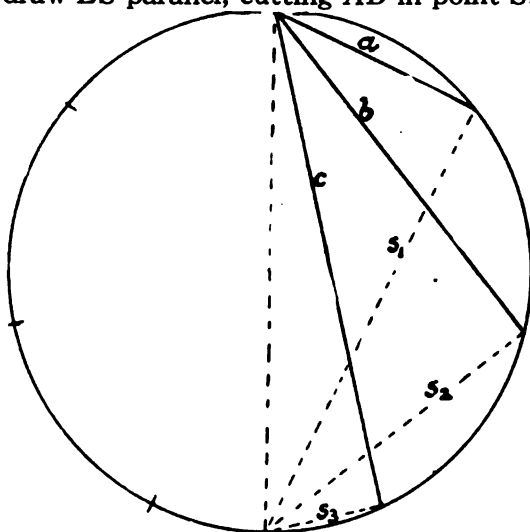


Fig. 9

For the benefit of those who have not the details accessible the proof is appended.

It is a property of regular polygons of  $n$  sides inscribed in a circle that the sum of the squares of the chords from any point on the circumference to all the corners of the polygon equals  $2n$  times the square of the radius. Hence we have, when the radius ( $R$ ) is unity:

$$a^2 + b^2 + c^2 = 7. \quad (1)$$

From Catalan's properties of the chords from a corner

of a regular polygon to other corners, and the chords of their respective supplemental arcs, we have

$$ab = R(s_1 - s_3); \quad ac = R(s_2 + s_3); \quad bc = R(s_1 + s_2).$$

Whence  $(abc)^2 = R^3(s_1 - s_3)(s_2 + s_3)(s_1 + s_2)$ .

After multiplying and applying the same principles we reach

$$(abc)^2 = R^3(s_1 + s_3 - s_2 + 6R).$$

We also have

$$as_1 = Rb; \quad bs_2 = Rc; \quad cs_3 = Ra$$

whence

$$s_1 s_2 s_3 = R^3.$$

## NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

Again  $s_1 s_2 = R(s_1 + s_3)$   
 therefore  $s_3 = R^2 / (s_1 + s_3)$ ; and  $R^2 = s_1 s_3 + s_3^2$   
 or  $R^2 = R(s_2 - s_3 + 2R - s_1)$   
 whence  $R = s_1 + s_3 - s_2$ .  
 Hence we have  $(abc)^2 = R^2(R + 6R)$   
 and for  $R=1$  we have

$$abc = \sqrt{7} \quad (2)$$

Again we have  $R[(s_1 - s_3) + (s_2 + s_3) - (s_1 + s_2)] = 0$   
 that is to say  $ab + ac - bc = 0$ .

Doubling and deducting from equation (1) we reach  
 $-a + b + c = \sqrt{7}$ .

(3)

Eliminating  $b$  and  $c$  from (1), (2) and (3) we obtain  
 $a^3 + a^2\sqrt{7} - \sqrt{7} = 0$

the roots of which are

$$a = \frac{\sqrt{7}}{3} \left[ 2\cos \frac{1}{3} (2n\pi \pm \cos^{-1} \frac{13}{14}) - 1 \right]$$

which for  $n=0$  becomes

$$a = \frac{\sqrt{7}}{3} (2\cos \frac{1}{3} \cos^{-1} \frac{13}{14} - 1)$$

and which is obviously the length (for  $R=1$ ) of  $SH$ , and is the chord of an arc of  $2\pi/7$ . The other two roots are chords of arcs respectively of  $4\pi/7$  and  $6\pi/7$ , and are of course already determined geometrically by the construction given, after stepping the chord  $UV (=SH)$  round the circle (Fig. 10).

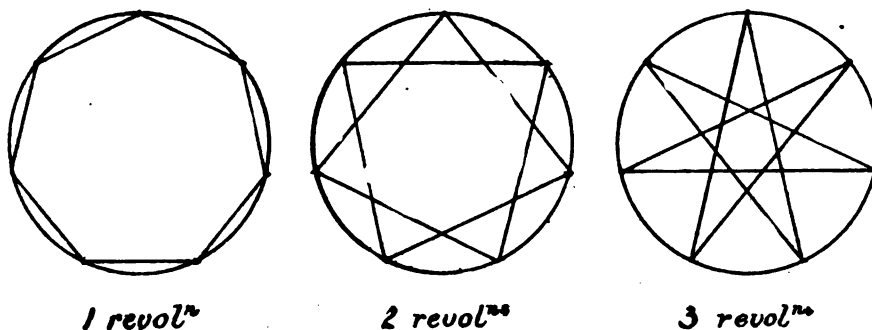


Fig. 10

Thus the application of essential fundamental principles of line and circle enables us to inscribe a regular Heptagon in a circle with ideal accuracy.

As to the very simple problem of constructing a square equal in area to a given circle, were it not for the unfortunate facts previously adverted to, it would be superfluous even to mention it. The idea of a

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

polygon of an illimitable number of sides occurs in Euclid XII, ii, where he says, "if this process [of doubling and redoubling the number of sides] be continued," etc. For as the difference between the supposed approximative second circle and the original may be infinitesimal (less than any quantity that may be assigned, to use his phraseology), the number of sides approaches infinity.

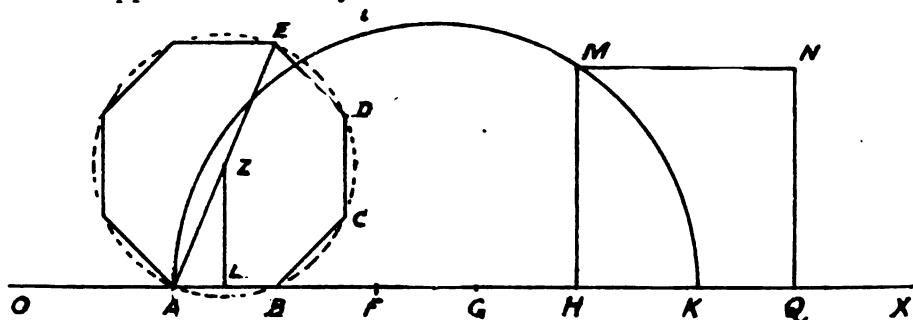


Fig. 11

A regular polygon  $ABCDE$  (Fig. 11), coincident with the paper-plane and with side  $AB$  on  $OX$ , on applying our fundamental principles of plane geometry, can be rotated round  $B$  till  $C$  coincides with  $OX$  at  $F$ , then  $D$  at  $G$ , and  $E$  (at the other end of diameter  $AE$ ) at  $H$ . Thus  $AH$  is the semi-perimeter of the polygon. Make  $HK$  equal to the apothem  $ZL$ . On  $AK$  describe the semicircle  $AMK$ , and let the perpendicular to  $OX$  at  $H$  intersect it at  $M$ . Complete the square  $HMNQ$ , the area of which is obviously equal to that of the regular polygon  $ADE$ . Let the number of sides be infinitely increased.

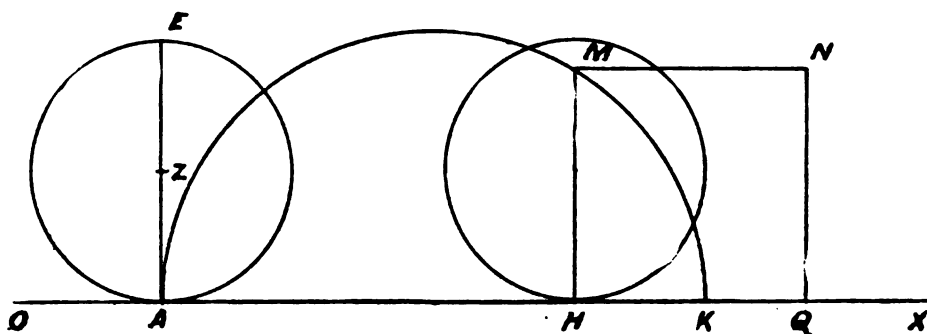


Fig. 12

$AH$  (Fig. 12) is now the semi-perimeter of a circle, and the apothem  $ZL$  has become equal to the radius  $ZA$ . So  $KH$  is now equal to the radius of the circle, and the square  $HN$  is equal to the circle in area.

Illustratively, on the blackboard, let a flat thin circular disk with a diameter-line marked thereon stand on the lower rim of the blackboard

## SURRENDER

with diameter-line vertical, and mark its position on the rim. Then roll it along the rim till the diameter-line is again vertical, and mark. Add half the diameter-length, bisect the whole line and draw the semi-circle and perpendicular as above, and complete the required square. It is worthy of note that precise verticality of the diameter-line is needless, because the path followed by either end of the diameter-line when very close to the rim is itself truly vertical, and the point of contact is, as it were automatically, defined. In practice the rolling of a *circle* on a *line* is the fundamental idea utilized in the planimeter, an instrument perfect in principle.

Thus this method, like the drawing of the diagonal of a square, is ideal in accuracy, and depends on nothing but the very simplest principles of pure plane geometry of line and circle — when restored, as they ought to be, and when the teaching thereof shall be conducted on lines at once purely ideal and purely practical.

To go on telling people that it is impossible to 'square the circle' by the plane geometry of line and circle is surely as absurd as the evaluation of  $\pi$  (actually accomplished) to 700, or even to 30, decimal places; seeing that no radius, whether it be the 'astronomical unit' or the radius of an engine-cylinder, is ever known with greater accuracy than that defined by the fifth or sixth significant figure, at the most.

## SONNET — SURRENDER

By K. N.

BECAUSE Thou wouldst that we should look within  
To find Thyself, great royal potentate,  
Enthroned in bardic splendors consecrate,  
Thou waitest silent, watchful, while we spin  
Our little webb'd delusions, mist-blown, thin,  
Around the objects of our love and hate,  
Forgetful of our ancient high estate,  
Or heritage of battles yet to win;

Then do thine eyes pierce through our tracery  
Of shadow-hopes, and strip us bare and cold,  
Indignant in our speechless agony . . .  
Yet deep and deep some glimmerings we see  
Of Thy compassion, Thy great love controlled . .  
And in our loneliness we turn to Thee. . . .

## THE MEANING OF 'MEANING'

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

**T**HE candidate for initiation into the old Mysteries entered the temple or crypt where they were to be enacted, with finger on lips. It was the symbol not only of silence to be preserved afterwards concerning all he was about to see or be told, but also of that silence of mind in which alone self-knowledge and world-knowledge and God-knowledge are possible, and which was to be practised till it could be commanded at will.

The requirement looks reasonable enough when we remember that even to enter into the meaning of any great piece of music requires that we stop all the thoughts that center about the incidents of personal life, and that our response to the soul of the piece is complete only when the mind is too intent and held too tense for what is called thought at all.

This is the inner silence requisite for coming in sight of all profound truth. Truth in this sense is the soul of things, their underlying and coherent meaning, as music is the soul and meaning of the whole sequence of sounds that give it body.

'Meaning' has two meanings, diverging from one, but diverging so far that they seem quite unconnected. A typewriter is a meaningless confusion of mechanism to us when we see such an instrument for the first time. But when we have learned to use it, the sight of it or of the word has a meaning. To see its meaning means to know what to do with it, preparation of the mind for actually doing that, the imagined doing.

All seeing of meanings is action in imagination. A tree *means* lumber to one sort of man. Lumber-making is what he is going to *do* about it. To another the tree is beautiful, and that is a kind of meaning, because it answers to a doing higher up in his nature. It answers to a spiritual creative and sustaining activity emanating from that higher place or center. The universe is continuously created and sustained in being, by souls. To listen to music with appreciation is to share the spiritual creative work of the composer. That is why it has meaning. Meaning always implies action, overt or imagined, the overt being only a further stage of the other.

The soul of each of us is the inner meaning of him, of his total life, and must be sought in the same way as we listen to music to get *its* meaning or soul. Our lives are without understood meaning and significance

## THE MEANING OF 'MEANING'

because we do not do this, do not practise it — that is, practise real silence — to the point of achievement, have never even thought of doing it. We have no ear for the Truth in us, almost never (and then only by accident and for a flash or a few moments) have the mind-state that could come into unison with it and appreciate the steadfast activity going on there. We have trained our minds outward into talk instead of inwards into silence and gnosis. So life is a mystery, and few of us even recognise so much as that we are mysteries to ourselves. We just live our lives from day to day and let it go at that. Or mind, we say, is incapable of knowing reality; may only know external appearances changing one into another. As if we should say: music, the guiding life and meaning and reason of the flow of sounds, cannot be known; only the flow.

Agreed, then, that life and soul cannot be known; we have turned away from the quest — if we were ever faced towards it,— and turn outwards for good upon our personal lives and let our minds buzz there for all the waking and some of the sleeping hours. Fortunately we cannot be altogether lost while we keep alive our love of beauty in sound and form and color. There, at any rate, is the beginning of escape into knowledge and out of personality. And also the sense of brotherhood and compassion; for they co-operate powerfully in the same direction, loosening the bonds of personality and promoting the enrichment of consciousness. The *meaning* lying in the sense of brotherhood is the *doing* of something, both for and in common with the other.

We are all co-creators and sustainers of the universe. Perception of anything would be impossible if to perceive were not also a creative sustainment of what is perceived. The universe is dependent on us from moment to moment. The highest perception of the universe is understanding its meaning, and is one act with our spiritual creation and sustainment of it. Here, perception does not wait upon the thing perceived, but is contemporaneous with its being. Separation in our minds between perception and creation is only a convenience for thought.

True silence is the withdrawal from lower meanings so as to get the higher, withdrawal from lower action so as to enhance a higher. The practice of it is the necessary condition for opening out, above, of reaching the place where we are sustaining the universe and where we know its meaning because we are its purposive life. And the great creative geniuses in the arts fail of their highest possibilities because they wait upon the chance coming of that silence out of which their inspiration is born, instead of cultivating it by conscious effort and by direct practice.

## THE RUINED MOUNTAIN-TEMPLE

After Chang Wen-chang

KENNETH MORRIS

OLD paved court-yard, grass-o'ergrown:  
It was of old the pilgrims' goal;  
A hundred years have left it alone.

Dead generations' tokens strown,—  
Votive tablet, bhikshu's bowl,—  
In the old paved court-yard grassy-grown.

Deep dust; a broken god o'erthrown;  
Gray mice nest in alb and stole;  
A hundred years have left them alone.

Pine-dusk,—fallen needle and cone,—  
Flitting parrot and oriole,—  
In the old paved court-yard grass-o'ergrown.

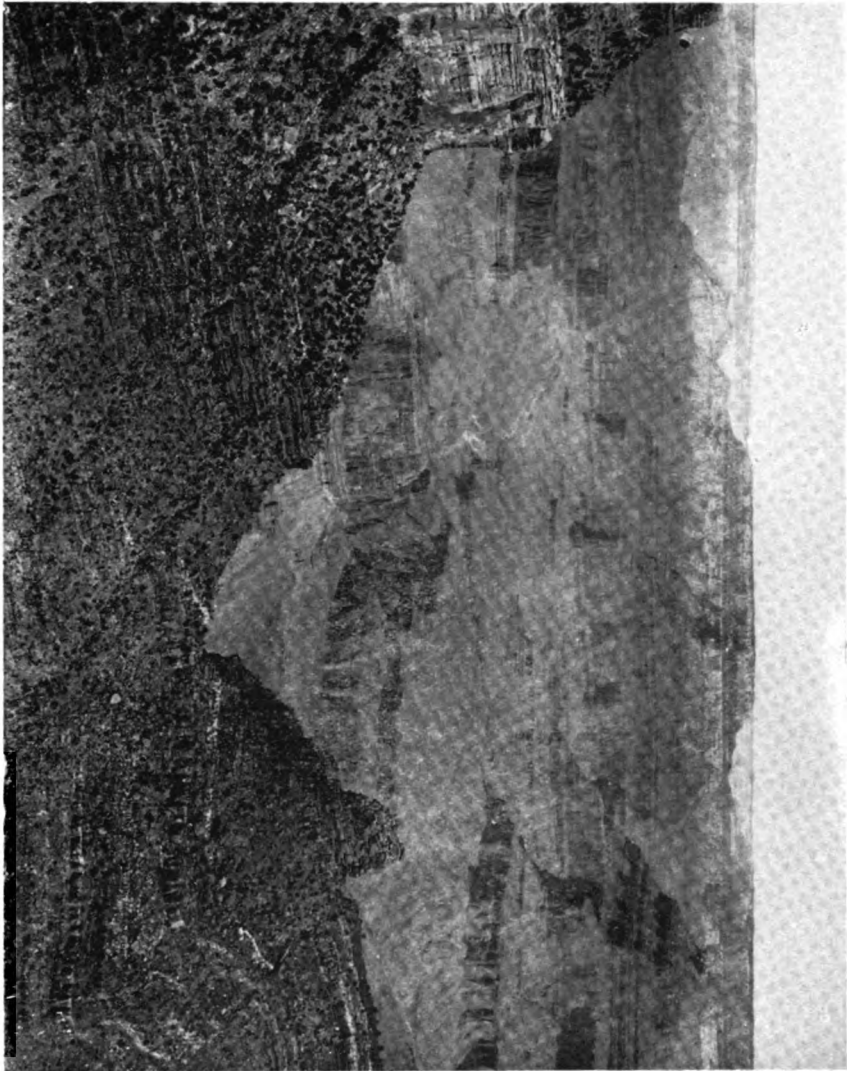
The dank pool, rimmed with sculptured stone,—  
The mouldering curtain, crumbled scroll,—  
A hundred years have left them alone.

Only the old ghost wind to intone  
His noonday sutra; never a soul  
In the old paved court-yard grass-o'ergrown.

None — but the Sleeping Dragon alone. . . .

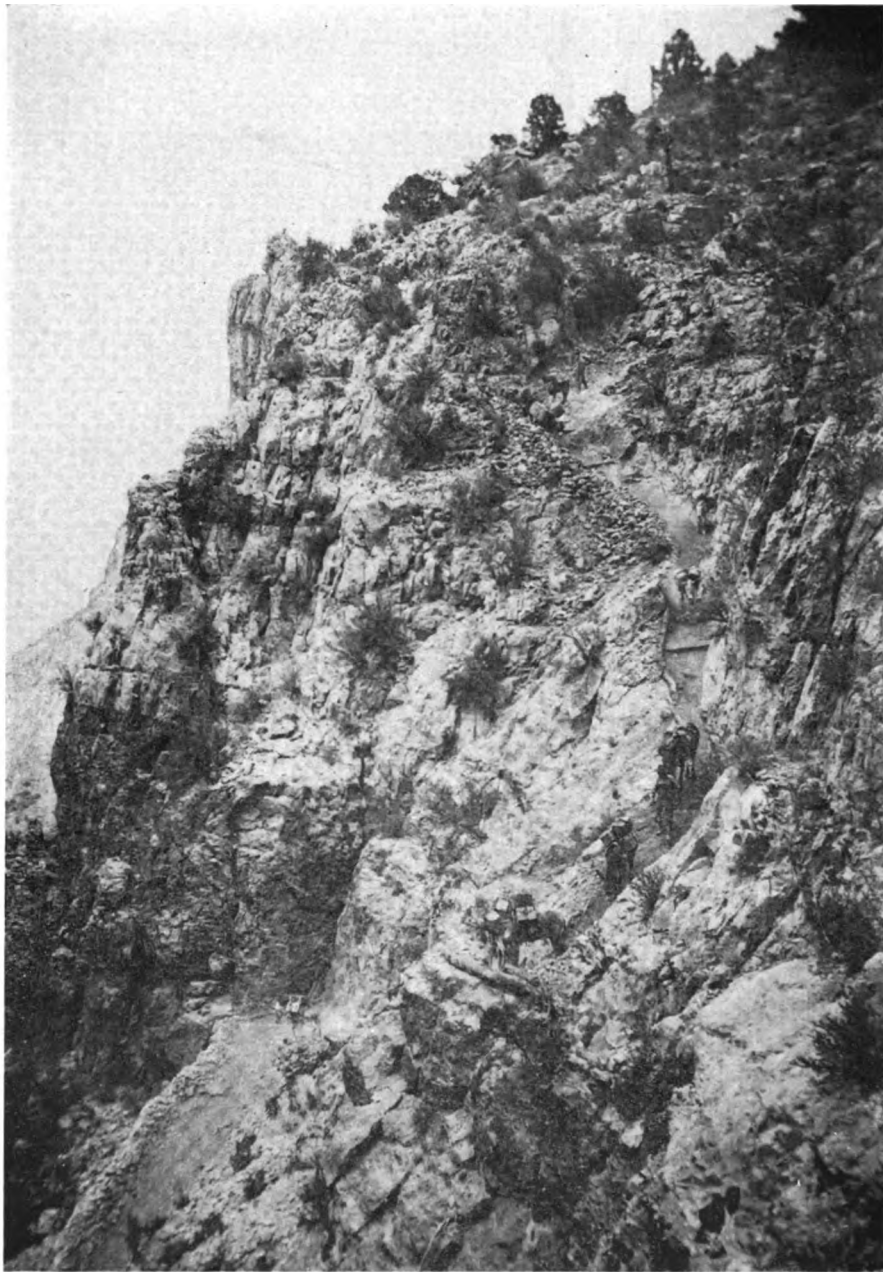
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THE GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



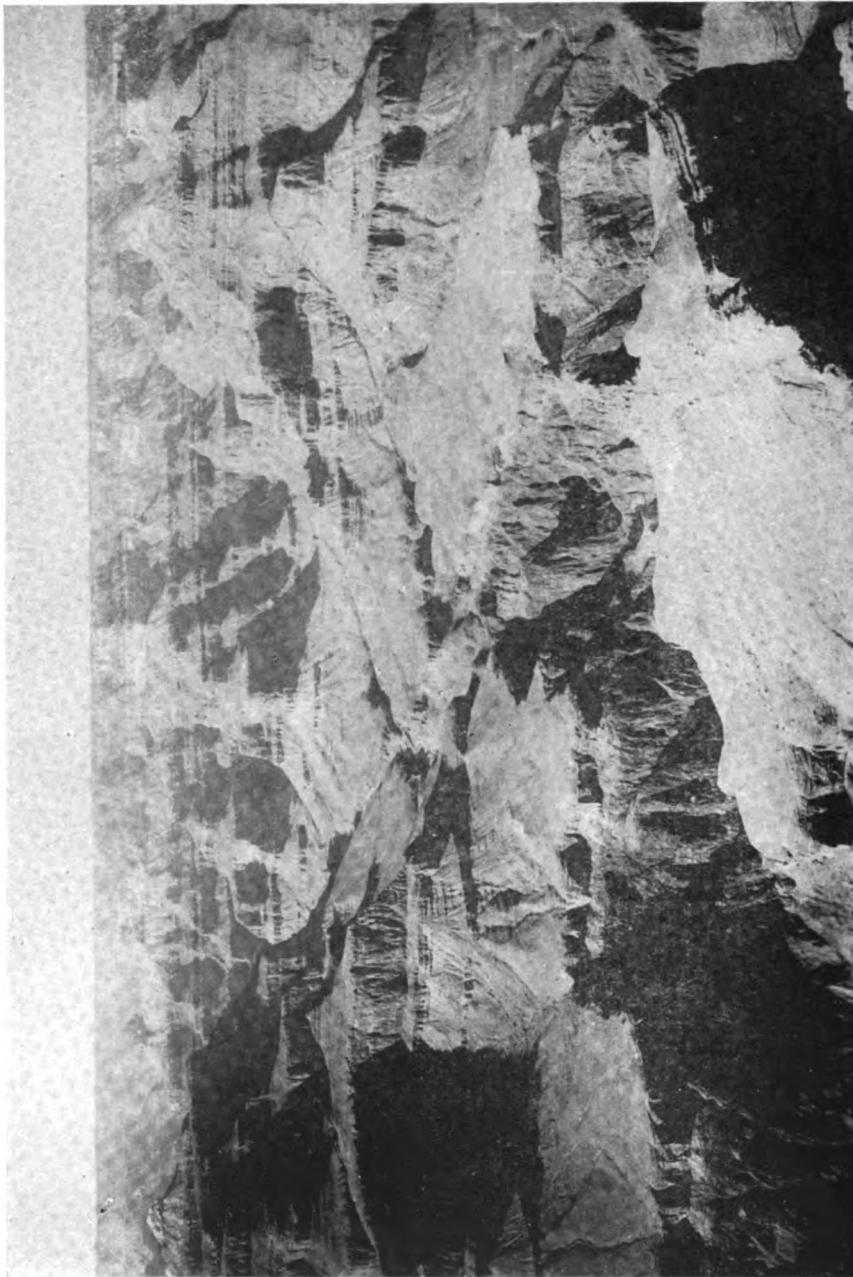
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**'JACOB'S LADDER,' BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, GRAND CANYON**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**'THE CORKSCREW,' BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, GRAND CANYON**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE GRAND CANYON FROM BAIN'S POINT**

## LETTERS OF TRAVEL \*

### A GLIMPSE OF RUSSIA UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME

GEORGE C. BARTLETT

**F**ROM Stockholm we sailed by steamer to St. Petersburg. Our first stop was at Åbo, Finland, just an every-day town situated in a big park, where a band was discoursing music not classical. A few cabs were standing by the wayside, while others were slowly moving people here and there. An interesting city, with most picturesque surroundings!

Our next stop was Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. It also is a city of beautiful parks. The language spoken is Finnish, Finnish money is used, and in every way the people appear to enjoy their beautiful northern country. They are much in sympathy with the Swedes, and have the reputation of not being in love with the Czar.

It was a warm June day when we sailed up to the dock at Helsingfors. Quite prominent was a handsome Greek church, which surprised us by its winter-like appearance, looking as though covered with deep snow. Upon inquiry we learned that it was the original intention to gild the roof, the steeples and the window-sills, but the money contributed proved insufficient, and in consequence they were painted white; by some freak of an artist which afforded a peculiar effect of light and shade, the singular snowy appearance is produced, thereby presenting a cooling winter picture all the summer long — an optical illusion.

A few hours after leaving Helsingfors we were sailing along the channel which brings us into the river Neva. To make this channel navigable it cost millions of rubles, but it is now paying the money back with interest. As one approaches St. Petersburg one is suddenly and forcibly impressed that one is about to enter a grand city. The public buildings are imposing, and are not built in cramped places, but stand out distinct and alone in their individual grandeur. The streets are exceptionally wide, and those which run along the water's edge are striped with green, and lined with trees. The pavements are mostly made of cobble-stones, but are somewhat relieved of their harshness by strips of wood-way laid in between. All drivers, either of cab or carriage, seek the strips of wood pavement as quickly as possible; there is, however, always an unpleasant rattle in the air, caused by the conveyances crossing the cobble-stone pavements from one wood-way to another. Although St. Petersburg has a population

\* Written in 1892.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of over a million, there is plenty of room, and spare room for visitors. The city abounds in large open squares, and has miles of free parks. The Neva river is broad and beautiful, and wide are the bridges which span it. One is inclined to linger on these bridges, held in admiration; one starts to go, but returns and looks up and down the river again and again, charmed by the inspiring picture both on land and water.

All the buildings appear to have something golden on them; and the city, as seen from a distance when the sun is playing upon it, throwing its rays on the golden dome of St. Isaacs and the gilded steeple of St. Peter and St. Paul, looks indeed a blaze of glory — a golden city.

“Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Good or bad a thousand-fold!  
How widely its agencies vary —  
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.”

Upon the top of the Winter Palace and other buildings are arranged works of art in statuary — open-air galleries, free to the public all the year round.

The horses attract attention at once and hold it until one leaves the country — and after. The cab-horses are a surprise, and to ride after some of them is a luxury. With the exception of Russia, I believe the cab-horse the world over averages a poor animal, therefore the exception was noticeable. There were many fine horses hitched to public conveyances which would stand a good chance of winning a prize at a county fair — splendid animals that are admired as they go tearing through the wide streets with distended nostrils, the wooden pavement sounding like muffled drums as pounded by their high-stepping feet. The name of the cab-driver is *izvózschnik*, and they are odd-looking brothers of humanity. They wear a peculiar style of hat, which resembles a high silk hat that had been sat upon and had only slightly recovered from the shock; they wear long robes of dark cloth, the skirts of which are made to wind about their legs when seated. If the *izvózschnik* is fat, he commands more wages than a thin man, as it is the fashion in Russia to have the driver's seat

## LETTERS OF TRAVEL

entirely covered; if the driver is too thin to cover the seat, one is not driving in ultra style. An embroidered belt, gorgeous and of many colors, encircles the waist of the driver, and keeps the long robe in abeyance. The reins are held in both hands and run along the sides of the horse, not over the back. They have no whips, but use instead a short lash, which is tied to the end of the driving lines. The cabs are called *drozhki*; they are quite low and four-wheelers, the front wheels being very small. The traces are attached to the axles.

The *drozhki* have no backs to lean upon; in consequence, it is a common custom while riding for the gentleman to put his arm around the lady's waist for her support. A stranger might think a Russian was really showing too much attention; but afterwards you learn it is only a custom — a formality.

Much care is taken of the horse's mane and tail. They are never cut short, but rather their length and fulness are cultivated. Their style is Russian, not English. A stick or pole is bent hoop-shaped above the horse's shoulders, and is fastened to the shafts and collar, looking like black bamboo poles; and they are often ornamented with gilt and silver bands, which are kept bright, and sparkle when touched by the rays of the sun. I remember a picture in the café of the Hoffman House called 'The Russian Mail Horse.' I used to think, while looking at the picture, that the artist exaggerated, but recently I have met that horse in Russia. Most elaborate are the hoops which encircle the shoulders of the heavy truck- and dray-horses; they are large in size, and are often used as a display advertisement of the wares of the owners. The cabman's fare is largely regulated by the quality of his horse. Fancy a splendid black horse, whose glossy sides are as sleek as a kitten's ear, his mane flowing in the breeze like a Spanish mantle, his tail a wave of grace reaching to the cobble-stones; you say to the driver, "How much to the Winter Palace?" "One ruble," he replies. You say, "Too much." Then with a self-satisfied smile and a wave of his hand, he invites you to look at the horse, as much as to say, "You could not pay enough to ride behind such an animal." There is in consequence a good deal of rivalry among the *izvózschi*s, each wishing that his horse should appear at its best. This custom insures the horses the best of care and attention, and when not in motion they are continually being fussed over, rubbed down, dusted off, the gilt of the harness polished, etc. There are street-cars and stages in St. Petersburg, but the cabs have the preference, as they go at a rapid rate.

English appears an unknown language in Russia, and we found it more difficult to be understood than in India or Japan. In other European cities one is usually able to read, in part at least, the signs on the building,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the menu at the hotel, the program at the opera, but not so in Russia — not a sign can be read, not a word made out. The letters of the alphabet seem but little used, as though woven into hieroglyphics, and mixed with strange letters never seen before — letters are set up crossways, and are upside down and downside up. The language is Russian, every word of it.

As we were sailing into St. Petersburg I heard a young lady remark that the reason the city looked so gay, being decked out with flags and bunting, was because it was a holiday, the 21st of May. According to my reckoning it was the 2nd of June. I thought the lady had made a mistake, but to my surprise, upon arrival at the hotel, I noted the calendar recorded the day as May 21st. I asked for explanation and found that Russia did not reckon time as the common mortals of the outside world.

As there is only one St. Peter's, so is there only one St. Isaac's. It is a structure of majesty and beauty, a monument of art, an impressive temple of worship; it pleases the eye and rests the mind. Its dome was originally covered with copper, afterwards enriched with millions of gold, so that it ever stands as a beacon-light. Inside the church light and shade play together like saint and sinner. One part is so dark that the collectors need a candle to light the way as they pass the plate for contributions, while other parts are made light by the sunshine through the stained-glass windows. The sun, the gold, and the candles give the light, while the shade is caused by the somber effect of the malachite pillars and dome, and of the walls of lapis-lazuli. The floor is of variegated marble.

The Greek Church rejects all massive images of the Savior or saints as idolatrous, based on the commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image." Pictures, however, are not considered a violation, and there are to be admired in the church many beautiful ones. Gold and bejeweled icons are all over the building. Gold seems the dominant metal in St. Isaac's; it has trimmings and trappings of gold; candelabra of pure gold; and a good-sized model of the church in solid gold will be shown for a few copecks. Numerous sacrificial candles are ever burning; the flame, the symbol of the life of the soul,— the material representation of the spiritual.

The manufacture of candles is a profitable business in Russia, as enormous quantities are used in their churches and shrines. They are made in every shape and size, and are a rich revenue to the Church, bringing in thousands of dollars daily. I attended Sunday morning service at St. Isaac's. The congregation numbered several thousand, and was continually swaying and bowing to the ground, like branches in a breeze; no seats are provided, all stand or kneel. There are no preferences shown; caste is forgotten, all standing equal before God — king



## LETTERS OF TRAVEL

and queen, poet and peasant, rich and poor worshiping together. Many pictures, and icons of Christ, the Madonna and Child, and numerous saints adorn the walls; and long lines of people are ever surging up to kiss the feet of Christ, the hand of Mary, the lips of a favored saint — for they believe in the intercession of saints, and that immersion is the only true baptism. They reject purgatory and predestination. No instrumental music is allowed; marriage is obligatory on the secular priests. The Greek churches are always open, and prayers are being offered from morning until night; devotionally, all days are Sundays. When a funeral procession passes along the street, all uncover their heads and cross themselves. The Russians are bowing and crossing themselves most of the time, as shrines, churches, and icons appear on nearly every square. Icons are also hung in the restaurants, hotels, stations, and in some of the stores; they are also niched in the side of buildings, and the hat must come off and the sign of the cross be made where an icon appears. In external religion surely the Russians excel; they far outdo the Roman Catholic or Hindû. Some of the icons contain diamonds and other precious jewels, which have recently been encased in glass and fastened by lock and key, as the zeal of some of the worshippers became so great that while kissing the picture they extracted with their teeth a diamond or a ruby — which, alas, goes to show that the Judas kiss is still deceiving. St. Isaac's is a grand church, the handsomest Greek church in the world.

The church in St. Petersburg which stands next in importance to St. Isaac's, is the historical church of St. Peter and St. Paul. Its peculiarly narrow steeple, shooting up into the clouds like a bayonet of gold, can be seen from all parts of the city. It is the church wherein the royal family and the Imperial Czar worship. It contains the remains of Peter the Great and his family, and of all the royal ones who have gone to receive their crown of glory in the immortal world. The more recent burials are those of the Grand Duchess Michael, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Grand Duchess Paul. It is a beautiful church and contains a number of tombs of uniform style in white marble. Ivy is cultivated along the floor; it climbs over and embraces the tombs, producing a pleasing effect, the living vines clasping in their arms the bodies of the dead! It was pleasant to realize that the ivy was living and growing every moment, through the night and the day, through the light and the dark. The walls are covered with military trophies — flags, keys of fortresses, shields and battle-axes taken from the Swedes, Turks, Poles, and French. Would not a more suitable place for such trophies be a dark dungeon? There is a fortune represented in gold and silver orna-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ments hung above and around many of these tombs; especially noticeable are the large number which were sent to Alexander the Second from the sovereigns of all nations.

Peter the Great permeated Russia, as Napoleon did France. He is said to have built the first house in St. Petersburg, which is now used as a house of prayer. When I called, it was aglow with lighted candles, and crowded with people at worship. I noticed therein a table covered with little scraps of paper which contained the names of sick people and invalids, who, not being able to come in person, send in their names for prayer. A ship is also exhibited, which is supposed to have been built by Peter the Great. Washington oak-trees surround the house, which were presented to St. Petersburg by the United States Government.

The horses, carriages, harnesses, display-cloths, and the usual trappings of the royal stable, are superb. It requires a large building for the display of these equipments, which date back to the time of Peter the Great — bridles trimmed with gold and precious stones, and saddles which were presented to the Czars from all parts of Asia.

The Russians are filled with superstitions. Some years ago one of their chapels was struck with lightning, all the pictures and icons being destroyed, save one. The survival of this one is supposed to have been miraculous; therefore a beautiful chapel was erected for its future home, and thousands go there daily to pray and kiss the picture.

There hangs in Peter's old house a picture which is called the 'Miraculous Image of the Savior.' This little picture is supposed to have accompanied Peter the Great in his battles, its influence having helped to gain the victory at Poltava. It also receives daily the salutations of numerous pilgrims and devotees.

The far-famed Winter Palace is a palace indeed. It is impressive both inside and out. The electric lights within number sixty thousand. The rooms are of all sizes, and are decorated in the most exquisite taste. When the Czar visits the cities and small villages of Russia, it is customary for the head official of each place to present to him in the name of the people a luncheon of black bread, served upon a costly plate, the Czar always retaining the plate. Much ingenuity is displayed in the workmanship of these artistic dishes, thousands of which adorn the walls of the palace producing a unique and striking effect. One room is devoted to the presents received by the Czars. Another is called the Gold-room, others the Malachite-room, the Picture-gallery, etc. [All changed now!]

Adjoining the Winter Palace is a museum and choice art-gallery, called the Hermitage. The archway is held up by nine colossal figures — nine wonders. One of the striking features of the collection in the Hermitage

## LETTERS OF TRAVEL

is the room which contains the relics of this same Peter the Great. He must have been very popular to have received so many presents and of such a variety — from a peacock clock of immense proportions, to a solitaire diamond ring for his little finger. The royal families of all nations must have been kept busy collecting snuff-boxes for him, so many are displayed there. Some are of costly metals inlaid with rarest diamonds and precious stones. I think there is enough gold and silver, including diamonds and precious stones, lying idle in the churches and museums and woven into the robes of the priests, to make, if distributed, every Russian free from poverty.

Alexander Nevski's Monastery is one of the attractive places to Europeans. The singing of the monks at four o'clock in the afternoon is a treat to lovers of music. Their peculiar dress, solemn faces and monasterial surroundings, give a strange effect to their voices. They seem as though trying to sing themselves out of the world and into Heaven. After the services I noticed many little children being held up to kiss the Infant Jesus. One of the priests went through the audience swinging a small censer before each person, in recognition of which we bowed and crossed ourselves. The ground about the Monastery must be consecrated, I think, as I was informed that the cost of burial there was twenty-five thousand dollars.

By order of the Czar, the Jews are continually being expelled from Russia; not on account of any special animosity toward the Jew, but for the reason that the Jews have been successful in procuring Russian land and money. They have not only been successful in the lower walks of life, but they have taken high rank in the professions, and as bankers and merchants. The Russians wish Russia for the Russians alone. In expelling the Jews they acknowledge the Jews' superiority. Should the English, Italians, or any race of people emigrate to Russia and gain a foothold, they would also become a hated race, and be expelled likewise. Russia displays a mental sign which reads, 'No Foreigners Need Apply.' In speaking to a Russian of the cruelties practised in Siberia, he replied that they had not treated their traitors as badly as America had treated the Indians and negroes. I did not find a ready response.

The open-air gardens, theaters and concerts in St. Petersburg are attractive, and are used as a good excuse for taking a drive. Any time after five o'clock the beautiful avenues leading out of the city are alive with joyous life. The finest horses in the world prance and caracole in their pride, foaming at the bit and looking as though conscious of the knowledge that Russia is the paradise for horses. The occupants of the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

carriages are compelled to dress with much taste and care, in order to divide the attention and admiration with the horses. Nearly all the horses are black or white or spotted iron-gray. About sunset the avenues form a picture of gaiety and pleasure, and for the time you forget the persecuted Jew and the wrongs in Siberia.

The skeletons of the mammoths at the Zoölogical Museum are a wonder. Such monsters have long since ceased to inhabit the earth, but their immense forms stand there as huge monuments of evolution.

Russia can be added to the other two countries where the people are well booted. The people of only three nations in the world are handsomely shod — America, France, and Russia.

Humanity is supposed to look upon kings, queens and royal families as having attained a high standard of culture and refinement, but history certainly contradicts the justice of any such claim. The Tower of London stands as a monument of English royal wickedness, and happy France has furnished its royal dark chapters in the book of crimes. Russia is no exception. What a strange combination was Empress Catherine! It is said that she married her husband, Peter III, from policy, not for love. Peter at first seemed infatuated with Catherine, but a strange change came over the spirit of his dreams, and he fell in love with Countess —

It is reported that Catherine heard that the Emperor was planning to make away with her, and that this rumor, coupled with his infidelity, so troubled her slumbers that one night she arose and visited several of her trusted officers, and there and then, with their assistance, determined to proceed to the palace and murder her husband. The Emperor, however, was notified in time, and escaped through a rear entrance and sailed away to a distant island, where he remained banished for many months. In the meantime Catherine was declared Empress of Russia. She felt, however, that she would sit more securely upon the throne if the Emperor were out of the world. It is reported that she immediately went to work plotting his destruction; that she wrote him a most enticing love-letter, stating she forgave all, was tired of her responsibilities, and urging him to return and become emperor, and that she would continue his faithful, loving wife. She named a particular day when he would be expected, and the hour that a grand banquet would be prepared for him. He was charmed with the letter, having become thoroughly weary of his life in banishment. Arriving at the Palace at the appointed hour, he inquired for Catherine. He was told she was arranging her toilet, and would appear presently. Catherine, however, did not appear. He asked again and again, and received much the same reply. He finally said he feared there was something wrong. In an instant an officer

## LETTERS OF TRAVEL

sprang from behind the curtain and replied, "Yes, there is," and immediately choked him to death with a napkin. His last words were, "For shame." Indeed, it was a shameful and cowardly act. Catherine had one son, Paul, said to be illegitimate, who was also murdered. Still, this same Catherine did much to benefit her people, and made a great show of regard for the Greek Church. I know of no history more contradictory than that of Catherine of Russia.

We found good railroads in all countries from Japan to Greece; which seems truly wonderful when we realize that men are living today who can remember the time when steam engines and railroad tracks were unknown.

A very comfortable sleeping-car took us from St. Petersburg to Moscow in about fifteen hours. We passed through a level country covered with immense grain fields and extensive pastures, where large herds of cattle were serenely munching the sweet grass, all unconscious of the near day when their glossy hides would be sold as Russia leather, and be transformed into cavalry boots and dainty purses. St. Petersburg is a genteel city. Moscow is old-fashioned and historical.

In the Tower of Ivan, in Moscow, there are suspended thirty-four bells of all sounds, sizes and proportions, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. Lying on the ground, at the foot of this tower, rests with its tongue dislocated, and its sides broken, the mammoth and monarch of all bells; it receives the adoration of thousands daily, and many weary pilgrims slumber on its shady side before entering the churches. This bell is not only the bell of Moscow, but it is the bell of the world. It is twenty feet high, sixty feet in circumference, and weighs 444,000 pounds; the value of its metal is estimated at a fabulous sum. It has been my privilege to have heard those

"Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand, on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lea."

Also have I heard the solemn old bells of Moscow; but the bells which sweetly touched my heart were the bells of Nikkō, that sing in the mountains of peaceful Japan; high up in the clouds they ring, as though coming from the open windows of Heaven; their messages are sweet and restful, kindly and consoling. They are the bells which seem to ring out the glad tidings that there is salvation for *all*!

A fascinating portion of Moscow is called The Kremlin, where are clustered together a wonderful collection of churches, old and new palaces,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

fortified walls, and the lofty towers which contain the bells. High in air are to be seen the golden domes of the churches, balloon-shaped, and covered by a wire netting, as though waiting and looking, ready at a moment's notice to ascend with the pilgrims into Heaven. The Arsenal is also there, surrounded by eight hundred and fifty cannon, which the Russians show with pride, as they were captured from the French. Enormous is the wealth that the churches contain; the floor of the Church of the Annunciation is paved with jasper, agate, and cornelian. In a special room in one of the churches, kept under lock and key, are a goodly number of priestly robes, dating back as far as the 13th century. They are a curiosity of extravagance, many of the robes being worth small fortunes; bushels of diamonds and precious stones are woven therein with threads of gold and silver. One robe, I remember, was entirely covered with pearls, a handsome embroidered border encircling the whole garment, which contained the head of Christ duplicated many times.

Moscow is the Mecca of the Greek Church. To pass through 'The Gate of the Redeemer' and worship in the churches of The Kremlin is the chief desire in every peasant's heart. Every day and hour, in every part of Russia, the Christian pilgrims are tramping on toward the churches of Moscow, with the unshakable faith that God's blessing awaits them there. Through the influence of the Greek religion, about one hundred religious holidays are allowed the people. By some this is considered a serious injury to their morals, as so many fête days and festivals are not liable to be kept as holy days, but are more likely to be spent in idleness and dissipation.

It is said that Count Tolstoi spent hours talking with the pilgrims along the country roads, and I am not surprised. I never wearied of watching them, and longed to talk to them of this wondrous faith, and the strength it gave them to carry their loads, to travel day and night in all weathers, sleeping in the open air and cooking their scanty meals by the wayside. I noticed that some old women, bent with age, had light-colored felt wound around their ankles and feet and fastened with strings; their dresses tucked high up exposed unbleached chemises that hung catercornered about their bronzed knees. Straps covered their heads, which held the weight of kettles and pans, blankets and food. So weather-beaten were some of their faces that they looked as though cut from granite. Some would leave their loads at the doors of the churches; others carried their loads with them, and the coffee-pots and pans rattled to the cracking of their joints as they bowed down until their venerable heads touched the agate floor at the foot of the Cross.

## THE STARS.

KENNETH MORRIS

AQUILA, Capricorn,  
Mysteriously bright,  
Mysteriously inhabiting  
The dim blue of the night,

I do not believe you  
Those light-years away;  
Half I hear the harp-notes  
Of the war-march you play.

I saw Benetnasch  
Leading up the Seven; —  
Seven crashing harp-notes  
Ominous in heaven.

I saw Cygnus flying  
O'er the dome of night;  
Half my spirit flew with him  
In his awful flight.

Alderamin and the Dragon  
Flashing by the Pole,  
Is it there in space you flame,  
Or here within the Soul?

When I nourished heart-aches  
And small hopes and fears,  
Haughty and aloof were you,  
Ye cold, far Spheres!

Yes, but when I turned again,  
And the Soul's Path trod,  
How brotherly you came to me,  
My brother flames of God!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

**P**RACTICAL Brotherhood, the Need of the Hour' was the subject of an address by Frank Knoche of the International Theosophical Headquarters on November 9th. Referring to the primary object of the Theosophical Society, "to establish a nucleus of a universal brotherhood," and the fact that from its foundation in 1875 the Society has never deviated from this fundamental object in spite of persecution from dogmatic and materialistic sources and an entire indifference to the question in the business

**The Growing Sense** and scientific world, the speaker said:

**of what Real**

**Brotherhood is**

"It must set men thinking when they see what a growing hold this idea of brotherhood now has on the minds of those who are directing the affairs of the nations. Brotherhood, for the preaching of which Madame Blavatsky was persecuted, for the promulgation of which her successor, William Q. Judge, was hurried to an untimely grave, and for the demonstration of which as a living possibility and fact Madame Katherine Tingley has been gravely misunderstood: Brotherhood today is an honored word at the councils of the nations; it is invoked by statesmen and philosophers alike; it is admitted by kings and rulers and by those who are the truest friends of industry as the only practical, permanent solution of our present critical problems. Even science is now beginning to recognise the spiritual postulate; many commercial enterprises are now working on profit-sharing and co-operative lines — a thing undreamed of forty-five years ago; and many educators are turning to Theosophical ideals in education, finding their systems inadequate. Everywhere men are beginning to see the emptiness of hatred and selfishness; everywhere they are beginning to believe that moral force is stronger than brute force, while the fact of brotherhood as the hope of the future is accentuated on all sides. Is not this significant? Theosophists may well be satisfied that the idea of brotherhood is astir and that men in high places are giving it serious attention; for brotherhood, as a practical, working basis for conduct and for life, is the need and the hope of the hour."



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Theosophy as a solution for life's problems was the theme of two speakers on November 16th, Mrs. Emily Lemke and Mrs. Estelle Chestney Hanson, the former taking up especially, 'Some Contrasts in Human Life,' and the latter, 'Why a Mother Believes that Theosophy is the True Philosophy of

**The World-War,  
and some of  
its Lessons**

Life.' Mrs. Lemke, who recently accompanied Mme Tingley on a transcontinental lecture-tour just ended, said in part:

"Since my return home a few days ago, and during my travels with Madame Tingley throughout the country, my heart and mind have been touched as never before by the great unrest, the bitter heart-cry of humanity. There was fine work done during the war, and there were those who believed that the brotherhood expressed under unusual and agonizing conditions had come to stay. However, they did not reckon with the effects of the brutality and license of the great world-war. They hardly realized that beneath the apparently unselfish devotion displayed there was the spirit of hate and greed, and a desire for victory and revenge — a great psychological force that has left the world in a condition of seething unrest such as it has never known before. During these weeks of travel I have realized that Theosophy, and Theosophy alone, holds the key to the situation, for it has clear, scientific and common-sense explanations to give us for all of life's problems, and can adequately answer all the questionings of our hearts and minds."

Mrs. Hanson said:

"Theosophy not only conforms to all the definitions of a true philosophy, but it is *the* true philosophy of life, for it explains all the schools of philosophy and all science, and is, in fact, philosophy itself. No thinking and observing mother has ever yet been able to explain the mysterious mixture of good and evil in her child without its aid. A mother who studies the teachings of Theosophy is given not only a clew but definite knowledge about the two natures of man, the Higher or Divine, and the wholly physical or animal side. It is one of our most commonplace expressions to speak of the 'journey of life,' and yet we make less thoughtful preparation for it than we do for a journey of a thousand miles or so. There is no occupation in life so important, so sacred, and so fraught with responsibility as the training of a child."

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke on November 23rd for the first time since her return from her recent lecture-tour. In introducing her subject, 'Self-Government, the Essence of Character and the Key to the Future,'

**Self-Control  
is the Key  
to the Future**

Madame Tingley gave a résumé of her trip through the States, characterizing it as a "school of study," and saying:

"We could very easily imagine the different States to be different nations, so divided are they in their interests and their ideals. And these divisions, not apparent now to the casual observer, will become

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more apparent as the years pass on; for there has been a marked change in the thought-life of the people since the beginning of the war, and an increase of many things that make for retrogression and degradation.

"The key to the future is self-government, which in the spiritual sense means self-control, the true freedom of the individual. It does not mean license. If we can ingrain this ideal into the mind and hold it there, it will become the essence of character. Whatever else you may have, whatever view, whatever hope, whatever religion, if you can fasten to the ideal of the potency and power of spiritual self-government, you have made the distinction between the animal and the man; and without that distinction you cannot find the man. Nine-tenths of the degradation of humanity today is due to the fact that they have lost the ideal of self-government and no longer recognise the line which divides the animal from the man.

"In spite of our great material and commercial interests, in spite of our educational systems, in spite of our patriotism and the treasures left to us in our wonderful Constitution and in the Declaration of Independence, we have nevertheless lost sight of the great and grand purposes of life. And so it is the mission of Theosophy, and is and has been my mission, to bring this one new thought, if nothing more, to the different classes with whom I came in contact on my recent tour, for we have the power within ourselves to reach a new standard and readjust human life."

Madame Katherine Tingley in her address on the evening of November 30th continued the subject of the preceding Sunday, 'Self-Government, the Essence of Character.' For the benefit of the many strangers present the Theosophical Leader introduced her subject with a brief account of Madame

**Theosophy  
brings New Hope  
to the World**

Helena P. Blavatsky, the' foundress of the Theosophical Society, and of the message that she brought, saying:

"The mission of Theosophy is to bring a new hope to the world, to challenge humanity to work out its destiny, and to come closer to its heritage and the divine power that it possesses. In spite of our remedial systems we have not yet reached a point of understanding where we can begin to work with and analyse causes, or can feel that we have the key to the situation. The great and mighty past holds the secret and the key. Man also, in his deeper nature, holds the secret, but not understandingly, until he attains the consciousness of his own divinity.

"Man has no freedom until he finds the secret of self-discipline and self-control. These are the prime factors in the building of character, and if man seeks to accentuate these in his life he must recognise his own divinity. Once sure that he is divine, that he is a part of the great heart of the world, and that as far as he works conscientiously and unselfishly in even the smallest duty he is working with the Higher Law, then he has the companionship and the help of the Higher Law. Man must draw the line between the

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physical and the spiritual in his makeup and become able to see the two playing their parts. He must learn to face actual conditions, and challenge himself to dare more, to think more determinedly and independently. This done, day after day, man becomes habituated to this course. The power of habit should be studied more closely by educators and by fathers and mothers. It is a potent and mighty power when rightly used. It is habit of thought that makes for the weal or woe of a life. Self-discipline acquaints us with the mysteries of our own natures. This begun, in the course of time will come enlightenment, man will become the interpreter of his life, and can solve all its mysteries."

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke on December 7th upon 'The Present Industrial Conflict,' a sequel to her lecture of the previous Sunday on 'Self-Government from a Spiritual Standpoint.' The Theosophical Leader said in part:

"I shall of course take up this subject from the Theosophical standpoint, and from this standpoint we realize that the conditions which we are meeting today in the industrial world are the results of very old causes. The great need in the present conflict is a new quality of justice.

**A New Quality  
of Justice  
is called for**

If we are to solve these industrial questions someone in this big world, who is powerful enough to sit in the Senate and to go before our President, must arise in the strength of his spiritual light and his spiritual discernment and write on the walls of time certain truths that have never before been touched upon in the adjustment of human affairs. We lack the spirit of justice in our interpretation of life; we carry everything along lines of cold intellectualism and opinion. But it is the spiritual message that humanity is crying for. It is the spiritual message that those dying soldiers were calling for even when their eyes were closing in death. It is the spiritual note, the spiritual symphony that we must introduce into our public affairs before we shall find a substantial basis for adjustment.

"We must have the power to go to those who consider themselves to be, and who really are, suffering under the pressure of injustice. We must bring home to them the great truth that there is a divine affection, that there is a law of divine justice, that there is an overruling power that will necessarily bring about all that their hearts crave.

"Possibly some day someone will be sent out by the people to represent their State who will have the power to speak from an absolutely new platform, a platform based upon justice and the ethics of a new life, a platform that will bring home to man a realization that the heavens are opening to the needs of humanity, that the light is breaking, that new stars are shining and that out of the present dark surroundings of life there will come the enlightenment of the inner man, when the soul of man shall speak. When I think of our dear America, blest and sanctified by the lives of those old patriots,

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and by the Constitution that has been our inspiration if we have been patriotic at all, I do not feel comfortable or at ease, I know that we are closer to danger than we realize. We are not fashioning our lives according to the true spirit of liberty. We are lacking in the spirit of justice and in the true interpretation of it. Can we not see that we are slowly and blindly coming to an ultimate when it will be too late? Cold intellect will never solve these problems. It is the inner life in man, his divinity, that gives him power to live his life on lines of true justice and rule the destiny of the world."

Madame Katherine Tingley, in her lecture on December 14th, devoted the evening to a consideration of questions recently asked her by interested inquirers, in particular the question: "Do Theosophists consider Madame Blavatsky infallible?" In reply, the Theosophical Leader said in part:

**Mme Blavatsky's** "No, we do not consider Madame Blavatsky infallible. I had not imagined that any sane mind  
**Simple Message,** could dream that we claimed such a thing; but we  
**for Old and Young** believe in Madame Blavatsky, we trust her, we respect her, and we revere her for the reason that she brought to us a link with the ancient teachings — Theosophy — and she brought it in such a way that we are quite certain that these teachings are wonderfully adapted to meet human needs.

"Madame Blavatsky's mission was so simple, so plain, and so easily understood, by the scholar as well as by the uneducated. It was for the older mind as well as for the child, and she opened up such a vista of hope for all those who became interested in Theosophy, that it is quite natural that those who have followed her work, both in America and also throughout the world, should have learned to love her.

"One of my answers to this question, when it was asked me, was this: 'Did you think your mother was infallible? No. Did you love her? Yes. And you trusted her? Yes. And her word would go as far if not further than anyone else's, would it not?' Now that is just our position. And when we find a teacher who can advance the interests of humanity more than Madame Blavatsky did, and more than she does now through her books, then we shall be willing to admit that we have made a mistake. But as the years roll on we have evidences from all sides that she knew her mission and that she declared it boldly and courageously. There is in her that rare and wonderful loyalty of the soul. She did not come a moment too soon, and the seeds of her work are planted all over the world. She asked for no honors, no remuneration, and she dared to speak of things that at that time seemed almost out of place. She brought to the world a new optimism, the optimism of the age."

The audience, which filled the Theater, was largely made up of out-of-town visitors, remaining in the city from the celebration of railway week.

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The young ladies' chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy sang *Adore and be Still* by Gounod, with harp and violin accompaniment, and Handel's well-known *Trust in the Law*.

Special Christmas services were held on December 21st. Mme Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, spoke on the subject of 'The Mystical Christ,' the address being preceded by a Trio by Boisdeffre for violin, 'cello and harp, and short services by some of the little children of the Râja-Yoga

**Helping and  
Sharing is what  
Brotherhood  
Means**

School, who came out bearing flowers and a Christmas wreath. Placing the wreath on the altar, one of the smallest said, "We place this wreath upon the altar as a symbol of the victory of the soul. We little children are learning in the Râja-Yoga School that Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means." After repeating the story of the Christ Child as given in the Gospel of St. Luke, and quotations from the writings of world-teachers, the children sang a Christmas song. *Like Silver Lamps*, by Barnby, and Gounod's beautiful and impressive *Nazareth* were sung by the full Râja-Yoga International Chorus of seventy voices.

The rostrum was banked with a profusion of flowers, and the theater was crowded to capacity, many standing throughout the services and hundreds being turned away.

The following are excerpts from Mme Tingley's address: "The mission of Theosophy is to give to humanity the key to the finding of the Christos Spirit, the mystical Christ." Speaking of the historical Christ, whom she described as "one who had lived many lives and had garnered many experiences, bringing him to a realization of the meaning of life," she said, "But my thought tonight is rather of the mystical Christ. The message of Jesus has been misunderstood and misinterpreted; but if you could take a larger view and study his teachings from the Theosophical standpoint, you would find yourself moving out into a broader arena of thought, coming nearer to the larger meaning of truth. We shall have found the Christos Spirit, the mystical Christ within our own hearts. We shall find that we then have the golden key of life, the power to overcome. This is life's talisman.

"We cannot pile up the shelves of our intellect with things we are not sure of, and then expect to reach in our own natures those eternal forces that are part of the Divine Law. We must live in those deeper chambers of the soul 'where truth abides in fullness.' Those who do this will find the Kingdom of Heaven, of which Jesus taught, nearer than they dream. For Religion is the great reality of your nature, and I am talking of realities. We have either to rest our future on uncertainties and thus drift away from the Law, or be awakened to the consciousness of the Christos Spirit. When that awakening comes, man will be living in realities. He will embrace all humanity in that spirit of charity that belongs to the mystical Christ, the Divinity of Man. "

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The spirit of Yuletide joy clasped hands with that of the dawning year at the program given on Dec. 28th by the little children of the Râja-Yoga School, assisted by some of the older students and by their teacher, Madame Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader.

**The Law of Karma taught by Jesus and Paul** The stage had been transformed into an immense winter garden, with snow softly falling on the frost-tipped branches of hemlock, fir and pine. The house was packed to the doors, many children attending with their parents. Several hundred were turned away.

After introductory music by violin, 'cello and harp *ensemble*, Madame Tingley opened the evening with an address in which she gave a Theosophical interpretation of 'The New Year and its Promise,' saying:

"Let us make this year a great and superb effort to create better karma for ourselves, for those we love, for our country, and for all the peoples of the earth. And by 'karma' we mean simply the doctrine that Jesus taught, and Paul, in those words, 'As ye sow so shall ye reap.' But we cannot create this better karma by being warm today to truth and principle and cold tomorrow, nor by serving our passions and our pleasures. We must find the power of virtue, live in the power of truth, and bring out the spiritual will. A Theosophical interpretation of the New Year will give you new hope and blessing; it will give you an incentive to express in a larger way your higher and nobler nature; it will clear away your doubts and fears, it will lessen your timidity, and will make you unafraid, strong, true, happy, loving and just. Imagine this if you cannot see it. Imagination is the bridge that spans the gap between cold intellect and the soul of man."

After the address a selection from the Young Ladies' String Orchestra ushered in the children and their Christmas Cantata, with Santa Claus, Jack Frost, a bevy of happy, caroling nature-sprites, and two little lost human children who had wandered into fairydom unawares.

"The way to have a merry Christmas is to give one to others; the real spirit of Christmas is love and service, and the Râja-Yoga way is to have Christmas all the year; Santa Claus can never grow old, for love and service keep one eternally young" — these were some of the keynotes that sounded out between the rich baritone of Santa and the lighter singing of his merry little elves. Suddenly a dimly-lighted tree appeared on the darkened stage, the rosy lights in its branches growing momentarily brighter, while above the topmost branch hovered a snow-white Dove of Peace, in its beak a spray of Lomaland olive.

The principal feature, quite unannounced and therefore a surprise, was the appearance of representatives of all nations who entered through the swinging gates of the New Year, disclosing 'The Spirit of the New Year' attended by lovely, garlanded children. This feature was presented by a large group of the older students, dressed in the brilliant national costumes of more lands than one could count: from Italy to India, from Scotland to Japan, from France, Sweden, Spain, England and many more, almost

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literally "from China to Peru," binding the New Year and the Old in strong bonds of brotherliness, love and peace.

The program closed with a special tribute of music to the New Year, *The Rosy Dawn* by Lloyd and *Ring Out, Wild Bells* by Gounod, with bell-chime accompaniment, sung by the large Râja-Yoga International Chorus.

M. R.

## LETTERS RECEIVED FROM ČECH SOLDIERS RETURNED

### DECLARE KINDNESS NEVER FORGOTTEN

THE following extracts occur in letters received at the Czechoslovak Alliance, San Diego, Calif., from the soldiers who passed through here on their way home last July:

"After five long years of hard life in Russia, during which time we lived through and experienced many things, we never witnessed anything compared to what we experienced in San Diego. At the sight of the people in festive attire and of children and women dressed in native costumes, and when the words of 'Na Zdar' reached our ears, the tears rushed into our eyes. You cannot understand how quickly the ice melted around our hearts. The warm, innocent chatter of the children warmed our souls. Interpret to all the people of San Diego and to the good people of Point Loma, who went to such pains on account of us, and who treated us like brothers, our never-to-be-forgotten gratitude for their kindness."

"It is just a week today that we returned to our dear ones and to our loved fatherland, freed from all the troubles and thoughts which lay heavily on our minds. But we do not forget our countrymen in America, and we will not forget. Our arrival in San Diego was one that will never be forgotten. In your surrounding the ice quickly melted from around our hearts. There is no equal to the way the Čechs in America and the American people entertained us. Will you please be so kind as to interpret to the Theosophical Brotherhood at Point Loma our most grateful thanks and, above all, to Madame Katherine Tingley."

— *San Diego Union*, Oct. 31, 1919

## RESIDENTS OF LOMALAND ARE UNITED IN MARRIAGE

A MARRIAGE ceremony of unusual interest and beauty was celebrated at the International Theosophical Headquarters Thanksgiving evening, the contracting parties being Mrs. Emily Lemke, of London and Point Loma, and E. A. Neresheimer, a Point Loma resident and a member of the Theosophical Society since 1887. The ceremony took place in the large

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oriental room of Madame Tingley's home, which was entered under an arch of tall palm fronds and flowers. Judge W. F. Schuermeyer read the simple but impressive service and the guests present were limited to relatives and intimate personal friends. Instead of the conventional wedding dress the bride had requested the privilege of wearing the simple white students' gown worn by the members of the Theosophical Headquarters, and the bridegroom wore the familiar olivauto uniform of the men students. Mrs. Lemke was attended by her daughter, Miss Marguerite Lemke, a member of the graduating class of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and Mr. Neresheimer by Clark Thurston, his close associate and intimate friend for over thirty years.

Later in the evening a reception and musicale was held in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Neresheimer in the Academy rotunda, the bridal party entering to the strains of the Lohengrin *Bridal Chorus* and proceeding to the rose-strewn altar beneath the dome between a double column of children in open formation.

### POETIC GREETINGS

Greetings in poetic form and handsomely illuminated were presented from the student body as a whole, and also from the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York City, of which Mr. Neresheimer is a charter member and which has a large representation in Lomaland. One of these contained the following quotation from Katherine Tingley: "True marriage is an initiation, and a true home is an altar of spiritual life." Among the many gifts, one of the most unique was a garland of delicate green, in the smilax strands of which were some hundreds of tiny white and gold disks, each bearing the name of a member of the Lomaland Theosophical family, with a short individual greeting.

The evening closed with a colonial drawing-room and concert staged by the children, who, from the tiny three-year-olds up, were dressed in the costume of the period. Among those present were General and Lady Washington, Comte de Rochambeau, Marquis de Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin, John and Abigail Adams, and others. They carried their parts with dignity and decorum, a slight liberty with historic facts being taken, however, in the presentation of piano, 'cello and violin solos and songs, and in the themes of their toasts at the close. The program ended with a rendition of Coleridge-Taylor's exquisite cantata, *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*. This, from Longfellow's poem of the name, and with the musical setting based on Indian themes, was given an illustrative touch by two Râja-Yoga pupils dressed in Indian costume and seated at the left of the stage in a woodsy tangle. They might easily have passed for the young boy Hiawatha and a maiden of the tribe.

### CAME FROM LONDON

Mrs. Emily Lemke Neresheimer came to Point Loma in 1916 from London to take up permanent residence as a student-worker, and to place her daughter in the Râja-Yoga Academy. She has been a member of the Theosophical



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Society some thirteen years, and since coming to Point Loma has developed into an accomplished writer and speaker, being especially successful in public work. Her London home from girlhood was an art and musical center, known to the leading artists and musicians of England and the continent, to many of whom it was a home-center, always open for visits of long or short duration. Mrs. Neresheimer is a linguist of unusual attainments, has made several trips around the world and lived in France, Germany, China and England at different periods before coming to America. She accompanied Madame Tingley on her recent lecture-tour throughout America in a secretarial capacity.

Mr. Neresheimer is a graduate of the Gutbier Institute of Music of Munich, Bavaria, qualifying especially in piano, 'cello and voice. Coming to America, he engaged in the wholesale diamond business in New York City, without, however, dropping his musical interest or work, and in 1887 met William Quan Judge there, the second leader of the Theosophical Movement. He shortly joined the Theosophical Society, and from that time to the present day has given it unqualified and continuous support. In 1888 and again in 1889 he spent some months in London, a student of Theosophy while there under Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who had recently formed in that city a branch headquarters of the original society. Coming to Point Loma to reside in 1901, Mr. Neresheimer devoted his entire time for several years to teaching work in the Isis Conservatory of Music. Business interests in Colorado, where he has large holdings in land, made his absence imperative for a number of years prior to 1918, when he resumed permanent residence at Point Loma, and is now devoting his entire time to executive, literary and musical work. He has been Chairman of Madame Tingley's Cabinet since its formation in 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Neresheimer will reside in their new residence, recently completed, on Pepper Avenue, Lomaland.—*San Diego Union*, Nov. 30, 1919

## WHERE HAPPINESS IS A CO-OPERATIVE CONCERN

I WOULD not have you infer from what I have thus far said that I think there is no happiness in the world. That would not be true. There is much happiness — even in its illusion. Personally I am happy in the happiness of my fellow-creatures — as when I witnessed the happiness of those sweet-dispositioned folk of Lomaland on the occasion of the Neresheimer-Lemke marriage festival on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. They tell me that happiness is perennial in that peaceful abode; and I can imagine no other state of mind amid those homes and gardens. Here indeed the pursuit of Happiness has ended in achievement of its goal. On this particularly festal occasion happiness put forth its fragrant blossoms like the roses that garnished the marriage feast and wreathed the brows of the maidens with starry chaplets. Happiness shone in the faces of the men and women, echoed

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in the merry laughter of the children, resounded in the voices of the singers, vibrated on the electric radiance of the myriad lights of the great rotunda dome lifting its effulgent beauty into the night of Lomaland. My own happiness in contact with that of a marriage-festival in this peculiar environment was entirely sympathetic, demonstrating that happiness has a contagious quality as potent as that of pity or regret or the sorrow that appeals from heart to heart. The bridegroom on this occasion was deserving of his happiness, as was the bride at his side, for he had helped to organize this happiness, as she will help hereafter. Organized happiness! That is the occultism of Lomaland's 'mystery' — the happiness that reacts upon itself; happiness for its own sake; like the love that is in love with love. There can be no permanent sorrow in Lomaland, for the source of its happiness is in its leadership and directing mind — and heart; and its scheme will persist when its living embodiment — the woman who brought this sweet content to Lomaland — has departed. — 'YORICK,' in *The San Diego Evening Tribune*

### TRANSCONTINENTAL WEEK VISITORS ENJOY PROGRAM

BY RÂJA-YOGA PLAYERS; SYSTEM OF EDUCATION DEMONSTRATED;

SCENES FROM 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'

VISITORS from all parts of our great southwest and jubilant San Diegans by the hundred, poured into the Isis Theater last evening for the musical and dramatic entertainment presented by Mme Katherine Tingley in honor of Transcontinental Railway Week, and the young folk who participated in the program carried it through with a zest and finesse that was essentially of the spirit of the occasion.

The opening number was a thoughtful and really exquisite interpretation of what is conceded to be one of the most satisfying compositions in modern music, the first movement of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. It was rendered by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra, which is entitled to rank, by the way, as a symphony orchestra of stable ideals and fine musical discipline. It is composed of young students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, founded by Madame Tingley at Point Loma some years ago. In the young man who made a short speech upon the special system of education which is carried out in the Râja-Yoga College and its affiliated institutions at Point Loma, Montague Machell, I recognised the orchestra's first 'cellist, and later, 'Bottom the Weaver' in the dramatic scenes.

Then the children flocked in — such little children some of them were! — to show us how the young idea is made to shoot in Râja-Yoga class-rooms. Now the average sight-seer or tourist will literally 'take to the woods' rather than sit through school exercises. And I confess that it was with a feeling of chastened virtue that I settled myself down to taking note of the class-work

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exposition. But if I came in smug resignation, and looked on (at first) indifferently, I went away conquered with a completeness that no Vercingetorix could outclass. So did the audience. The mental arithmetic work of those youngsters is just short of a miracle. A little bout with it is given them at the beginning of each school session, I understand, as a 'setting-up exercise,' or mental tonic. Its effect is pre-eminently of that order, to judge by the class-work which followed in subjects usually accounted far beyond the scope of a child's mind — an astonishing number of subjects, too. I lost count.

### FEATURE OF PROGRAM

Suffice it to say that instead of this being a bore, it was almost the star feature of the program, closing as it did with a little action-song, *Oh, the Morning-glory Bells Are Falling, Falling!* so happily rendered that morning-glory bells certainly did fall, and myriads of them, down into every open heart in that hall. Nothing could have illustrated better the brief reference made by Madame Tingley herself a few moments before to the system of education of which she is the originator. It gave one an interesting glimpse 'behind the scenes' of Râja-Yoga education, of which one hears so much but can usually find out so little. I recall but one similar exposition in San Diego in the last five or six years, but I believe that if such could be regularly given they would be a drawing-card for our city.

The young Râja-Yoga Players, as a group of the younger students of the Isis League of Music and Drama are known, have more than a 'local habitation and a name' in respect to dramatic art, and Madame Tingley's selection of Shakespeare, and especially of that loveliest of his comedies, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was particularly happy. For the scene is laid in Athens, and this number fittingly closed a day spent mainly at the stadium, so reminiscent in its generous, classic design, and in the contests and races held there, of Greece and her Olympiads.

### ARE REAL ARTISTS

The special scenes chosen were those in which Bottom the Weaver and his addle-pated men rehearse their "most lamentable comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby,'" and then present it before the duke "on his wedding-day at night." Despite the medieval coloring thrown over these rôles by the mighty bard, and despite the very modern flavor of some of their burlesque, they nevertheless did take the audience back to "Athens' shops and stalls" and held them there. These young players are comedians whom it is difficult to criticise. Their art is buoyant and it is refined; it is large and wholesomely true; it is, moreover, intelligent, and reveals a more than youthful knowledge of the idiosyncrasies and harmless egotisms of human nature.

— *San Diego Union*, December 4, 1919

## RECONSTRUCTION OF FAITH

NOW that religious authorities themselves are repudiating beliefs that never were believable, the spirit of reconstruction is finding foundation-stones that will better stand the strain of time and usage. In other words, Theosophic truths are being absorbed by many who do not know where their best ideas came from. The signs of the times give promise that mutilated half-truths, long presented as the Nazarene's message, are being restored. Belief in Reincarnation, which a large part of the Christian church probably held for the first five hundred years, was long lost sight of in the dark ages of a blind belief in a humanly capricious Deity and a disbelief in the spiritual man.

Today, after four years of world-tragedy, the social mind is swinging around to the original teachings that man's inner nature is the great world of reality. The drift of current literature and of events gives hope that there will yet be other schools of divinity besides the one at Point Loma to teach the divinity of man — "sons of God," as Paul puts it. For instance, in a recent sermon by the Rev. Albert J. Murphy, M. A., of the King's Highway Congregational Church, Brooklyn, he says:

"Do we realize the mighty truth that it is faith that sustains the universe? That this airy spiritual principle stands like the pillars of Hercules beneath the structure of the world's civilization? . . . The world is people — spiritual beings. Man is a spirit! All else is secondary and accidental. Surely we all know that the material world has only a phenomenal reality — that it exists only because you, I, and God exist. It has no being in itself! Our poor material brains have been evolved in the midst of things, and we think things, shapes, and solids — and we think they are reality. The reality is you. Seize the reality, act on it, assume its power, and the 'mountains will stand aside.'

"Man is a spirit, eternal, with infinite possibilities. As the spiritual world is real, so are the laws of this world real. . . . Break the law of love and you get hate and war and hell. You can no more live without love than you can build a house at an angle of 45 degrees and have it stand. You would not blame God if the house fell, nor the law of gravitation. Then do not blame God for war and sickness; do not blame the law of love and faith."

The above is a more reasonable theology than any which Mme Blavatsky heard when she began the reconstruction of Christ's teachings by organizing the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875. She showed the entire logic of the 'eternal man' in an animal body, evolving his 'infinite possibilities,' in sowing and reaping, life after life, as he journeyed toward the goal of human perfection. She showed how the reality of the Karmic law acted equally on the physical, mental and moral planes. She supplemented the simple story given to the Galilean fishermen with the profound philosophy of the ancient Wisdom-Religion. They who are seeking truth in its largeness will find it in her writings.— L. R.

**Theosophical University Meteorological Station  
Point Loma, California**

**Summary for October 1919**

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	68.19	Number hours actual sunshine	285.20
Mean lowest	56.48	Number hours possible	351.00
Mean	62.33	Percentage of possible	81.00
Highest	79.00	Average number hours per day	9.20
Lowest	51.00		
Greatest daily range	20.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3620.00
Inches	2.58	Average hourly velocity	4.85
Total from July 1, 1919	2.94	Maximum velocity	20.00

**Summary for November 1919**

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	64.20	Number hours actual sunshine	223.80
Mean lowest	51.83	Number hours possible	314.00
Mean	58.02	Percentage of possible	71.00
Highest	79.00	Average number hours per day	7.46
Lowest	38.00		
Greatest daily range	22.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	4290.00
Inches	0.56	Average hourly velocity	5.96
Total from July 1, 1919	3.50	Maximum velocity	30.00

**Summary for December 1919**

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	62.13	Number hours actual sunshine	222.50
Mean lowest	48.61	Number hours possible	310.00
Mean	55.37	Percentage of possible	72.00
Highest	81.00	Average number hours per day	7.18
Lowest	41.00		
Greatest daily range	26.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3420.00
Inches	1.28	Average hourly velocity	4.60
Total from July 1, 1919	4.78	Maximum velocity	20.00

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California



# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

MARCH 1920

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."





# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

---

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

WHENEVER, Ānanda, a person experiences a pleasant sensation, he does not at the same time experience an unpleasant sensation, nor does he experience an indifferent sensation; only the pleasant sensation does he then feel. Whenever, Ānanda, a person experiences an unpleasant sensation, he does not at the same time experience a pleasant sensation, nor does he experience an indifferent sensation; only the unpleasant sensation does he then feel. Whenever, Ānanda, a person experiences an indifferent sensation, he does not at the same time experience a pleasant sensation, nor does he experience an unpleasant sensation; only the indifferent sensation does he then feel.

Now pleasant sensations, Ānanda, are transitory, are due to causes, originate by dependence, and are subject to decay, disappearance, effacement, and cessation; and unpleasant sensations, Ānanda, are transitory, are due to causes, originate by dependence, and are subject to decay, disappearance, effacement, and cessation; and indifferent sensations, Ānanda, are transitory, are due to causes, originate by dependence, and are subject to decay, disappearance, effacement, and cessation. While this person is experiencing a pleasant sensation, he thinks, 'This is my Ego.' And after the cessation of this same pleasant sensation, he thinks, 'My Ego has passed away.' While he is experiencing an unpleasant sensation, he thinks, 'This is my Ego.' And after the cessation of this same unpleasant sensation, he thinks, 'My Ego has passed away.' And while he is experiencing an indifferent sensation, he thinks, 'This is my Ego.' And after the cessation of this same indifferent sensation, he thinks, 'My Ego has passed away.' So that he who says, 'Sensation is my Ego,' holds the view that even during his lifetime his Ego is transitory, that it is pleasant, unpleasant, or mixed, and that it is subject to rise and disappearance.

Accordingly, Ānanda, it is not possible to hold the view, 'Sensation is my Ego.'

— *Mahā-Nidāna-Sutta (Dīgha-Nikāya)*: trans. by Warren

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

FIRST FALLS OF PAGSANJAN, LAGUNA PROVINCE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 3

MARCH 1920

*"A wise man knows he now must reap  
The fruits of deeds of former births.  
For be they many or but few,  
Deeds done in covetousness or hate,  
Or through infatuation's power,  
Must bear their needful consequence.  
Hence not to covetousness, nor hate,  
Nor to infatuation's power  
The wise man yields, but knowledge seeks  
And leaves the way of punishment."*

— *Anguttara-Nikāya*, iii. 33; translated by Warren

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES \*



*WHEN one considers the life of Helena P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the present Theosophical Movement, when one reads her splendid and wonderful books and has watched the general progress of her work, one must necessarily decide that she was an extraordinary woman in very many ways and that she must have had an urge of some kind — we interpret it as a spiritual urge — to come to the Western world to bring the message of brotherhood and place before the thinkers of the age those grand and superb principles which are the basic life, the very foundation, of our Theosophical Society.*

*She chose America for the reason that she considered it free; she had read and heard that it was a land of liberty, that it had freedom of speech, that it was not under the control of the church, that all religions were permitted; and so with the urge and love that she had for humanity, it was quite natural that she should come to America; yet I feel very sure that in many ways she was very much disappointed, though in other ways she was not.*

*It was in the seventies that she founded the Theosophical Society, the original Society which is now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. All her efforts were of a quality that make it impossible for anyone to question her motive. In the first place, she detached from her work all idea of*

\* Extracts from an address given by Katherine Tingley at the Tremont Theater, Boston.



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*the dollar-and-cent influence; she received no salary; she declared that those who are earnestly and determinedly desirous of working for the advancement of humanity should make an effort to help without any selfish interest; and this spirit has been carried out in the original Theosophical Society from the very beginning.*

*When Mme. Blavatsky brought these teachings to America, she showed very plainly that she was not bringing a new religion to the world, that in no sense had she originated Theosophy, that the philosophy she presented was the philosophy of the ages, the Wisdom-Religion, taught long before Jesus was born. Her experience and her association with some of the greatest minds of the age had added greatly to her knowledge and her practical views of life. Her knowledge of the divine nature of man, her recognition of his latent qualities, made her seem to all who knew her not only as a woman possessing great erudition, but as one who had attained in some other life that rare discrimination and intuition which were necessary for her as a spiritual teacher.*

*The principal ideas which she presented, the principal teachings of Theosophy, are first the essential Divinity of Man, then his Duality; that there are two forces working in his nature, one for selfish and worldly interests, pleasures and passions, and the other for the upward way, for the advancement of his spiritual life, working ever to attain that state of perfection which Theosophy declares is man's destiny. Following this Duality, we come to the idea of Karma. Karma is the law of justice, and Madame Blavatsky's wonderful books contain so many expositions of this universal law that I wonder that the whole world is not already affected by Theosophy. Closely allied with the teaching of Karma is the doctrine of Reincarnation. According to the ancient teachings and according to Madame Blavatsky's writings and the general belief of the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, man cannot live out his fullest life, he cannot attain to the full stature of perfect manhood, in one lifetime of seventy or a hundred years. Many lifetimes are needed; the great universal scheme of life furnishes for man opportunities after opportunities to find his way as a soul, as a divine being, through many schools of experience, and these experiences under the power of self-directed evolution will ultimately bring man to his own.*

*One of the special points I always try to bring out in this connexion is that if we study the general aspects of the world today, and particularly the religious aspects, we find many earnest and devoted people depending to a very large degree upon the brain-mind judgment to interpret the laws of life, as found in the Bible and other sacred books. Now according to Theosophy the brain-mind has its place; it is the seat of the intellect, it is like an instrument in the hands either*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*of a master-musician or of one who is not a master-musician. As long as the lower forces play through the chambers of the mind, the real light, the real knowledge, the true interpretation, that quality of intuition that belongs to every man and is a part of his inner life, cannot be accentuated. To a large degree I feel that we are depending too much on the outward life, we are living too much in the external, our vision and our progress are limited by our lack of knowledge of the Higher Law; but if we could once realize, as a Theosophist does after long study and much devotion, that the real life, the ever-growing eternal life, is within, the mind would become receptive to the higher knowledge and to that state of consciousness which is ever illuminated by the inner light.*

*Christ has taught this, St. Paul taught it; you will find it in all the sacred writings; the greatest thinkers, and those who have given us the best examples of spiritual life, have accentuated this fact: that the truth, the knowledge, the revelation to man of the divine laws, must come from within.*

*I feel that if all down the ages from the very beginning of Christianity there could have been this intuitive profound grasp of the true meaning of religion, if the early Fathers could have had it, there would have been different results. This is no reflexion upon any who are sincere in their beliefs; I have no desire to criticise them; but I am a reader of the sacred writings, I have a mind that dares to search for the truth, and I am satisfied that I should really be doing you a great injustice if I did not express my feelings. In seeking to open your eyes, I am paying tribute to you as divine souls; and my message, my effort, and the work of the members of the Theosophical Society, is to lift the veil and to show humanity that there are potent forces within man, and above him, that can be utilized for the reconstruction of the human race — not merely the reconstruction of our country, but of the whole human family.*

*There must come an awakening some time and, surely, no one could criticise me very severely for bringing up this matter, for all must see the great need of a change. There must come a spiritual awakening; there must be new ideas, dynamic ideas, introduced into the human mind to bring about a resuscitation, so to speak, of the spiritual part of man, which shall be a basis for that quality of reconstruction that shall touch the home, all systems of education, and religion, and shall ultimately become the most potent factor in readjusting all mankind.*

*If we had no crimes, if we had no prisons and lunatic asylums, if we were all following the rosy path, if we were never sick and had no difficulties to contend with, I should be very much out of place, and you would have the right to say that my ideas are far-fetched; but you all know as well as I do that crime is increasing throughout the land, that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age, that we have just emerged from a war of horrors, the cruelty of which has exceeded*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*all that has ever been recorded in history, and so many people are asking, "Why did it happen? How could it happen? Where was God?"*

*Theosophists would say, and not in a presumptuous way, that the sowing of the seed began ages ago — that down through the generations and generations of people there has been something missing, the missing-link so to speak, the lost Word; so that man, ignorant of his Divinity, not being conscious of that power in him, not having full trust in the divine Law, not being able to interpret these simple doctrines of life, wandered away from the path.*

*Look at humanity today as it is physically. With a few exceptions do we not see there is a deterioration in the physical nature of man? It simply shows that we have not the basic ideas to depend on, to think with, to feel with, and to live by.*

*Now the Râja-Yoga System, which is based on these reconstructive ideas, has brought out in quite an interesting way the possibilities of human nature that are latent in all. The term 'Râja-Yoga' is a Sanskrit term, which I chose as covering, better than any I have found, my ideas in reference to education. It means 'Kingly Union' — the balance and harmony of the physical, the mental and the spiritual; for Theosophy teaches that we cannot go through life one-sidedly and half awake — but that we have to reach a point of balance, and it should come to us in youth. I am very certain that if the whole world could have had the training that is given in the Râja-Yoga College and School, we should have better conditions everywhere; life would be more joyful, more hopeful, more optimistic. The world is crying for something new, for something that will adjust human affairs and prevent a repetition of what we have gone through in the last five years in this terrible warfare.*

*So it was quite impossible for me to stay at our International Center of Theosophical work at Point Loma, for Theosophy has a message to the whole world. And though we are doing very large propaganda work, in all lines of Theosophic thought, still the masses have not been reached yet; and if we are going to serve humanity, we must throw aside creeds and dogmas and live in the fullest sense on a basis of right action, sustained by convictions which are warmed and inspired by that intuitive knowledge that comes to one who chooses to find the true path.*

*I am always very slow in public meetings to say very much about the development of the inner nature of man, because the world has been cursed for a number of years with all sorts of absurdities — false, grotesque and fanatical teachings of every kind, in the name of religion and in the name of Theosophy; so that it seems almost unjust to our Theosophical work to attempt in one evening to call the attention of the public to the inner qualities of man. You will find*



## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*self-styled Theosophists, in this city, and in other cities of America, who will pretend to tell you all about your former incarnations, or about your future; they will teach you symbology and astrology and palmistry, and all sorts of weird things that are out of place for any sane man; they will try to impress you with their 'mysticism.' There are some very nice people, I fancy, who get caught by the psychological influence of these claims; but for the twenty-five years that I have been connected with the Theosophical Society it has been necessary to use much time and energy and money to remove from the original Theosophical Society and from the name Theosophy itself the stigma that comes from the misuse of the word Theosophy by people who blend it with fanatical teachings.*

*If Theosophy is anything, it is absolutely practical, and no true Theosophist believes in preaching without doing. The whole aim of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is to make Theosophy a living power in the lives of men, to learn to discriminate between the lower and higher natures of man — between right and wrong — to exert all possible efforts to keep the ideals of Theosophy ever before us and to practise them, and to bring into the life of each the power of self-control.*

*In working for humanity I have visited many of the prisons in this country and in Europe; I have studied criminology from all sides of the question; and I have realized that crime will increase and so will insanity, and that in the course of time we shall have new, unnameable diseases and many more vices, for the reason that we have not the key to the situation. Human life cannot be reconstructed, nor national or international life, until we have carried the sublime teachings of Theosophy into the home, until we have reached a point where we can and should challenge men and women to take up home-life and marriage and parenthood more seriously — challenge them, and bring about such an awakening in the minds of those who control the home, that their responsibilities shall become so sacred that they cannot err. If we are to reconstruct human life, we must begin to build character, and we must do it in childhood; we must touch the plastic, flexible minds of the children with that indescribable something that is so exquisitely beautiful that no language can name it, something that will awaken the soul in their very childhood and bring them slowly and surely to that state of consciousness that will help them to meet the trials of life.*

*To reconstruct the nation, we must begin in the home, but according to my idea we cannot do this unless there is an understanding of the self. There must be self-adjustment, self-improvement; there must be self-endeavor, self-directed evolution. Then the souls of the parents and the souls of the children will blossom*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*like the flowers in the springtime, and many wonderful things will come to add to the stability and the happiness of the home.*

*This is not a fantastic dream of mine, it is an absolutely proven fact: for the Râja-Yoga System has been active for nearly twenty years; it has passed the experimental stage, and these results have been demonstrated. It is all so easy and so beautiful, if one can only understand the laws governing human life.*

*Now of course it is not to be believed that anyone who is seeking for truth can reach a point of satisfaction in a day or an hour, or that any teacher can impart the truth sufficiently to carry one through life even for a day or a week, or that books will do it; the best literature we have on Theosophy will fail you absolutely, unless right down in your hearts is that yearning, that longing, and that quality of determination that will make you push on daringly and courageously.*

*But if you study our Theosophical books, you will find that we are ever working to correct the errors of injustice. Believing absolutely that brotherhood is a fact in nature, that all men are divine, that even the weakest and lowest have in them a spark of Divinity, there comes into our lives a deep sense of pity and compassion for all who suffer; so we are obliged to free our consciences by trying to lift the burdens from the people, to remove the stumbling-blocks, and to bring understanding and enlightenment for all.*

*It is not an easy task, I assure you, because there are so many in the world who are satisfied with one life-experience, satisfied with creeds and dogmas. They look out and question the meaning of all the contrasts, idiosyncrasies and failures in human life; they desire to help, they will give money, they will suffer, they will sacrifice, but they cannot give up their creeds and dogmas. There is where the trouble is. I am very certain that if the great Initiate Jesus were here, he would say some things to the people that would be dynamic, some things that would stir the very blood in one's being; he would give some reminders, possibly some reproofs. Remember, good friends, that Jesus had no church; remember also his Sermon on the Mount, which is Theosophy in every detail; and remember how he scorned the hypocrites. It is the hypocrites of our age who present an outer aspect of learning and sanctity and a show of service to humanity — it is these who go about misleading and blinding the people.*

*With this idea of reconstruction, though we may work hard and earnestly, though our Government may be successful in establishing a certain semblance of peace, yet for years — and I say it determinedly — we shall be under the shadow of such menacing forces that it will take all our intellectual and physical strength to bear the burden; and possibly after a few years we may have other aspects of suffering even worse than during the war. And under these conditions, when humanity begins to deteriorate, when the world's pleasures become so*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*destructive that they tear men and women from their moorings and send them adrift — when it comes to this and we look at the whole picture with a larger perspective, then we shall begin to turn and ask more questions about life's meaning. From my standpoint I cannot see how permanent reconstruction can be begun in any other way than by man setting out to find himself, find his moorings, find his way, his divinity, his soul, and begin the conquest of life individually.*

*There have been some very interesting statements made by some of the most brilliant men of the times as to the means that we shall use for reconstruction. But there can be no national and international reconstruction on a permanent basis of justice to all until the light breaks in on the minds of those in power, until the inner light comes home to them and refreshes their minds and lifts them to such a point of optimism and courage that they will find again in their hands the key that has been lost for ages — the key for the salvation of man, the redemption of human life.*

*There is no other way. The uncertainty of the present hour, the uncertainty in all things, is not comfortable, and I question how I should live if I were not a Theosophist. Now you must not be alarmed by my very earnest talk, or think that I am making any effort to convert you, for that is not so. We do believe in placing the truths before the people, that they may search for that light which is within, that they may bring about a conversion in their own natures by understanding that they themselves hold the key, and that by using it — that is, by placing all that is below the divine in its place, and by strengthening the spiritual nature to such a degree that the power of self-control will go on and on from day to day — their lives, as I said before, will unfold as the flowers do.*

*It is coming, it is in the air. Mme Blavatsky's work has not been in vain. When Mme Blavatsky first came to this country, where one met her fullheartedly, dozens not only turned away from her but persecuted her. Her life was a long life of suffering and persecution. Every system of thought that opposed her ideas, opposed her, and put stumbling-blocks in her way; but she lived, she carried on her work triumphantly. This great Theosophical Movement has extended all over the world, and it is the most serious movement of the age.*


*If there ever was a time when humanity should question the meaning of life, it is now; and if there ever was a time when there was an answer, it is now. For Theosophy, ancient and old as it is, is now bringing the message to the masses, to the rich and to the poor, to the ignorant and to the educated, that they may all partake of that knowledge which shall bring them eternal life.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

# EVOLUTIONARY MAN: A STUDY IN RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES AND CONCLUSIONS IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

## PART I

C. J. RYAN

HE fundamental object of the Theosophical Movement is the establishment of the spirit of Brotherhood, and an important factor in our comprehension of this is a clear idea of what we are and what is our place in Nature. It is equally desirable that we should not be misled by hasty though plausible conclusions, labeled with high-sounding theological or scientific names.

The word Evolution has come forward prominently of late years, and, rightly interpreted, it gives the key to the mystery of our presence here. Katherine Tingley sums up the Theosophical concept of evolution in the sentence:

"It is in this outer nature, usually physically dominated, that arises the common feeling of 'I,' and it is to the blending of this with the real 'I' within that evolution tends."

Taken in a purely material sense the word evolution is misleading, for it feeds the selfish and animalistic side of our dual nature. Owing to the efforts of popularizers of science, when the word is uttered a fairly coherent picture presents itself of a succession of material forms, increasing in complexity of function and intelligence as time passes; of an end-on, orderly sequence of specks of protoplasm, oysters, fishes, reptiles, quadrupeds, monkeys, gorillas, ape-men, savages, early Babylonians or Egyptians, Romans and Greeks, and, to crown all — our noble selves! In this scheme, of which the above is only the crudest outline, the so-called 'scientific' but really shortsighted aspect stands out, which regards man as a piece of highly-organized matter, producing for some unexplained reason the phenomena of life and thought, perishing at death, and non-existent before birth. For half a century the purely animalistic hypothesis of human origin and development has powerfully affected intelligent thought, and has descended into the general consciousness of the less-informed by means of such catch phrases as 'the missing link,' 'our ape-ancestors,' 'survival of the fittest' and 'natural selection,' all of which are but half-truths when not entirely unproved. Men are always interested in any form of hunting, and the loudly-heralded search for the 'missing link' between man and monkey naturally aroused the sporting interest.

The medieval concept of Special Creation has been almost entirely

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abandoned even by theology, but unhappily the only presentation of evolution offered is that which regards man as an animal which has somehow run ahead of the rest in consequence of the possession of a superior brain and hand. Our museums are exhibiting busts and pictures of the supposed ape-evolution of man in carefully-arranged rows from the beast to the intelligent human being. The psychological effect of these on the young is marked, and the deplorable and remarkable thing about them is, that the arrangement is not scientifically accurate, but, as is sometimes privately admitted, "something like the order in which human evolution *must have come about* according to Darwinism, though there are difficulties in filling certain gaps." There are indeed; the gaps are abysses.

According to the generally-accepted views of biologists, evolution is a haphazard process: any suggestion of a guiding mind, of unseen spiritual forces, of a plan, is scouted. You may choose between "the accumulation of innumerable minute chance variations," or "sudden 'sports' — larger and more rapid changes" (according to the school you prefer) modified by climatic conditions and other "blind natural forces," as the causes of evolution. Unspiritual science says Nature is a harsh mother, as ready to destroy her children as to nourish them. It only sees the outer form and is unaware of the evolving consciousness moving on through the ages, using up and discarding successive embodiments. Huxley carefully pointed out that the 'survival of the fittest' does not necessarily mean the survival of the most intelligent or the most highly organized. As he said, if the Thames Valley became arid, the 'fittest' would no longer be Londoners but cactuses and lizards. If the world should perish by freezing, life, including mankind, would utterly disappear; even the so-called 'immortality' of the Comte and Carus school (the persistence of the influence of the dead personality in the recollection of the living) would vanish. In short, the scientific conception of evolution is cramped; there is no large and spacious vision. The tyranny of materialistic views has emasculated it. In losing sight of spiritual laws and concentrating on purely physical factors more than half its value is missing. Dr. Frederick Wood-Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, a scientific evolutionist but an independent thinker whose original and startling views will be considered later, in referring to Darwin's Evolutionary Theory, first brought out about sixty years ago, says:

"If we ask ourselves the question, Has humanity benefited by the knowledge scattered broadcast throughout the world in 1859? I think we must certainly answer that it has not. . . . For the masses the new teaching proved that, by a transit marked by catch phrases, man had originated from an existing anthropoid ape. Only a little while ago we were all

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apes, we had struggled and fought and survived, and having won through had become men. . . . I believe that the doctrine of this period has left its stain, and that the times through which we are passing owe something of their making to these beliefs. If this be so, if the belief in the evolution of a superman as the outcome of bloody struggle, more brutal than any test by which Nature tries her offspring, is fostered by these teachings, then it is time that these teachings should be criticised. If, under criticism, these doctrines seem to break down, then so far as the evolution of the superman is concerned, we are all at each other's throats in vain." — *The Problem of Man's Ancestry*, 1918

Dr. Wood-Jones rightly denounces the harsh and false aspect of evolution, which has always aroused opposition in spiritual minds, even though cold reason and hard facts seemed to conspire against an intuition that real progress in the world of life cannot be made by retrogressive and brutal methods.

Let us examine the wider view of human evolution offered by Theosophy, and some of the obstinate facts in Nature — both new and old — that protest against a materialistic interpretation.

The reason scientists are wandering in a maze of confusing evidences and find so many links "missing" is that they are hypnotized by the purely physical aspect of life; their attention is concentrated on the outer, temporary vehicles of consciousness. The solution of the mystery lies in what may be summed up as the Dual Nature of Man. Man is essentially an immortal soul, of divine origin, incarnating from time to time in matter, in order to gain experience in bodies suitable to the terrestrial conditions prevailing at different periods. The vehicles of the soul were not necessarily, in early times, of the same kind of matter in which we now find ourselves, but were more ethereal. Before we can begin to reason on constructive lines we must recognise the existence of the Divine Ego in man, moving on from age to age in successive incarnations in physical bodies and resting at intervals in a state that is subjective to us when viewed from our material phase. Study of the possibilities involved in the principle of reincarnation reveals and enlightens vast and unexplored territories.

The teaching of Theosophy is, therefore, that man is not a creature which has simply developed a mind and intelligence a little ahead of the "other animals," by the Survival of the Fittest, Natural Selection, the possession of a free pair of hands with an opposable thumb, and so forth, but is a spiritual being, a Monad or Ego, who has been through many experiences in other conditions before taking up bodily incarnation here. It is Man who molds and fashions matter to his needs, not blind physical laws which dominate him. Theosophy and the common materialistic theories of the age are diametrically opposed in fundamentals,

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but have, of course, many points of agreement whenever established facts enter into the discussion.

But there are intuitive scientists who have shaken off the incubus of materialism, and have come within hailing distance of Theosophy. Such a one was the late Dr. Russel Wallace, the famous contemporary of Charles Darwin. He said:

"All the errors of those who have distorted the thesis of Evolution into something called, inappropriately enough, Darwinism, have arisen from the supposition that life is a consequence of organization. This is unthinkable. Life is, as Huxley admitted, the cause and not the consequence of organization. . . . Postulate organization first, and make it the origin and cause of life, and you lose yourself in a maze of madness."

"There are laws of nature, but they are purposive. Everywhere we look we are confronted by power and intelligence. The future will be of wonder, reverence, and calm faith, worthy of our place in the scheme of things."

Strong light is thrown upon the evolution of man by the study of cyclic or periodic law. Science is becoming convinced that this law reigns in the material processes of the stellar and planetary worlds, and in the atomic structure of matter, but in human affairs its existence, if recognised at all, is limited to the few thousands of years we call historic time. Theosophy traverses far greater vistas of human experience, enormous cycles of time whose records are almost (but not quite) lost, and in which the face of the globe was revolutionized, in which races of men arose from simple beginnings to heights of civilization to sink again and yet again to rise. This does not mean that the lessons of those civilizations have been lost; they are imbedded in the core of our being, for what is immortal in us today was the same spiritual essence that inspired our far-off ancestors. Successive civilizations represent humanity as a unit working through different parts of its nature. We gained knowledge through experiences impossible to repeat today, and the results are stored to help build up the superb future of the race.

The Stone-Age races were not the earliest, the 'primitive' men; they were degraded descendants of high civilizations arrested in development until the natural time came for the next rising cycle. Before they appeared, civilization existed in the continent of Atlantis, now mainly submerged under the Atlantic Ocean, and before the Atlanteans there were other cycles of culture. It is not possible in this brief survey to consider the first appearance of man on earth; it is enough for our present purpose to say that it was a complex process, the main principle being that the true spirit of man, the reincarnating Ego — not the personal Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones which we mistakenly think we are, but which really veil the immortal self — has 'descended,' to use an inadequate term, from a higher plane, an inner source, and that even the physical body has a far more recondite method of origin than is dreamed of by

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the ape-ancestry theorists. H. P. Blavatsky discusses the first appearance of man in a physical body in *The Secret Doctrine*, and utilizes the late Prof. Sir W. Crookes' researches in psychic phenomena in explanation of factors unfamiliar to those whose attention is concentrated entirely on the physical plane. (See II, 737)

### PART II.

THE mechanistic view of Evolution has largely depended upon the principles of the Survival of the Fittest, the brutal Struggle for Existence, and Natural Selection, so-called. These are not intelligent, purposive forces leading to some goal; Natural Selection simply acts like a strainer which sifts out all that will not pass through its meshes. Its work is restrictive. Innumerable variations being assumed, food and other competition, geographical and climatic changes, disease, and other 'natural causes' acting 'blindly,' permit only those to survive who are 'fittest' to meet the prevailing conditions. The fittest are not necessarily the best, the most intelligent, or the most morally deserving, according to the non-purposive theory. The present state of the world has just 'happened,' as it were, and there is no reason to look to any future but a gradual freezing of the earth and general annihilation.\*

For the benefit of readers who may not be well acquainted with the materialistic view, it is necessary to dwell a little upon the subject of Natural Selection before considering prehistoric man, in order to make the contrast with the Theosophical position clear.

According to the 'atheistic' hypothesis — which excludes a Plan or a Mind of any kind working for a definite object — the action of 'Necessity,' explains everything; purely physical laws, blind, and unaffected by more subtle spiritual laws administered by intelligent forces, act mechanically upon supposed innumerable minute variations which 'accidentally' take place in all directions. The majority of these variations perish, not being advantageous in the Struggle for Existence, but a few persist through later generations owing to their suitability to existing or new conditions. Among these few, new variations appear of which a few may survive, and so forth, the result being that in time a new species of animal or plant is formed which will persist so long as conditions are favorable. It has reached that stage by *chance variations*, each one being extremely small and *having no tendency towards the final form*. One school of evolutionists suspects that the variations are some-

\*The most advanced physical astronomy, however, is arriving at the conclusion that the sun is not cooling and that the earth's temperature will not change, at least for causes at present known. (See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for September, 1919, page 263.)



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times large and distinctly different from the parent form, but this idea makes no change in the general principle, which is that of a mechanical weeding out of the unfit and the "survival of the survivors."

The late Professor Haeckel puts the case plainly enough in his *Pedigree of Man*, pp. 34, 35, 36:

"Now the central point in Darwin's teaching . . . lies in this, that it demonstrates the simplest mechanical causes, purely physico-chemical phenomena of nature, as wholly sufficient to explain the highest and most difficult problems. Darwin puts in the place of a conscious creative force . . . a series of natural forces working blindly (as we say) without aim, without design. . ."

The ancestry of the horse is a favorite illustration of development, and the facts seem well established. The *Hyracotherium* (*Eohippus*), the earliest ancestor of the horse, was a mammal about the size of a fox; fossil remains show several stages in its journey of change into the true horse. We can trace its increase in size and some of the minor changes, such as the modification of the separate toes into the single hoof, and of the proportions of the body which tended to greater speed and endurance. Now, according to the claim that Natural Selection by the Survival of the Fittest of innumerable accidental and minute variations explains such remarkable happenings as the evolution of the horse from the *Hyracotherium* (*Eohippus*), we may justly ask why we do not find the petrified remains of such varieties which, by the theory of accidental variation, ought to have been thrown off all along the line until the fully-evolved, stable form of horse appeared? This question has often been asked, but without satisfactory response. As a matter of fact, the fossil remains of the evolving horse family present strong evidence that there was an object in view from the moment when *Hyracotherium* started on its journey to the perfected horse, and that the steps we have discovered were not merely the results of the 'sifting process' of Natural Selection and Survival by which presumed myriads of accidental varieties were sifted out, but were the means by which the horse 'idea' or 'astral model' in the Divine Archetypal Mind was gradually approached and finally incarnated.

We do not suggest that the laws of Survival of the Fittest and Natural Selection are myths; they have a definite though minor part to play in the great procession of life on our planet. But, for the past forty years Theosophy has pointed out that their importance has been greatly exaggerated, and that it is preposterous to imagine that such 'negative forces,' if the expression may be allowed, could be creative factors in the progressive unfolding or evolution of life and intelligence. In certain districts shapeless pillars of rock roughly hewn by rain, frost, wind, etc., are found. They are survivals of larger masses, and are representa-

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tives of what the blind forces of Nature can do by themselves. A comparison of these meaningless forms with statues carved by man illustrates the very different possibilities of evolution controlled by blind forces and those guided by intelligence.

The origin of the Bat is another puzzle insoluble by the sole aid of the Survival and Selection theory. The first insectivorous mammals, ancestral to the bat, which began to show lengthening of the fingers of the fore paws and the webbed skin between them, would find the early stages useless for flying or even gliding through the air; not until the wings had reached a further state of development would it be possible for the animal to support itself by their means. The intermediate stages, as has been often pointed out, would be actually harmful to the creature in the struggle for existence. Considering the disabilities it must have suffered, it seems that nothing but a dominating tendency leading quickly toward the final winged form, strong enough to overcome all the dangers on the way — a true 'evolution' from a hidden source — is capable of throwing light upon the problem; and this suggests a 'Plan' and some kind of control, not blind force! Natural Selection does not cover such cases, of which there are many.

The extraordinary habit of the Cuckoo of laying its eggs in other birds' nests has proved a stumbling-block to materialistic views. It would take too long to enumerate the numerous difficulties, but the principal ones consist in the impossibility of explaining the convenient hollow in the back of the young cuckoo which enables it to turn out from the nest the legitimate eggs and brood, and so to get the large amount of nourishment it needs; and also the quality of receptivity on the part of the foster-parents of the foreign egg. Dr. G. W. Bulman, who showed in *Knowledge* that "the evolution of the cuckoo by Natural Selection, in fact, bristles with difficulties," says:

"The receptivity of the foster-parents *varies* in different species. . . . In the beginning, again, it must have been variable among individuals of the same species. Some would receive the cuckoo's eggs, and some would reject them. The latter would succeed best in rearing their own offspring, while those who reared young cuckoos would leave no inheritors of their — from the cuckoo's point of view — virtues. Thus the quality of receptivity could never be evolved on the lines of Natural Selection: those possessing it would be weeded out. . . ."

J. Henri Fabre, the great and most original French entomologist, whose extraordinarily careful and extensive observations are a mine of materials for those who attack the whole system of accepted and orthodox evolutionary science based upon the mechanistic principles, brings forward a conclusive argument against the application of them to the acquirement of fixed instincts. He declares that scientific theorizers "have a mania for explaining what might well be incapable of explanation"

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in the limited state of our knowledge. "There are some who settle the stupendous question of evolution with magnificent audacity." Fabre studied Nature at first hand in the open and looked upon the laboratory scientist with limited respect.

His argument against Natural Selection in the development of the Hunting Wasp is highly interesting; this insect, the *Ammophila*, selects a large caterpillar as a convenient food-supply for its young: it slightly stings the worm in about ten special places so as to paralyse its nerve-centers and prevent it from struggling, but leaves just enough life in it to keep it from decomposition. When the egg hatches the grub finds a store of fresh food ready. The theory of Natural Selection would say that the instinct to sting in the right places had been started by a chance action, an *accidental* hitting upon the only spots which would be effective to paralyse the caterpillar. This action being transmitted by heredity gradually became a fixed habit, what is called instinct, and tended to perpetuate the race of *Ammophila* Wasps. Now, to quote Fabre:

"Well, I avow, in all sincerity, this is asking a little too much of chance. When the *Ammophila* first found herself in the presence of a caterpillar, there was nothing to guide the sting . . . of the few hundreds of points in a Gray Worm, nine or perhaps more have to be selected; the needle must be inserted there and not elsewhere; a little higher, a little lower, a little on one side, it would not produce the desired effect. If the favorable event is a purely accidental result, how many combinations would be required to bring it about, how much time to exhaust all the possible cases?"

He then says, suppose we shake up hundreds of figures and draw nine at random, shall we get the exact ones we require? Mathematically the chance is practically impossible. And the primeval *Ammophila* could only renew the attempt at long intervals of one year to the next. The scientist who depends upon Natural Selection claims that the insect did not attain its present surgical skill at the outset, but went through experiments and apprenticeships, the more expert individuals surviving and handing down their accumulated capacities by heredity as instinct. In Fabre's own words:

"The argument is erroneous; instinct developed by degrees is flagrantly impossible in this case. The art of preparing the larva's provisions allows of none but masters and suffers no apprentices; the Wasp must excel in it from the outset or leave the thing alone. Two conditions, in fact, are absolutely essential: that the insect should be able to drag home and store a quarry which greatly surpasses it in size and strength; and that the newly-hatched grub should be able to gnaw peacefully, in its narrow cell, a live and comparatively enormous prey. The suppression of all movements in the victim is the only means of realizing these conditions; and this suppression, to be complete, requires sundry dagger-thrusts, one in each motor center. . . . There is no *via media*, no half-success. . . . If, on her side, the Wasp excels in her art, it is because she is born to follow it, because she is endowed not only with tools but also with the knack of using them. And this gift is original, perfect from the outset: the past has added nothing to it, the future will add nothing to it. As it was, so it will be. If you see in it naught but an acquired habit, which heredity hands down and improves, at

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least explain to us why man, who represents the highest stage in the evolution of your primitive plasma, is deprived of a like privilege. A paltry insect bequeathes its skill to its offspring; and man cannot. What an immense advantage it would be to humanity if we were less liable to see the worker succeeded by the idler, the man of talent by the idiot! Ah, why has not protoplasm, evolving by its own energy from one being into another, reserved until it came to us a little of that wonderful power which it has bestowed so lavishly upon the insects! The answer is that apparently, in this world, cellular evolution is not everything.

"For these and many other reasons, I reject the modern theory of instinct. I see in it no more than an ingenious game in which the arm-chair naturalist, the man who shapes the world according to his whim, is able to take delight, but in which the observer, the man grappling with reality, fails to find a serious explanation of anything whatever that he sees. . . ."

Similar objections apply to the cases of the bat, the cuckoo, and many more, and nothing but the Theosophical explanation can throw light upon the whole problem of the origin of species. As these articles are mainly concerned with human evolution and the insoluble problems that face those who hold that man is merely an animal with a more highly organized brain, "a monkey shaved," little time can be given to the appearance of animal forms on the physical plane, but a few words are necessary to make the ground clear before going farther.

Let us return to the Bat for a moment. Science tells us that the earliest bats appeared quite suddenly in the Eocene, the early Tertiary period of geology, which succeeded the Age of Reptiles after a singular and unexplained gap. The first bats resembled those of today, and there is no trace of intermediate types leading back to a walking or creeping progenitor. According to the testimony of the rocks, the bat had its powers of flight complete from its first appearance upon the physical plane. Biology does not explain why we have not found specimens of the innumerable types and offshoots between the supposed ancestral insectivorous quadruped and the perfected winged creature, which are called for by the idea that Natural Selection from a multitude of variations, accidentally appearing, explains everything. Theosophy, however, looks to a source on a more subtle plane of existence than the physical for the origin of well-marked types. We must follow this point into more detail.

During the Secondary Period of Geology the dominant form of life was reptilian; only a few insignificant mammals are found in the later Secondary strata. But a tremendous outburst of warm-blooded creatures of entirely new types, the direct ancestors of those of modern times, appeared in the early Tertiary. How did this extraordinary change come about? Under present conditions of thought, when more respect is being paid to the possibilities of the hidden side of Nature than during the last century or two of materialistic obsession, the Theosophical explanation, as given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* may be comprehensible, though it will be novel to many.

Recent discoveries in atomic structure have opened our eyes to strange

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possibilities in the conditions of 'matter.' Science, in granting existence to the electron, has entered the domain of the metaphysical, and we no longer need suppose that our form of substance, called physical matter, is the only possible one, and that life is confined to this plane. Evolution proceeds on more subtle states of being; potencies and forms, worked out by appropriate means, are thrown down, so to speak, into physical existence, where they incarnate and form the nuclei, the root-types, from which the multitude of species proceed to evolve, partly by Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest, Geographical Isolation, Climatic Changes, and other subordinate laws, always controlled by a higher intelligence which has the end in view of the raising of lower states of consciousness to higher, and ultimately to the highest, spiritual glory and wisdom.

Strachof, quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, says:

"'the true cause of organic life is the tendency of spirit to manifest in substantial forms, to clothe itself in substantial reality. It is the highest form which contains the complete explanation of the lowest, never the reverse.'" — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 654

The successive forms of life, such as the reptilian, the mammalian, the human, were precipitated into physical conditions in regulated cycles, not by blind chance.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"It is, for instance, a mere device of rhetoric to credit 'Natural Selection' with the power of *originating* species. 'Natural Selection' is no Entity; but a convenient phrase for describing the mode in which the survival of the fit and the elimination of the unfit among organisms is brought about in the struggle for existence. . . . But Natural Selection, — in the writer's humble opinion, 'Selection, *as a Power*,' — is in reality a pure myth; especially when resorted to as an explanation of the origin of species. It is merely a representative term expressive of the manner in which 'useful variations' are stereotyped when produced. Of itself, 'it' *can produce nothing*, and only operates on the rough material presented to 'it.' The real question at issue is: what CAUSE — combined with other secondary causes — produces the 'variations' in the organisms themselves. . . . The truth is that the differentiating 'causes' known to modern science only come into operation after the *physicalization of the primeval animal root-types out of the astral*. Darwinism only meets Evolution at its midway point — that is to say when astral evolution has given place to the play of the ordinary physical forces with which our present senses acquaint us." — *Ibid.*, II, 648-9

Professor H. F. Osborn, perhaps the most authoritative American student of animal evolution, says in the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

"The net result of observation is not favorable to the essentially Darwinian view that the adaptive arises out of the fortuitous by selection, but is rather favorable to the hypothesis of some quite unknown intrinsic law of life which we at present are totally unable to comprehend or even conceive. . . . The nature of this law [of the origin of new characteristics] which upon the whole appears to be purposive or teleological in its operation, is altogether a mystery which may or may not be illumined by future research."

In other words, leaders in science are beginning to abandon the crass

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materialism of the Haeckel school which has dominated scientific thought so long, and are more than suspecting an evolutionary law with an intelligent purpose! Professor A. S. Woodward, in an address to the Geological Section of the British Association of Science, said:

"Palaeontologists are now generally agreed that there is some principle underlying this progress [the appearance of new species unexpectedly and their disappearance] much more fundamental than chance-variation or response to environment, however much these phenomena may have contributed to certain minor adaptations."

This Theosophical idea, then, is no longer 'superstitious'; according even to leading scientists the variations may not be altogether 'accidental,' and room may be found for a purposive plan guided by Divine Intelligence! But, although there are some voices raised for a more spiritual view of evolution, the battlefield is by no means abandoned by materialism.

We must next proceed to the peculiar difficulties which face Darwinian evolution in the search for the ancestry of modern man, but which supply valuable evidence for the Theosophical teachings, and interesting corroboration of statements brought forward by H. P. Blavatsky long before the modern discoveries were made.

## NIGHT ON THE CHI PAN HILLS

After Shen Ch'uan-chi

KENNETH MORRIS

I'LL make these hills mine inn tonight,  
This bloom-strewn sward my chamber floor;  
And watch the stars flow past my door.

Why should I sleep while, round and white,  
This Wonder-Moon is wandering o'er  
The hills I make mine inn tonight,  
My bloom-strewn Spring-sweet chamber floor?

The nightjar through the dim soft light  
Calls and calls his Springtime lore, —  
Calls and re-calls, and calls once more, —

*"I'll make these hills mine inn tonight,  
This bloom-strewn sward my chamber-floor;  
And watch the stars stream past my door!"*

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## “RELATIVITY”

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**N connexion with the present interest in the question of the transmission of light, in the alleged ether, in the nature of space and time, etc., it becomes advisable to call attention to a point occasionally made by critics of science, and emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. We refer to *actio in distans*, or action at a distance. Action at a distance is supposed to be quite unthinkable and inadmissible, and the several theories of the transmission of light from celestial bodies to the earth have been constructed with a view to avoid action at a distance. Yet it can be shown that this same *actio in distans*, which science so abhors, is actually the only kind of action which it recognises! This remarkable paradox is thus commented on by Stallo, as quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*:

“Most of them reject *actio in distans*, . . . while, as Stallo justly observes, there is no physical action ‘which, on close examination, does not resolve itself into *actio in distans*’; and he proves it.” — I, 487-8

This of course arises from the fact that our conception of matter is atomic, the atoms being separated by empty spaces. How is force transmitted across these empty spaces from one atom to another? If it is so transmitted, we have action at a distance, and the question of the extent of the distance is irrelevant; for, if force can be transmitted across a small space, it might just as well be transmitted in the same way across a large one — from the sun to the earth, for instance. Hence, why is there any need to suppose the existence of an ether, or of emitted particles, or of any other material communication at all? If we suppose the ether, we have the same difficulty over again when we try to conceive its structure; for, if it is particled, then how is force transmitted between its particles? And, if it is not particled, what is it? And why, if the ether can be unparticled, cannot matter itself also be unparticled, in which case the reason for postulating the ether, as a means of getting over action at a distance between the particles of matter, disappears?

Show me how force gets from atom to atom, and I will show you how force gets from the sun to the earth.

This interesting and important point has, as usual, been lost sight of. Yet it is quite familiar to careful thinkers that our whole conception of physics is relative to certain artificial standards derived by us from the information supplied by our physical senses; and that the laws of

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the universe are not likely to be limited by that information (or rather misinformation), and by those artificial standards. As remarked in *The Secret Doctrine*, the phenomena of the senses are shadows projected on a screen; and, if we wish to see the realities behind those shadows, we can do so only by the use of more refined means of perception.

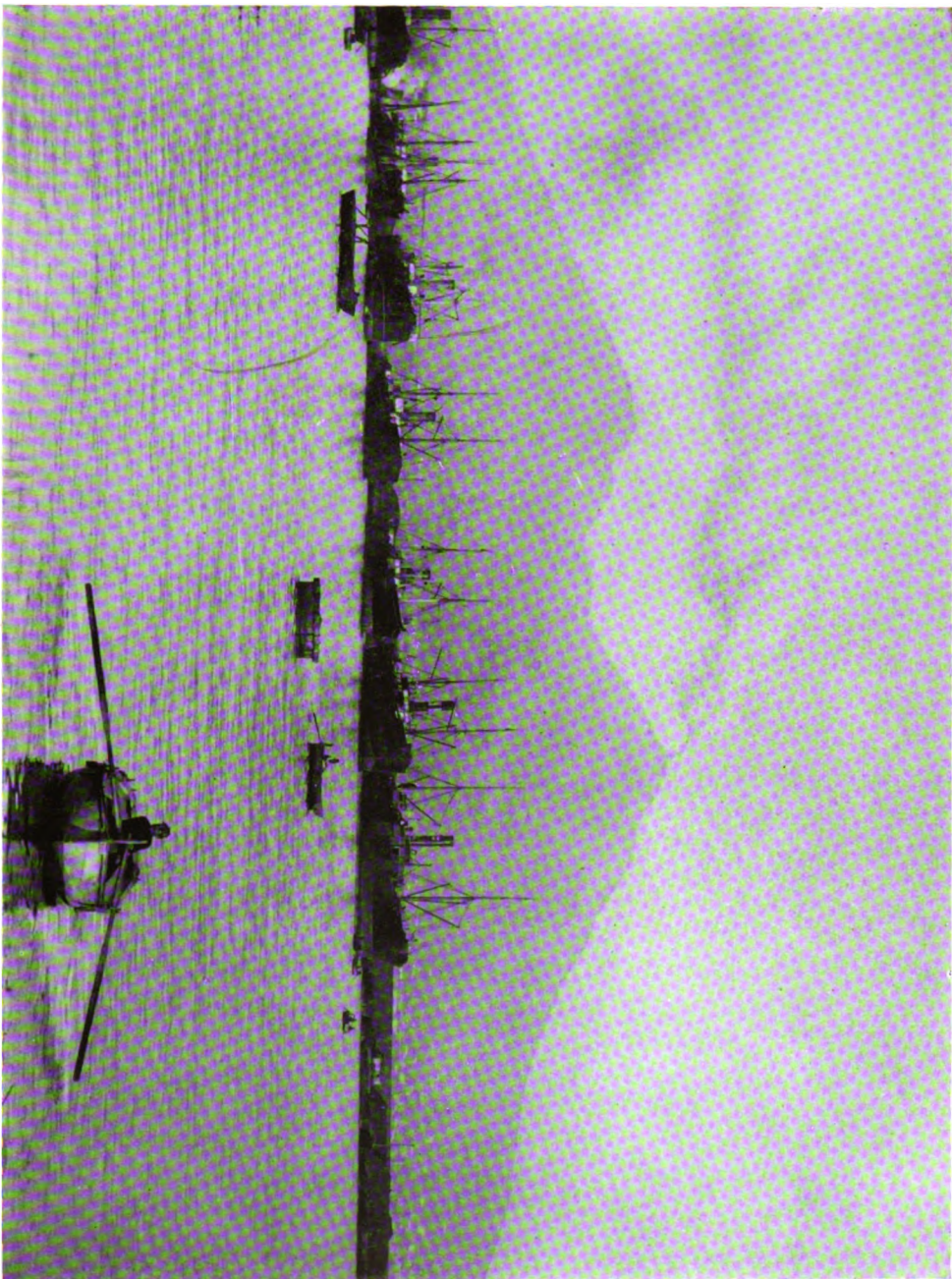
To some extent this is now being realized; and the present epoch is quite remarkable, and may be compared with that of some centuries ago when the idea of the sphericity of the earth and the form of the solar system forced itself into the mind. It is possible to get along comfortably on the theory that the earth is a level plane — so long as we do not push our investigations too far; but when we get to sailing across the wide oceans, we have to exchange the level plane for a spherical surface and to alter our system of co-ordinates accordingly. Straight lines at right angles to each other will no longer suffice for measurements, and lines of latitude and longitude must supervene; a town, or even a small country, may be shown on a flat map; but not the continent, the ocean, the globe.

In the same way we have been accustomed to measure the confines of the universe with reference to three straight lines at right angles to each other, and called rectilinear co-ordinates. We have constructed a something which we have been pleased to call space, but which in reality is a large empty room or a very thin gas, having length, breadth, and thickness. We have placed imaginary milestones along the way from here to Sirius. We have endowed this space with the qualities of threefold extension wherewith our study of matter has rendered us familiar. Shrinking from the idea of such a space, we have attempted to *fill* it with ether — a very poor way of getting rid of it, some may think.

And now we find that Nature refuses to recognise our theories and will not behave in the way they require; and people have been driven to realize the artificial nature of those theories and to try and construct better ones. Perhaps, they are saying, the idea of a triply extended space is as temporary and limited as the idea of a flat earth; and a straight line, if produced “ever so far” (as Euclid says), may swallow its own tail like the mythical serpent of time.

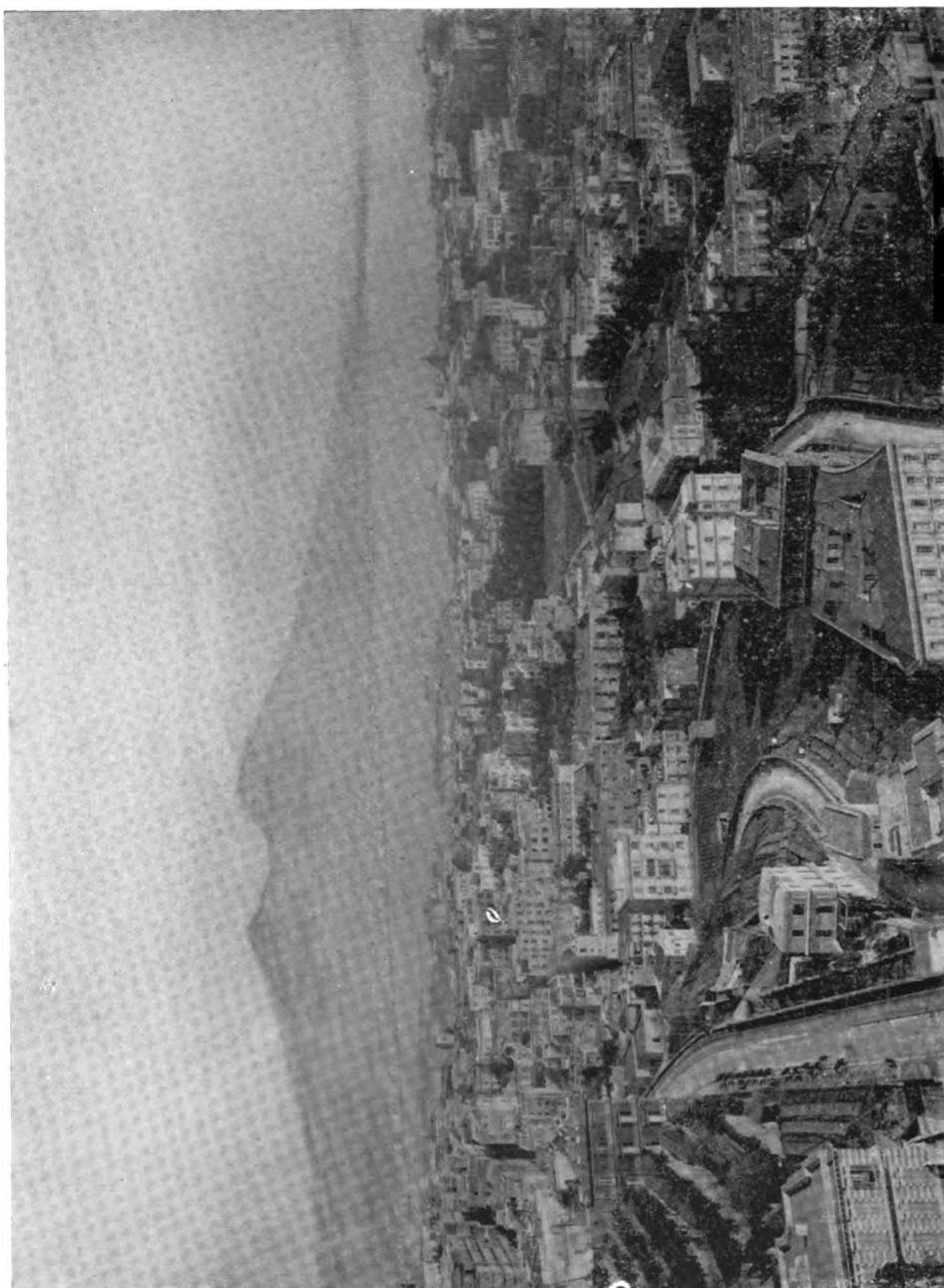
It would seem that, if we are to revise our conceptions of the structure of the universe, we must needs first revise the structure of our minds; and that we cannot see the world properly without first getting outside of it and planting our feet somewhere else. Mathematics helps us to some extent. We can form a mathematical idea of a fourfold extension, but without the ability to frame a mental picture corresponding to it. And this is about the position in which we find ourselves with regard to Einstein and his fascinating but elusive theory of Relativity.





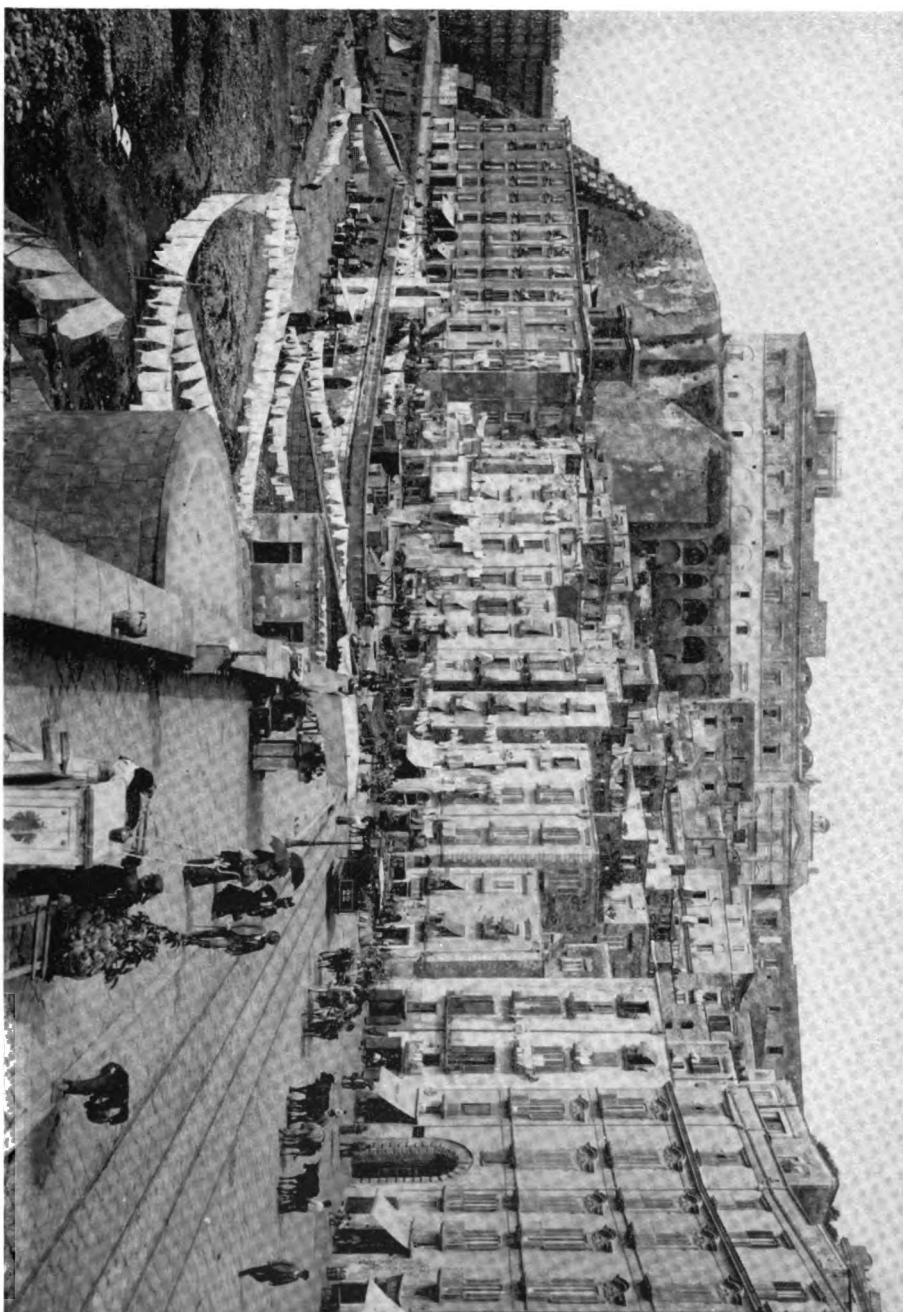
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dep.*

A STRIKING VIEW OF MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE MOLE, NAPLES HARBOR



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

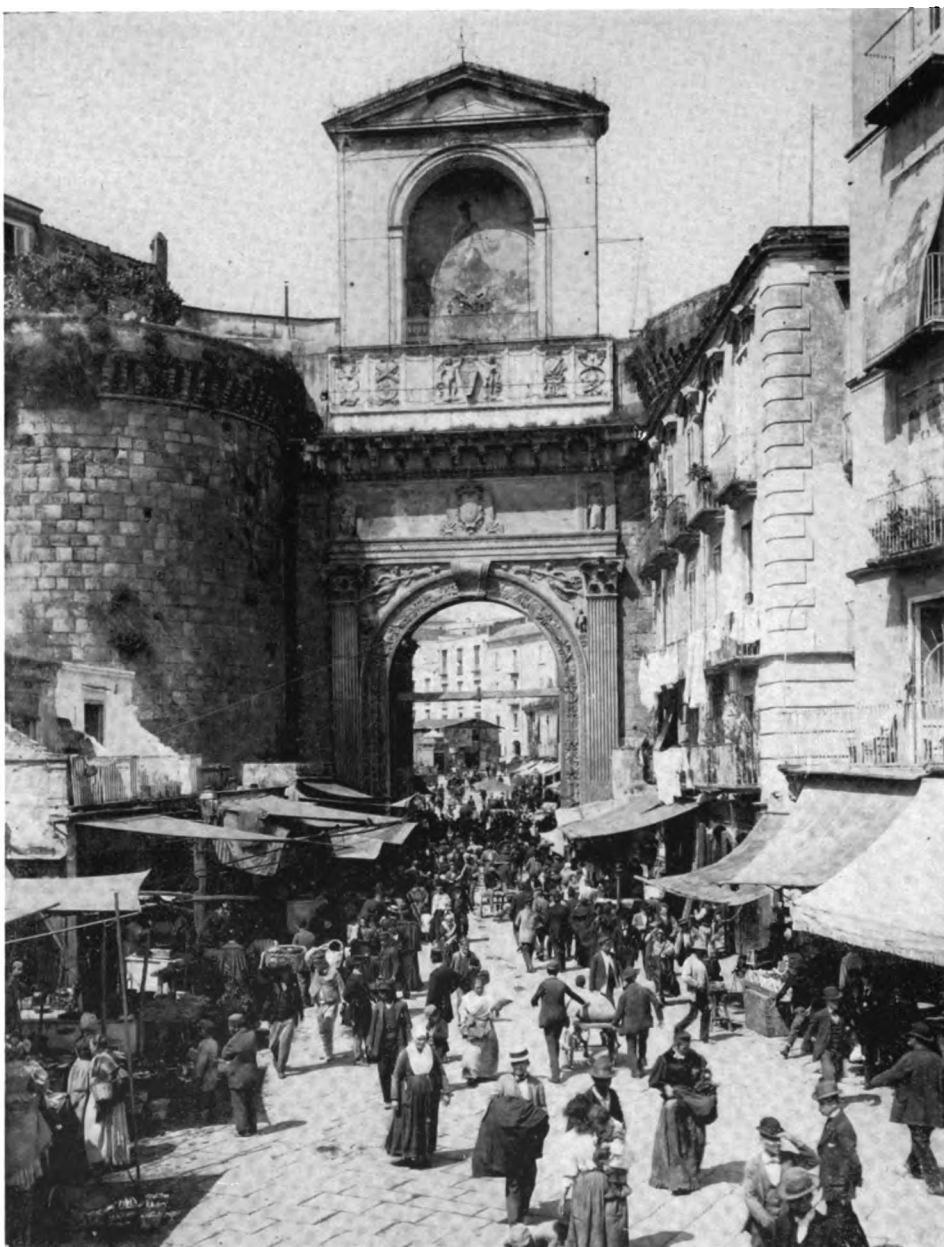
PANORAMA OF NAPLES AS SEEN FROM BERTOLINI'S PALACE HOTEL



STREET OF SANTA LUCIA AND MOUNT ECHIO, NAPLES

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE PORTA CAPUANA (CAPUA GATE), NAPLES

## THE BUDDHA-TOWER

KENNETH MORRIS

After Ts'en Ts'an

I CLIMB thy High Pagoda: clear  
And clearer round me glows the sky.  
Comes sound nor song nor sorrow here.  
Hailing the White Sun drifting by,  
I take my refuge in thy Peace!

The great forests far and near,  
Wherethrough the wild beasts ravening hie,  
Spread their greenness 'neath mine eye  
To the world's utmost rim, and cease.  
Thridding them through, the floods of Wei  
To a little silver rill decrease.

Low to me the hills appear  
Where the proud Kings of History lie.  
E'en the South Mountain, rising sheer  
And holy, may not lift so high  
His snows, as through my door to peer. . . .  
The clouds that over-float him fly  
Far beneath me, fleece by fleece. . . .

### *L'Envoi:*

Prince! if with eyes of sage or seer  
I had seen long since what high release  
Thou wrought'st for us who live and die  
With thy pure Law, this many a year,  
I had climbed thy High Pagoda here  
To find my refuge in thy Peace!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## THE GREATER SELF

T. HENRY, M. A.

"I am persuaded that within the being of each man there is an ideal self so much higher than the self of ordinary life that he who should become fully aware of it would think himself in the presence of a god." — *Dr. E. Hadley*

**T**HEOSOPHY reveals what is in a man. It teaches this doctrine of the Higher Self and points the way how we may become aware of it, so that we may feel as though we were in the presence of a god. The presence of this deific self is not indicated by wonderful personal powers and an exaltation of vanity, but by those qualities described in the Christian Gospel as the fruits of the spirit.

We habitually live behind a veil, and it is surprising to what an extent this disability is due to mere habit and want of initiative to wean ourselves from the habitude. Thus a first great step may be taken by mere faith — the mere conviction that there *is* a beyond to which we can attain.

Such a belief, the belief that it is possible while on earth to attain to a state of knowledge, liberation, and enlightenment, is familiarly known as 'mysticism,' and the Neoplatonic philosophers, together with Swedenborg, Boehme, and many others, are quoted as instances. In the Christian system we have the belief in the inspiration of the Holy Ghost preached as a dogma, but not much esteemed in a practical sense by the majority of sects or of individuals.

Much discredit has been shed upon the doctrine by the perversions and eccentricities to which the frailty of human nature has often rendered it liable; but no prudent person will condemn a teaching on account of its misapplications. Many of the teachings of the ancient Wisdom have withdrawn from the knowledge of mankind for awhile, because mankind could no longer be trusted with them; just as it was found unavoidable to close monastic houses in England at the time of the Reformation, because all attempts to purify them proved unavailing.

Even now one has to be cautious in promulgating many teachings, on account of the peculiarities of human nature, which pervert them into ridiculous or harmful forms. Thus *meditation*, the silent aspiration of the heart towards the Light within, may become perverted into absurd practices of sitting in a peculiar posture, fixing the eyes on a fly-speck on the wall, and working oneself up into a weird and morbid state of mind. The prayer of the heart for Light and truth may be replaced by the unholy attempt to gain 'powers' by means of 'concentration,' which

## THE GREATER SELF

of course is nothing but an intensified form of selfishness and can only lead people farther away from the Light.

Hence, when we think of an ideal self behind the veils of the mind, we must expel from our mind any notion of self-advantage or the gaining of occult powers, and any notion of a 'subconscious mind' or an 'astral body,' etc., etc. For the truth cannot reveal itself to a mind dimmed and tarnished by selfish desires and by the manifold delusions which arise in such a mind. But let a man's aspirations be high and pure, his motive unselfish, and his mind well-balanced, and he will instinctively reject all influences that militate against his aspirations.

To the mind of the average man, life is a mystery and he does not understand its real purpose; but what if we can so purify the mind that Wisdom and Knowledge will enter? Then the puzzle of life may begin to grow less and we may glimpse its purpose, consent thereto, and no longer assume the posture of complaint and rebellion against fate.

It is needful to have faith that a pure unselfish aspiration is an actual Power that will guide our steps and cause us to take the right path at each moment of choice. This is true self-dependence, a very different thing from conceit and self-importance.

Religion is as necessary to humanity as the air we breathe. From time to time great Teachers appear among men to point the true way of life, and a revival of religion takes place; but gradually the enthusiasm and faith depart from the hearts of men; and at the same time it is found necessary to formulate the religious teachings, in order that a cohesive organization may be constituted. The decline in spirituality, taken together with this formulation of articles of belief, produces what may be called a hidebound condition of religion, wherein there is more form than spirit, more ritual than faith. Thus mankind loses its life-breath and falls into scepticism and doubt and materialism; until another outpouring of the vital teachings takes place. Thus in our day we have witnessed a revival of the ancient and everlasting truths of religion, which, as is usual, has met with welcome by those wearied with the outworn forms and creeds, and with bitter opposition from many who are addicted to those old forms and afraid of venturing away from their familiar moorings.

Now, among the cardinal teachings of Religion, there is no one more vital, and at the same time more liable to perversion, than the doctrine of the divinity immanent in man. This has always been the keynote of the great religious teachers, and I need not quote passages from the Christian gospel to prove that Jesus Christ insisted most strongly upon it. But what is invariably the fate of this doctrine in later times? It is that, owing partly to the weakness of men, and partly to the offices

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of ecclesiastical authorities, the doctrine of the divinity of man becomes replaced by the teaching that man has no divinity, but is inherently and inveterately sinful, and needs the intervention of a savior or of some ecclesiastical machinery to save him. This has not only happened to Christianity but to other religions as well.

Now the revival of religion consists in recalling to man's memory the vital truth that he is his own savior by virtue of the deific principle within him; that his real Self is spiritual and divine, and that it is only his lower selfish nature that is sinful. And the true original doctrine of redemption is that man shall redeem his lower nature by the might and wisdom of the divinity within him. How often does Jesus Christ teach us that the real Christ is the divine spirit in man, and that man must rely on this divine aid and comforter and not address lip-prayers to an external deity?

Thus Theosophy, instead of opposing Christianity, as some mistakenly say, is in fact reinstating Religion, reinterpreting it in the true and original way, and resurrecting the Christ spirit from the tomb in which past ages have buried it. And many eminent Christian clergymen, as well as members of their flocks, are searching earnestly for just such a way of reinstating Christianity.

If we are to reach a knowledge of this better Self within us, we must surely weaken the power of that ordinary self which usually usurps all our attention and care. Thus the true way is seen to be a way of simplification. Many people think it is just the opposite: they think that it is necessary to pile up more knowledge and attainments, to acquire a great many exalted virtues, and to reach some extraordinary elevation of consciousness. But what we have to do is rather to remove obstacles.

Selfishness is, of course, the greatest obstacle, and it may exist in many forms, obvious and disguised. It urges us to pursue a vain path in life, that leads us not to our heart's desire, but only to disappointment and regret. For selfishness is not the law of man's nature; and, in trying to make it so, he is merely using his intellect in the service of his selfish instincts, and thus piling up hindrances in his own path. The law of man's nature is far different; it is not selfishness but harmony. Those aspirations towards truth, integrity, compassion, honor, order, etc., which play so large a part in his life, are simply the natural laws of his better Self. They are trying to express themselves, to win recognition, and to control his conduct. But he often sets them aside in favor of mistaken and personal ends. Thus he goes against the laws of his moral and spiritual health, and the ensuing trouble is the logical result.

The feeling of separate personality and interests is characteristic of the lower self, and does not pertain to the Higher; and so, if the greater




## THE THREE RACES

Self is to become manifest in us, this will mean that we shall feel more strongly our unity with others and with all that lives; we shall cease living for self and shall live as though we were part of a whole. It is important to keep this in mind, because it will guard us against the idea of personal holiness, a mere extension of the personality, a transference of selfishness on to another plane; for, in trying to get rid of selfishness, there is always the danger that we may merely refine it.

Man in his present state is not a completely developed being; only part of his nature is unfolded. There is nothing in this that is inconsistent with the idea of continuous evolution. The most important point to bear in mind is, that man's progress depends on his own efforts, for the characteristic attribute of man is his Individuality, his power of initiative; and this faculty can only be exercised by giving it free play. If man recognises the existence of divine Law, and resolves to act in accordance therewith, he thereby assumes responsibility and becomes, in a degree, divine. If he merely waits in the hope that gifts will be bestowed on him, then he does not exert his own Individuality, he does not grow. The circumstances of life place us in such positions that we are compelled to choose and to act; we are thrown on our own resources; and thus life, properly understood, is our teacher. Faith in the essential worthiness of his nature is one of man's greatest and most necessary resources.

## THE THREE RACES

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

T was not exactly a Thanksgiving Day reunion. Still there were representatives of three generations of Mother Earth's ancient family, even the oldest; whilst the extant branches of the youngest had almost complete representation.

*The Journal of the American Medical Association* summarizes the results of some studies in human races carried out by two Swiss physiologists during the late British campaign in Mesopotamia. The conditions for the investigations were unusually favorable, for not only were the British forces of extremely composite character, but their prisoners still further augmented the number of races available for study.

The method used for differentiating the separate racial groups was the recently-discovered blood test. If, for instance, a little serum from human blood — the clear fluid remaining after the corpuscles have been filtered off — is injected into, say a rabbit, the procedure being repeated several times, the serum of this rabbit's blood when mixed in a test-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tube with human serum will cause a cloudy precipitate therein. Also when mixed with serum from one of the anthropoid apes. But *not* when mixed with the blood-serum of true monkeys, horses, or other animals. If the rabbit is treated with the blood-serum of a *dog* and its serum then mixed with that of the dog *or fox*, in either case a precipitate results. With the serum of the horse there is no such result. In this way the biological relation between dog and fox and between man and his *junior*, the anthropoid ape, and any similarly close relation among other animals, can be physiologically demonstrated apart from any other lines of evidence.


It was this method that was used by the two Swiss investigators. By its light they found among the many races under their survey three main groups: A European group containing English, French, Italians, Greeks, Bulgars, Serbians, Germans, and Austrians; an intermediate group of Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Russians; and an Asio-African group of Negroes, East Indians, Indo-Chinese, and Madagascar natives.

The authors think that their results suggest a double origin for the human race as a whole, the intermediate group being the outcome of a fusion between the first and third.

This is not the Theosophical mapping of the situation. Theosophy would say that the first and second groups are Aryan, the youngest of the three generations, and arose from a common Aryan stock in Asia; whilst the third is partly Atlantean — the second of the three generations — partly Lemurian, the remains of a race still older than the Atlantean and represented by the Madagascar contingent. Lemurian, Atlantean, Aryan — is the order given by Theosophy. The Lemurians homed on a continent now beneath the Pacific. The succeeding Atlanteans occupied Atlantis. The later Aryans, now about a million years old, spread out from their place of origin in central Asia, fan-shaped, westward and southward.

## “THERE IS A TIDE —”

KENNETH MORRIS

 HE motto of Râja-Yoga Education is NOW. I suppose it always will be that; and always would have been, had the system been in vogue a thousand or a million years, and not a mere twenty or so; because the present moment is forever the strait and narrow gate that leadeth to salvation, and there is no heaven you can enter, no beauty, no Otherworld, no peace, save through the portals of this moment and the duty that belongs thereto. This indeed is Râja-Yoga, older than the hills in reality; — but as a

## “THERE IS A TIDE —”

system, organized, and with schools, it is the creation of today and of a living Teacher: it was brought into the world in this present age; and its little monosyllable of motto is something more necessary to be rung into the heart of humanity (with interpretation) NOW than at any time we know of. Because we are at a peculiar juncture in time; history, during at least the last five millenniums, has seen no such epoch as this; the human race has come on no such grand opportunity. All the elements that go to make up the collective life of man are, so to say, in a state of solution, of flux: not here, or there, but all over the globe: they are waiting to precipitate themselves, to use a chemical metaphor, into the shape they are to wear, more or less, for — who knows how long? Not before, in historical times, has there been an epoch in which every part of the world has been in actual or potential communication with every other part; not before has it been possible for civilization to take the sublime Step Forward that it may take now. The tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune, is at its flood NOW.

When we first catch a glimpse, in history, of our western world, its civilization was one in which every little city or village was a separate state generally at war with each of its neighbors. That was how things were in Greece and Italy; possibly in the rest of Europe too. Presently, as we know, one of these little City-States, by the prowess of its armies, and still more by its political wisdom, achieved collecting most of the world then known to it into a single empire. But that “world” was a very small affair. There were two more in the Eastern Hemisphere, — India and China; and probably two or three in the Americas; and none of these, except in the vaguest possible way, was aware of the existence of the others. Centuries passed, and the world which was Rome,— the one we are most concerned with, because it was the parent of our own civilization,— having been founded by conquest, perished by conquest; and out of the long period of confusion and utter barbarism that followed, at last a new era and state of things came into being. Nations now were the units of government — units much larger than the old City-States. It was a step forward in this way: The City-States had had the war habit, just as the Nations have had; but with the former it was more intensely cultivated. Rome, for example, in her early Republican days, went to war regularly every year. There was a war-season,— the summer,— just as there were seasons for sowing and harvest. You got in your crops, and then looked about you, if you had not arranged it all beforehand, for the most likely neighbor to invade. As all the other City-States in Italy, practically speaking, did the same thing, it can be seen that in that country alone every year there would be scores of wars going forward, in which the whole male population of military

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age would be engaged, and often a great part of the female population as well. There would be no distant front: every man's home would be within half a mile or so of some front; and the depths of hatred and passion, the hidden hells within men's hearts, would be kept continually raked up and seething,—to the fearful detriment of anything like progress or civilization; because there never was a war yet that did not, as they say, put back the clock.

But when the nations came into being, war could have no such universal scope. The king of England went to war with France; but his army, consisting of a few thousands,—twenty thousand was a very large force in those days,—included only a very small proportion of the population. He invaded France; but, with the very best intentions in the world, could only ravage and disturb a comparatively small part of it; — both in England and France there would have been large districts unaffected, and hardly aware that war was going on at all. And often the fighters would not be men taken from agriculture or trade, but mercenaries with no nation or peaceful calling of their own: for example, when Edward II marched against Bruce, of the twelve thousand that were defeated at Bannockburn, only two thousand were Englishmen; the rest were recruited in Wales of a population that for centuries had had no other business than fighting. And though sometimes the wars would last a long while, yet there were many years of peace between: for each country in Europe, very likely, as many years of peace as of war. So, by the middle of the thirteenth century, there was a chance for civilization, that perished at the fall of Rome, to be born again; and progress, though fitful and wayward, did take place. Slowly, very slowly, great ideas percolated into men's minds; until at last, by the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, men were beginning to see that a higher state of civilization might exist: that there might be a brotherhood of nations, and no wars at all.

The City-States represented one stage of civilization; they reached their flower in Athens, and blossomed into something bigger in the Roman Empire; both of which were very wonderful, but neither of which could, in the nature of things, solve the great problems of humanity. The Roman Empire indeed did in its day seem to have solved it; but that was only appearance: it was a machine "wound up," so to say, by war and conquest; and when it had reached its height, had to run down again in the same way. The Nations represented the next stage: they reached their flower in nineteenth-century Europe,—which was very wonderful, when you think of all its achievements. But it could not solve the problem; it could not create a world securely worth living in. The City-States were the units of a small world; the Nations have come to be the units

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of a world which includes the whole globe. We have reached the apex of a huge cycle, and must go on or back. The next stage higher is the Brotherhood of Man. We must take it, or set out upon the old round again: Barbarism, City-States, an Empire by Conquest, Barbarism, slowly-evolving Nations, and then the Great Chance again.

But that may not come for ten thousand years.

It was upon this divine idea of Human Brotherhood that the United States of America were formed. In the mind of Tom Paine especially, and of Those behind who engineered the movement — as in the minds of some of the great thinkers of eighteenth-century France — this idea had been fermenting; and the hope was that America would pave the way to it by creating a great number of free and sovereign states all welded together on a common-sense plan, each to work and aspire for the good of all, without the foolish notion that the interests of one could be opposed to those of another. As a matter of fact, they never can be. Some minor and apparent interests may clash; but the great life-and-death interests are always the same, always universal. The ones that clash are but notions and silly whims.

Let us consider what progress is. Ideas and character make the man; not any material thing. A nation is rich in proportion as it has men of great and noble morale and ideas. Those noble ideas feed the nobility of life in the people at large. They operate against the growth of narrow aims, petty aims, bigotry, exorbitant and unbalanced living. They operate against the growth of vice. Vice is that which saps national life; because it spreads from individual to individual, making an atmosphere of infection; and no man can be vicious to himself alone. It decreases moral power, brain power, and muscle power: which things are the true assets and resources of a nation. It does not matter how much coal, iron, oil, wheat, or gold you have, so long as there is not in your population the human power to turn them into human progress and happiness. You can easily think of nations today, with the richest material resources in the world, which are yet impotent, inchoate and bed-ridden, so to say, because they lack will, morale, ideas. You can go a long way with material resources, with inventive genius, with machinery; but all these things are side issues; the final resource is in the men and women. You can turn your coal and iron and wheat and gold into enormous wealth; but you have gained nothing if you have an unhappy, a healthless, nervous, restless people to use or rather to abuse it: a people among whom insanity is on the rapid increase, and crime rampant. They produce nothing imperishable, nothing to further their own good. Their restlessness augments, comes presently to the breaking point, and then anarchy lifts its head and sweeps civilization away; or some ruder people

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less tainted with ill heredity pours in to conquer and enslave. There you have the whole known history of man in a nutshell; and we need not be such fools as to imagine that the laws of Nature and history have grown obsolete because we have invented a few mechanical things. — A truly civilized nation, then, would be one in which health, sanity and happiness were general, and reasonably secure; — which it is quite easy to see that they could not be, can never be, unless and until the Law of Human Brotherhood is recognised and obeyed.

Why not? — Under the régime of the last seven or eight centuries, that of the separate Nations, there has been a supreme difficulty in the way. One nation might make an honest attempt towards true civilization;—but there were so many others! No nation can live to itself, any more than an individual can. No nation could — supposing it had honestly tried — really succeed in a great way; because it is only by universal concerted action that the great success can come. It takes an Atlas to hold up the skies on his single pair of shoulders; but distribute the weight universally, and it would be no intolerable burden for a Smith or Jones. We have seen here and there spasmodic attempts by this people or that to clean up things at home and take steps forward; and all such attempts, no doubt, have been to the weal of man. But only too often — one could cite many instances! — such attempts have been met with instant concealed or open opposition by other nations who saw their imagined interests threatened; and engineered by these other nations to the point of ‘petering out.’ As soon as one country began to go ahead and grow in wealth and culture, in some other country there was certain to be a newspaper propaganda started, to the effect that these people must be watched; that they were harboring designs; that they meant to attack us some day; that we had better build up our army, or make a big showing with our navy, for safety’s sake, and so on,—all the old devil-drivel that stirs up war. For such a propaganda cannot but produce its like, and be answered in kind, in the country declaimed against; it, too, would feel itself threatened, and must do something for safety; — and so presently a first-class *casus belli* would be created out of nothing, and war would come, and back would go the clock of progress again.

So that among competing nations true civilization is impossible, you may say. — I know it is often argued that war stimulates progress. Look, they tell us, what this last one has done for aerial navigation,—for example. Such people blink their eyes to the huge slumps that follow wars. A nation at war calls upon all its resources, uses them, over-uses them, strains itself, over-strains itself;—and what is the reaction bound to be? Take a comfortable old fellow past middle age; force

## **"THERE IS A TIDE ---"**

him to turn out and behave in a way that would tax the constitution of a boy in his twenties: he will astonish you; he will do what neither you nor he could have imagined possible; his mental energies will flare up; his physical energies will be multiplied a thousand-fold,— for the time; an excitement is on him, which will seem to have renewed his youth, and more also; the world wonders and applauds. And then it passes, and he goes back to his armchair and slippers, and — to paralysis, fatty degeneration, death. The 'progress' that takes place under the stress of war is the using up of centuries of national life. Always.

No; the far-fetched views of these extremists will not help us; we must look at things sanely. Every breath of national jealousy must be thought of as working against progress; because it sets men thinking towards militarism, where all their energies should be directed towards the evolution of great ideas and the discovery of the true principles of living. You can't spend your millions of dollars on education, if you are going to spend them on the navy; you can't give your millions of foot-pounds of mental energy to discovering and practising the best methods of education, if you are going to give them to devising the best methods of destroying human life. You can't fight the spread of insanity and vice, if you are thinking only of fighting the spread of some neighbor people. Unbrotherliness IS the insanity of the age; and every thought you devote to furthering it is so many foot-pounds of your limited stock of mental energy taken away from increasing your own and your nation's welfare and sum of happiness, and devoted to increasing your own and your nation's evil and sum of sorrow: to populating your asylums, to making your cities hideous, your national life sordid, and barren of ideas,— to taking from your children their chances of growing into healthy and happy and useful men and women. It is time we realized that mental energy is the grand national asset; and that, like every other national asset, it is not and cannot be unlimited. Had you a nation of a thousand or ten thousand million men, and every last man of them a Napoleon or a Shakespeare, the sum of their mental energies would still be limited; and let it be wasted as we waste ours, it would come to nothing presently.

That is why all the ancient empires and civilizations fell. They squandered their mental energies to the exhaustion point; then the peoples of which they consisted had to pass into national nonexistence, to cease to be ruling races. The great forces of life and progress could no longer work through them. We live in a stable, decent, dependable universe; one governed by Law; and that Law is, that cause will be followed by effect. It will be easier for us to invent a means of making things fall upward, time go backward, two plus two come to minus one,

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— than to invent a means for dodging that Law. It will stand while there are any stars in space.

Now see how we have been . . . shepherded . . . jockeyed, if you like, towards the Next Great Step. The idea of Human Brotherhood was put into the world; *pari passu* with its growth, communications were opened up, and quickened, until now there is no country in which all other countries are not vitally interested. It is easier now to go round the world, than fifty years ago it was to cross the American continent. Men now in Washington and Paris must lose their sleep because of doings in Pekin or Mexico, and doings not of a month or a week since, but of the same day. A bomb is thrown in some village in remote Bosnia, and the explosion shakes down ruin in the proud capitals of the world. The Law, that has provided the remedy, illustrates for us the penalties of neglecting it. The Brotherhood of Humanity is no longer a far utopian dream that hardly concerns us; its need is brought home to our business and our bosoms; it is this or death; without it, our life, our happiness, is not worth a few years' purchase.

Yes: recent events have shouted loud to us, that the fate of the old civilizations that perished must be the fate of our own civilization, in the none too distant future, unless we can contrive to take the Great Step. That step is, the Brotherhood of Man: without exclusions, without attempts to dodge the Law and shelve the highest promptings of conscience. Great Enunciators of the Law have come to us from time to time, and upon their lives and words we have built our religions. In those, if we strip them of dogma and folly, we may find the path indicated. We must build upon the spiritual nature and the spiritual unity of mankind; this is no plea for brainmind schemes based upon national greeds. Humanity must find its Higher Self, or —

It is a mistake to suppose that conditions like our own have never existed before. It is quite a mistake to imagine that the City-States phase of civilization was the beginning of things, or an emergence from primal savagery. Discovery, active this last half-century or so, is on the way to opening the great past to our vision. Not so long ago it was possible to believe that mankind was but six thousand years old; now, there is no blinking the knowledge that the age of man is to be counted in hundreds of thousands or in millions of years. We shall find out before so very long what conditions existed before the era of the City-States. We shall find that they represented the fragments of a ruined world-civilization like our own. We are getting little glimpses of it; linguistics are telling us something; the spade of the excavator something more. We are able to see, or to guess, dimly as yet, the traces of an empire, or congeries of empires, with their center probably in Egypt,



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and their periphery wide enough to include the British Isles, Japan, New Zealand. There was a language more broadcast over the earth than the English is now. How many hundreds of thousands of years ago that Iberian Empire may have flourished and fallen, it is not the time now to inquire; but it may well have been that in its heyday, communications were as easy and as rapid, the world as much one, as today. And not then alone; since it fell, such conditions may have been in being scores of times. Humanity forgets. What was happening a mere six thousand years ago is quite hidden from us. We fight against the idea that civilization is a tide that ebbs and flows; it is ingrained in our imaginations that it has been rising constantly. Well; here are some simple facts, quite well known, out of history: in the year 166 A. D., the envoys of Marcus Aurelius were at the court of China. In that year, too, you might travel, by excellent roads and post-system, and by boat, with the maximum of speed and the minimum of inconvenience, from York to the borders of Persia, never passing through any country that was not highly civilized and cultured, rich and prosperous, and secure. Five centuries later there was little but sheer barbarism west of Constantinople; in which city itself it was held that Britain was an island to which the ghosts of the dead were ferried nightly from the world. . . . Europe had passed, in those few hundred years, from conditions as refined as our own, to conditions as barbarous as you should come on now in Afghanistan or Abyssinia,— or indeed, worse.

And this much we do know for certain: that the whole globe is scattered over with immense monuments of stone, such as with all the perfection of our science and mechanical skill we should find it difficult to raise today; and that they bear the marks of having been built by a single race of builders; and are certainly many thousands, perhaps many hundreds of thousands, of years old. They remain, incomprehensible silent witnesses to the fact that civilized man is immemorially ancient; and that it is utter folly to think we have caught any glimpse at all, in our farthest gropings into the past, of the beginnings of civilization.

What, then, of the City-States? — They were the fragments that remained from the wreck of an old civilization; a civilization that was wrecked because the peoples that composed it could not or would not take the Great Step Forward, and resolve themselves into the Brotherhood of Man.

Possibly we shall discover that once in every ten thousand years or so — no long period in the immense age of civilized man,— this opportunity comes to mankind as a whole. Once in some such period the whole world is known, and there are no countries left to be discovered; every

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nation is in easy and rapid communication with every other; and it is therefore possible to found the great abiding and secure civilization. Here are one or two things we know: it is utterly and forever impossible for one nation to impose its will on all the others, and form a lasting world-empire by conquest; because no nation can remain great and strong forever, any more than a man can remain forever in the prime of his life. That is one fact; here is another: it is utterly impossible for things to remain as they are; change is the law of manifested life. Now, then, our present conditions must change. We have had a glimpse of the means whereby such conditions may be brought to an end. We have seen war nearly wreck the civilization of the western world. It does not take much of a prophet to see that another dose of it, with armies, perhaps, as much huger than the ones that have been fighting as those were than Napoleon's, and weapons as much more deadly and terrible, — would certainly leave civilization a wreck. The sum of the energies of civilized man would be exhausted — heaven knows how nearly exhausted they may be now! Communications would go; there would be no energy to keep them up. There would be none left for education, — and knowledge, in a couple of generations, would disappear, — as it did after the fall of Rome. Progress would end, — progress upward; and because change, motion, would not end, — progress downward would take its place. Medievalism would usurp the seats of modernity. Each nation, left bankrupt of will, vitality, cohesion, by the tremendous and unnatural effort, would fall to pieces within itself; there would be no room for a patriotism that extended beyond your own city limits. You can see signs of it now. It is not at all difficult to see how an era of World-Civilization might give place to an era of semi-barbarous, ever-fighting little City-States.

Against this dread possibility, however, we have certain assets. There is the saving idea of Human Brotherhood, which has made its voice and protest heard; there is the warning we have received from stern Nature, — merciful in that she is stern, — that Brotherhood is the Remedy. Millions have been at least *invited* to think.

*To think!* It is demanded of you; fail to comply with the demand, and you are a traitor to Humanity. If in all the ocean of thought there might be that one Pearl, human salvation (of this world we live in, not of hypothetical 'souls'), it is the time now when every drag-net must be out, and weighted with infinite compassion to sweep those infinite depths.

For the depths are infinite; man is akin to the Infinite; an offshoot of Omnipotence, he has the power within him to meet this crisis, will he but find and use it. How is it that before a background of small

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personalities, petty envies, growlings and lurchings of the animal, chit-chat and triviality, sometimes great flaming figures start out, with secrets to tell that the world knows nothing of, with might to re-shape destinies, with pity and wisdom to heal or comfort hundreds of generations? It is because Man is essentially divine; because the root of manhood is Godhood.

It was not for nothing that one such Soul, the Russian H. P. Blavatsky, came into the world last century to remind it of the truths it had forgotten. This present time was looming ahead, when, if civilization was to be saved, men would need supreme weapons to save it with; and now the weapons are at hand: a knowledge offered to the world at large of the laws which govern life. There is that Law called *Karma* (action, implying the reaction that follows):—that there is perfect justice in the universe; that from day to day we are creating fate for ourselves, and our own future; indeed, that we are creating ourselves, and sowing the seeds of weakness and strength in the fields of our ever-becoming characters. The weak man reaps misery; but he made that weakness himself, and can turn at any moment and prepare for himself strength. All collective human suffering is the result of the sum of individual human weakness: Stand! stand! it is within the individual heart that each one of us may fashion happiness for mankind! And we cannot escape our responsibilities: death does not end our existence, nor birth begin it: we are now what we made ourselves in past lives on earth; we are humanity, the resultant of the whole human past, which was our own past; the creators of the whole human future, which is to be our own. All the lessons of the old ages of mankind are written in our own souls, palimpsests over which we have scribbled the personal trivialities of today: we lived in those ancient ages, and the ancients were ourselves; we learnt the trick of building and wrecking civilizations before the Pyramids, before the mountains, were raised. The barbarism into which humanity may fall is not something that concerns others only, our posterity, the grandchildren of our grandchildren, over whom we need not and cannot grow too sentimental. If we will not make the earth a Heaven, we shall ourselves continue to suffer in it as a Hell.

To read history rightly is to understand what immense results flow from small causes,—causes apparently small. One man gives his life to teaching truths about the inner nature of man; he makes no stir in the world then, but after a thousand years his ideas are a saving health for many nations. All the good in life has come, if you could trace it back, from the aspirations of some one Man or another; which were catching, and infected other men with upward tendencies, and others, and others, and others; and so did battle age after age with the short-

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comings, and ignorance, and black aspects of life. So when one thinks of the work of Madame Blavatsky and her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, one cannot but be inspired with hope. Here is the little leaven that shall leaven the whole lump. It is, a spiritual view of things; a faith in the universe, and in the divine in man,— that he is a God here to combat chaos, and not a mere eating, drinking, begetting, and perishing animal. And chaos presents itself to him to be conquered in all his passions, in the confusion of his thoughts, in his selfishness, indifference, ignorance. The battle for the redemption of the world must be fought within the individual soul,— there first and mainly.

What new great meaning rings out, in the light of these Theosophical ideas, from the sublime words of Jesus! “Thy kingdom come *on earth*”! And how shall it come? Who is to bring it? Some miracle? Some change in the order of Nature? Some sudden fancy in the mind of an anthropomorphic omnipotence? — No indeed; the Scheme of Things is no such fantastic affair! We ourselves are to bring it into being: Man, Humanity, is to do that. And we are to suffer pains and agony and the whole damnation of recurrent wars until we do so; and we are to participate in its glory and beauty when we have evoked and made it actual. What is that *kingdom*? It is only another name for true civilization; it is only another way of saying secure happiness for mortals,— or the Brotherhood of Man. Praying for it will not serve; we have to make it; — and we can make it, because the deepest part of us, the real part, is divine, and participant in the Kingdom at all times. Search within, and you shall not fail to see its spires and domes glimmering above the peaks of your inmost consciousness.

So, now that the need of knowledge is greatest, now that the tide in the affairs of men is at its flood, we see that by a divine provision the knowledge is here for whoever will to find and use.

At the call of their country, men could go out by the millions and do the things their personal selves found most distasteful to do: they could put aside and forget their self-interest and private desires. It is now some greater thing than any country which calls: it is Humanity. And the call is, that we should find the impersonal universal Self in us, and think and conduct our lives, not for self, but for Humanity. Anyone doing so is bringing nearer the Age of Human Brotherhood. We have to turn our eyes to the bright divine side of life, and believe in it, and will and work it into actuality. If it were not there,— if we were only worms of the dust, miserable sinners, or evolved apes, we could not do this; but it is there; and all the highest things are possible.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

IGOROT RICE TERRACES OF THE IFUGAO SUB-PROVINCE  
IN THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE, NORTHERN LUZON  
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) COCOANUTS BROUGHT TO THE MARKET AT PAGSANJAN,  
LAGUNA PROVINCE, P. I.

(BELOW) DISCHIDIA PESTENOIDES, MOUNT MAQUILLING,  
LAGUNA PROVINCE, P. I.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) SECOND PREPARATORY STEP IN STRIPPING HEMP;  
CUTTING THE INSIDE WORTHLESS MATERIAL TO ENABLE  
WORKMEN TO STRIP IT AWAY. ALBAY PROVINCE, P. I.

(BELOW) HEMP PLANTATION, OHTA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY,  
TALOMO DAVAS, MINDANAO, P. I.





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

A TAGALOG GIRL MAKING A BUNTAL HAT,  
LUCBAN, TAYABAS PROVINCE, P. I.



## WHAT IS INSANITY?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**W**HAT'S in a name?' The question is rhetorical, being equivalent to a negative statement. Logic would be satisfied with the bare form, 'There's nothing in a name'; but rhetoric, claiming a due share of our regard, insists that we wing the words wherein we clothe the idea, and that we render it in the above interrogatory guise. But every affirmation adumbrates its contrary negation; and, if I should tell you the sun will rise tomorrow, you might begin to doubt whether it would do so after all. And similarly the above negation throws into strong relief its contrary affirmation, and I begin to suspect there may be something in a name after all, else why take the trouble to say there isn't? I suspect a design to make me believe what I am otherwise disposed to disbelieve. And certainly there are some people who think there is quite a deal in a name — at least they *act* so.

*Dementia praecox*: premature insanity. A disease or pathological condition learnedly descanted upon by some learned authority. Its symptoms are manifested, as the name implies, in the young man, and also in the young woman, between the ages of twenty and thirty, and not infrequently at adolescence. The young man goes from school to the university, where he soon begins to show symptoms of a decay of vitality and virility. He lies in bed till ten or twelve in the morning; he neglects his studies and lectures; he becomes unsociable and solitary; he is subject to alternating moods of intense depression and fitful excitement; he has sudden crazes succeeded by collapse. Eventually he may get over all this, but often he continues failing, until he becomes a case for the mental pathologist and is on the shelf so far as active participation in life is concerned.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him"; and by giving to this condition the name of *dementia praecox*, we are enabled to turn a sad and warning symptom into an interesting scientific problem.

Many of us have witnessed the progress of this disease and can call to mind particular persons in whom it was manifested. And many of us, who belong rather to the babes and sucklings than to the learned and clever, have a fairly good idea as to the cause and nature of the complaint. The youth has been allowed to grow up like a tree with crown-gall at its roots, with its sap choked and drained, and its stem crooked; but the symptoms have been hidden during the discipline and wholesome regimen of school-life. Then, when he gets to the university, he finds himself his own master, and also the master of a crowd of obsequious servants,

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pampered and flattered; and the stimulus being withdrawn, the complaint has its own way with him, and he is not so much his own master after all. The mysterious pathological condition is mainly physical, if not altogether physical. He is a well-meaning, well-instructed young man; his failing is not of intention but of power. The good that he would, he does not; and the evil that he would not, that he doth. He was not guarded and guided at a critical time of his life. Those upon whom this sacred duty devolved were content to pursue the ostrich policy and hope for the best. Long experience, dating from so far back in his early years that the memory is lost and the knowledge has become instinct, has taught him that his father is the very last person to whom he may go with a confidence. That father loves his son and has great pride in him; his object is to retain that pride; he will shun and repel anything that tends to upset his equanimity in that respect; he will not listen; he will try to misunderstand. His mother will be so far removed from the sphere of possible comprehension of her son's problems, that the idea of making her his confidant will not enter his mind at all. So he early acquires the instinct of secrecy.

The youth has all kinds of instruction in mental and physical acquirements, but little if any in the all-important matter of learning to manage his own nature and its wayward forces. Hence he grows crooked, and no one to guide him or even to know of his condition.

The fact of a poison eating its way into the heart of our civilization, and ever growing worse as the causes that produce it grow more intense, is fraught with grave menace for the future. It may well be that we have here, in this simple diagnosis, the unsuspected but only too real cause for some of those diseases that are on the increase, but whose nature, origin, and cure are alike beyond the reach of our present medical skill: we refer to cancer, tuberculosis, premature senility, and some others.

The existence of the lurking evil has escaped notice, but, even when suspected or detected, a still more difficult question arises, and that is how to deal with it. Some of the remedies proposed are as bad as the disease; and the methods to be adopted in order to place young people on their guard are more calculated to inflame the imagination than to purify it, to initiate than to safeguard. The wrongness of such methods we feel instinctively, even though unable to answer the sophistications by which they are supported.

The real cure consists in a healthy upbringing of the child from earliest years, followed by a special care during the critical periods; and these results have so far only been achieved by the Râja-Yoga system of education. In this respect such minutiae as diet become of the utmost importance; as to which we find the greatest carelessness generally

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practised: overfeeding, and with too-stimulating foods, and the eating of sweets between meals. There is no provision for the prevention of *moral and mental contagion*, so great and real a danger among school children; and we send our young people out into what, morally and mentally speaking, is simply an atmosphere of infection. Should we do such a reckless thing where physical infection was concerned? How much less then where moral and mental infection, far more powerful and insidious, are involved!

Instead of trying to find safeguards and prophylactics against a disease which we have already permitted to be developed, and which we continue to harbor and engender, how much better it would be to forestall the disease altogether, thus obviating the necessity for questionable and reprehensible means for curing it.

It would seem evident that Theosophy, and Theosophy alone — and that as understood and practised by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and its Rāja-Yoga system — is able to detect the sources of a pure and untainted vitality, and to secure the effectual means for maintaining such health, bodily, mental, and moral. The truth is always simple, and the complications which we make are often merely our own evasions of an unpalatable disillusionment. Hence the invention of these weird and wonderful names for ailments whose cause and nature is after all so simple.

Sometimes we read books on insanity which are a marvel of diagnosis, but they do not sufficiently dwell on the prevention and cure. Consequently we may be left with an uneasy fear that the delicate mechanism of our own nervous system might some day go wrong in the same unaccountable way in which the weather seems to do according to the bulletins of the weather-man. Just as the weather-man can guess fairly well what a depression or an anticyclone will do when it appears, but cannot tell when or where it *will* appear, so we do not feel secure enough against the possibility of some disturbance in the distribution of our own nervous pressure, which might 'dislocate the normal threshold of consciousness' or something.

But Theosophy shows us that there are two minds at work in man: the lower one, which dwells around the nervous plexuses and viscera, and is emotional and instinctual; and the higher mind, which controls the lower in the light of calm reason. And, what is more, H. P. Blavatsky (in *Psychic and Noëtic Action*\*) has shown in what way the two minds are respectively connected with the body. Thus she has laid the foundations of a higher physiology, badly needed to help out the physiology on which we are brought up. Is there not a great field open for the study

\**Studies in Occultism*, No. 3.

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of the relation of the higher or 'noëtic' mind with the brain and body? Such knowledge would help to make the Will less of an abstraction and more of a reality. Unfortunately it is difficult to say much on this point on account of the crankism which pertains to such matters. Still it is most important to know that a proper training, like the Râja-Yoga, can and does actually develop in the body those higher centers that are co-ordinated with the higher or noëtic mind, as distinguished from the lower (or 'psychic') mind.

After all, a great deal of our sins are due to our having bodies that are wound up to go the wrong way; and the corollary to this is that we can overcome many failings by caring for the body in the right way.


For want of right training in early stages, tendencies become deep-rooted; and then they are so hard to eradicate that people give up in despair and say they are essentials of human nature, and that an outlet must be found for them. They say that the evils are due to suppression; but why is there anything to suppress? And what is human nature? It is largely what we make it. If a child were brought up neglected, it would be a little savage; and by the time it grew up it would have a human nature that would be very undesirable and troublesome; but usually we take care not to let that kind of human nature develop at all. And it is just the same with other things which we do allow to develop and which we call human nature, whereas they are only tendencies that should have been doctored at an early stage.

The lord of the lower nature is the higher nature; and, if the child is taught how to evoke this, then there arises a true source of discipline; obedience is due to the higher laws of human nature, and so it need not be exacted by any arbitrary authority. The parent or teacher becomes a guide, a pointer of the way.

Various definitions can be given of insanity; and the one suited to our present discourse is that which defines it as an insurrection of the lower nature against the higher. Insanity, broadly defined, would thus include many conditions not legally classified under the lunacy laws, but which give grave trouble to criminologists and alienists and are often the basis of defendant pleas in the courts. A sane person is one who has his lower nature under control. But a proper understanding of the complex nature of man is requisite, and therefore the teachings of Theosophy, as originally promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky and inculcated by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are above all needed.

## DECORATION, USE, AND BEAUTY

R. MACHELL

ECORATIVE arts would seem to have been employed in all ages, and by all the nations of whom we have any records, from the most primitive to the most civilized; and while there may be the widest divergence of opinion as to the legitimate scope of such arts, the method and purpose of their employment seems to be generally very similar. The decoration of the person seems to have been universal in all ages, and while such arts have been at one time esteemed as religious rites, and at another condemned as manifestations of vanity, yet their practice has never been neglected. Nor can the use of decoration be regarded as an outgrowth of civilization, for it is common to all savage races.

Nature herself employs decoration profusely in all her manifold creation. Sometimes her decorative work is obviously incidental to construction; that is to say, the decorative effect is a result of the whole plan of construction, which produces a certain structural beauty that may be highly decorative, yet not necessarily so in the sense of being deliberately ornamental. But on the other hand there are numberless cases in which the decorative designs employed so lavishly by Nature appear to be quite independent of structural requirements; as in the case of butterflies and birds and fish and shells and flowers. Sometimes the markings are so various as to suggest caprice, or that mysterious power men call 'chance.' So profuse is Nature in the use of decoration that one is almost forced to look upon it as one of the purposes of creation, even if one finds no fitting explanation of its meaning and use.

With man the use of decoration is generally a deliberate attempt to add an embellishment to some otherwise complete work. Sometimes the object is to neutralize the inherent ugliness of his product, while in other cases it is employed as a means of completing an unfinished structure, or of supplying a defect. In either case it is used as a concession to a natural craving in the mind or heart of man for beauty. Man separates beauty from utility and then endeavors to remedy the resulting ugliness by superadding decoration.

This mental habit of regarding beauty and utility as separate qualities, one necessary and the other superfluous, has produced so-called practical men devoid of any sense of beauty, and artists, decorators, designers, embellishers, in whom the sense of beauty overrides all other considerations. This unbalanced condition is not generally recognised

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as an evil, and its inconvenience is mitigated by an attempt at co-operation between the two classes. Still the separation exists as a mental deformity, and it is the explanation of the great quantity of ugly work produced by man. The works of Nature do not suffer from this trouble. She constructs beautifully.

Man tries to construct usefully first, and then calls in the decorator to adorn the defective work. The work of decoration is thus kept separate from construction, and so tends to develop along independent lines, which generally clash with the structural scheme of the work to which it may be applied. Sometimes the decoration is so triumphantly independent that it swamps all consideration of utility or original purpose in a building, or work of any kind. But more generally there is merely a discord between the two, that destroys all natural beauty, which is dependent on harmony in design of structure and decoration. The complete divorce of art from utility is signalized in the well-known formula of 'Art for the sake of Art.' But this formula has a deeper meaning that justifies its existence, if it does not mitigate the evil that accompanies its use.

There are artists who would be true creators if they could free themselves from the prejudices of the age; and such as these know well that art is creation in the highest sense. That is to say, it is the Soul, illuminated by the Spirit, seeking expression in the material world. They know that such expression is spontaneous, a spiritual impulse in the Soul translating itself into terms of matter, according to the laws of nature, which are not other than the operation of spiritual impulses in matter: their mode of operation, when intellectually stated, appears as a law of nature.

Such are the laws of Art, the first of which was well stated by Hsieh Ho as "Rhythmic vitality," which Mr. Okakura translates as "the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." This is the first essential principle in Art, as understood by the more spiritually-minded artists. And the second article in Hsieh Ho's canon is like unto the first, becoming manifest on the outer plane. It is "organic structure" explained thus: "The creative spirit incarnates itself in a pictorial conception, which thereby takes on the organic structure of life." No question here of either utility or decoration, but simply of the untrammelled expression of the creative will. I take it as sure, that all such expression is necessarily beautiful.

It is certain that when men create some necessary thing, with a full knowledge of the requirements of that necessity, and with a clear comprehension of the materials to be used, and of the conditions in which the work is to be done, then the product has a very fair chance of being

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beautiful, imposing, or interesting, even if its novelty may at first shock one's prejudices. But this kind of beauty will be found only in works that are entirely free from deliberate decoration or ornamentation, or in works that are called into being by a genuine and natural need.

'Utility' covers all sorts of trivial purposes that may be wholly unnecessary; so that objects of utility may not be ensouled by any worthy purpose, and so may lack that quality of purposiveness that seems to me to be a great factor in beauty.

There is an old saying that 'Necessity knows no law'; which is perhaps a rude way of saying that 'Necessity is the law of laws.' The very essence of law is necessity, or THE SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF INHERENT PRINCIPLES, which is "the life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things" or "Rhythmic Vitality," as Hsieh Ho called it. So that Necessity is the very soul of art, if art is understood in its highest sense. Though to the general public, art is a superfluity, law an attempt to bind free will, and necessity an overwhelming force.

Thus it may be urged that true Art, being an expression of spiritual law, must be self-sufficient, and therefore superior to considerations of common utility. But the freedom of the higher law is more exacting than the compulsion of the lower; and those who use that formula 'Art for the sake of art' must be impersonal instruments in the Soul's employ, obeying absolutely the spiritual impulse of creation. Otherwise it becomes a veil for self-indulgence in the joy of mere production, which is not true creation.

But in this world we are so deeply involved in ignorance of ourselves, and of our own possibilities, that we must use the language as we find it, and talk of Use and ornament as if they really represented separate facts in nature, instead of being merely names for misconceptions in the mind of man. Speaking in that sense, I would suggest that decoration, whether personal or domestic, architectural or bibliographical, should always express the inherent purpose of the work to which it is applied, and should be so adapted to the style and character of that work as to seem part of the original design. If this were kept in view, how much more beautiful our world would be! If ornament were only used to enrich design, how much more restful would our buildings be! And if all objects were constructed with a view to absolute utility, to the most perfect service of a worthy purpose, how seldom should we need to decorate them with additional design: for purpose is a great designer, and necessity is a master-artist.

It is not difficult to see that beauty and fitness are very near akin to one another, and a little thought about the matter will show that the one implies the other. This is assuming that beauty and fitness are

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

qualities pertaining to things; whereas it would be perhaps more correct to speak of them as qualities attributed by man's mind, and so really to be regarded as mental states. But we are so generally accustomed to attribute our ideas about things to the things themselves as qualities, that it is hard to rid ourselves of the resulting prejudice, and to see clearly that the inherent fitness of things may be something widely different from our temporary ideas of practical utility or of beauty. Yet it is evidently true that whereas the fitness of things may be eternal, our ideas of beauty and of utility vary with the fashions, and change entirely from age to age, though there are forms of things that do remain almost unchanged; and, even in dress, the fashions come back again with a certain regularity that seems to indicate an underlying recognition of an unchanging need or purpose, which imposes its requirements upon the fashion-makers, and which controls their flights of fancy, giving a certain permanence in the midst of change to our ideas of utility and beauty.

When we consider what a large amount of energy, industry, and thought are expended on personal adornment; when we find large numbers of people devoting their entire lives to the subject, and ruining themselves in pursuit of its accomplishment, we must surely admit that there is something real at the root of the matter, in spite of the contempt poured out upon such vanities by moralists. See how seriously Nature devotes herself to the subject of personal adornment; what marvelous wealth of invention and perfection of detail, richness of design, and delicacy of material, she lavishes on the embellishment of the most ephemeral of her productions!

Surely if beauty is not involved in utility, then it must be a matter of at least equal importance in Nature's estimation. But I think it is evident that in Nature there is no thought of separation of this kind. And the conclusion seems to me almost inevitable, that what we call decoration, is, in Nature, an inherent feature of her self-expression, or creation: and that, as man is part of Nature, he too must necessarily esteem it of importance and try to understand its meaning if he would attain to that perfect self-knowledge which is the object of his evolution.

But man is intelligent and can think for himself; so he can do violence to his own nature, and can discriminate between utility and beauty, even though in doing so he injures both, and paralyses himself in the attempt. Man's folly is a product of his intelligence: and it is also a promise of possible wisdom. Self-expression, in the human kingdom, must become self-conscious before it can become intuitive; and therefore it is well to try to understand the motives of our actions, even when they seem to be involuntary expressions of natural impulses. As the embellish-



## RESURRECTION


ment and adornment of our homes, our cities and our persons is an object of interest to all, it must be worth while to try to understand just what is the real purpose of such apparently universal waste of energy.

We may discover that this apparent waste is merely an attempt to remedy a failure due to our misconception of the true purpose of existence, which I take to be self-expression of the Soul in Nature. We may find that beauty and joy are not accessories to life, to be separately cultivated and acquired, but that these separate qualities, utility and beauty, are in reality inseparable from true life; and we may learn that our conception of life has been inadequate, and our existence more or less abortive. Then we may realize the wisdom of the Râja-Yoga motto 'Life is joy,' and understand that beauty is the measure of perfection attained in life. Then there will be no need to make distinction between beauty and utility, and decoration will accompany construction; for we shall recognise it as an inherent quality inseparable from the perfect form.

## RESURRECTION

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"We are to interpret God. What we need is a revival of the sense that God counts."  
— *The Bishop of Peterborough, President of the Church Congress, Leicester, England, October, 1919*

 HIS earnest appeal shows how churches are responding to the urgent call of the people in these times. The word 'God' having been so much used in varying senses, and being somewhat nebulous in meaning, we may change the wording of the appeal and say that it is necessary to interpret life and to explain the true nature of man, and to revive the sense that there is a moral law that counts.

In any case, it is man's own efforts that are needed and that count. Man has before him good and evil, with the discrimination to know the one from the other, and the power of choice to choose which he will follow and ensue. If the churches want to interpret human nature, let them interpret it differently from those would-be scientists who give us the pictures of bestial monsters with a gleam of intelligence in their eyes, and tell us these are our ancestors and models. If the bishops wish to interpret God, let them interpret the *divine* in human nature; let them demonstrate that man's divine nature entails a moral law that is as real and sure as, but far more potent than, those biological laws which are said to be inherent in our animal nature.

The churches and their bishops can do this out of the material provided

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

by their own gospel, which certainly teaches that man is divinely informed and that he is compact of an animal soul and a spiritual soul.

Be God what he may, it is only through our own consciousness that we can know him; it is only by our own deeds that we can assimilate ourselves to the divine. The call is for duty and action: to interpret the one and to inspire to the other.

If the churches do not do this, then, as the same speaker said later on, others will do it for them; and among these others he mentioned Theosophy.

That explains why so many people are finding a refuge in Theosophy: it can at least interpret their life for them in a way that the churches have not been able to do.

It is a fact that Theosophy has proved itself able to awaken the sense of moral responsibility and the power of self-mastery in people: not only in the mature, but in the young people who receive the Rāja-Yoga education. The principles are not different from those to be found in the Pauline interpretation of the Christian gospel, though they are both more expanded and better adapted to the present generation.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

— 1 Cor., xv, 44

Dr. Young, in his *Analytical Concordance*, gives the meaning of the word which is translated as 'natural' as 'animal, sensuous.' The meaning is clear enough. James also speaks of the wisdom that descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish; and the wisdom that is from above, and is pure, peaceable, gentle, etc. Let the churches then teach this — that man is essentially pure and spiritual, and that only in a secondary sense is he animal and sensuous. Let them teach that the way of salvation is by the recognition of this spiritual nature and its cultivation. (And incidentally let us hope that they will pronounce against the attempt to reach that spiritual nature by way of entranced mediums and the shifty necromantic glamor of the séance-room!)

There is practical work for all; for it is within the reach of each one of us to feel dissatisfied with our existing state of mind, to yearn for a better, and to use our will in a determination to achieve somewhat of our ideals. Moreover let us bear in mind that by this way comes wisdom — the wisdom that is from above. Have the churches been teaching us that we can attain wisdom in this way? They have said that, if we pray to God and strive to do his will, he will bestow his spirit upon us. Let them teach it in a more real, live, practical way, with the dried-up theological flavor taken out of it. We must not wait for grace to descend upon us; we must work. The true prayer is the prayer of action; for by

## THERE WAS A MAN

right action we *assert* our spiritual nature, and then a response from above becomes possible.

Jesus, in his well-known private instructions to Nicodemus, speaks of the two births: the first, the corporeal birth; the second, the spiritual birth. And he says that, unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom. So it is evident that, whatever meaning the word 'resurrection' may have had at different times in regard to a future life, it has always had a meaning as applicable to this life. It has meant the spiritual rebirth of man, which takes place in him when he begins to recognise his divine origin and to mold his ideals and conduct thereupon.

Resurrection. The churches can teach that; not as a remote contingency pertaining to an after-life, but as an actual event in this life. For, after-life or no after-life, we have in any case to use our opportunities here and now; and eternity is rather a condition to which we may attain here, than a state into which we shall enter hereafter. There is always the tendency to worship the past or the future; for these exist but in the imagination, and we pander to our idleness in transferring our enthusiasm thereto. It takes faith and energy to work in the present, yet the present is always man's sphere of action. So why not say now, '*Resurgam*'? Or rather, why not alter it to '*Resurgo*'? For a deep conviction, felt in the heart and reflected into the mind, may make a complete change and carry us once and for all beyond some obstacle or lift some veil.

If the bishops wish, as they say, to interpret the divine and make it real, let them teach this spiritual resurrection and affirm with the weight of their influence that man can be born again by the power of his pure aspirations.

## THERE WAS A MAN

H. T. PATTERSON

"In visions of the night the soul doth perceive and the mind doth understand."

**I**N the land of Cathay, in days long gone before, did it bechance that by a lake, near the top of a snow-capped mountain, was a chamber cut by the Gods in the side of that mountain — cut in the rock thereof; and in that chamber was a treasure put by the Gods, a treasure wonderful and mystical. And the Gods did lock that treasure in that chamber in three chests — three chests solid and strong; three chests which could not be opened but with three certain keys, a key for each chest. And with the three keys did the Gods put other keys, many and of divers shapes and kinds; keys which would

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

not open the chests, but which were put there so that only the one who was entitled to the treasure might find the right keys, for that one would have wisdom to know those which were the right keys from those which were the wrong keys.

As the days rolled by it came to pass that the existence of that treasure became bruited amongst men, and many sought that chamber and that treasure therein. But all these seekers were lost, either on the mountain, or in the jungles with which that mountain was beset; or they returned unto their homes, each one to his home, sad and sorrowful in his heart for the rest of the days of his life.

But, lo! at the last, a man, whose heart was pure and who sought to serve, and who was wise, and stedfast, and strong, found that chamber; and in a far-distant corner thereof did he behold those three chests, and around those chests did he perceive those many keys which were there scattered about. Some of the keys which were there scattered about were of gold; and some were of silver; and yet some others of them were of other precious metals — all, both the right and the wrong keys, inlaid with rare gems — diamonds, and beryls, and rubies, and pearls — beyond the price of a lord's ransom.

Now, know that that man, who was wise, and strong, and stedfast, being guided aright, for his heart was pure and his desire was to serve, chose from those many keys which were scattered about, a key of bright gold, and with that key of bright gold did he open the first chest. Then, with another key, likewise of bright gold, did he open the second chest. And with a third key, also of bright gold, did he open the third chest. The chests being opened, in the first one thereof did he find, as the treasure therein, "LOVE"; and in the second chest, as the treasure therein did he find "TRUST"; and in the third did he find "DEVOTION."

Rich with the riches garnered did he whose heart was pure and whose desire was to serve go again amongst men and show unto them the ways of the LAW. And his heart being pure and his soul being filled with the desire to serve, as hath been heretofore made known, and his teachings being wise and good, men listened unto him and changed their ways. Thus did he become a SAVIOR of the race, and thus were many men redeemed from the bondage of evil.

This all did behap in the reign of the Emperor Tsing Ling, the merciful and just. And even to this day do the men of Cathay honor the memory of him who came to serve and who taught the laws of LOVE, of TRUTH, and of DEVOTION, redeeming men from the bondage of evil.

## A NEW START IN LIFE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

"We think that when we are driven out of the usual path everything is over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins." — *Tolstoi*

**S**IMILARLY we are taught in Theosophical writings that the natural evolution of the earnest and sensitive man brings him to a point of despair, when all seems over, life seems a cruel farce, and he loses faith in the good and the true. At this point he faces two ways: either he may yield to his despair and give up further effort, relapsing into a state of indifference and cynicism; or else he may vanquish the enemy that seeks to freeze his soul and paralyse his will, and may recognise this point as the beginning of a new path in his evolution.

It is evident that, before we can be on with the new, we must be off with the old; and our very efforts to achieve something better bring about the conditions necessary for such achievement.

It is often said that men are very different 'in the eyes of God' from what they are in the eyes of the world; and we would recast this saying as follows. If we could look below the surface, we should find that it is not differences of wealth, station, or education, that define the value of a life; but that what defines the value of a life is its interior conditions, known only to the man who lives it. He may be achieving success in a worldly sense, and yet feel that he has missed his true aim; and thus can be explained many of the unexpected tragedies that close such careers. On the other hand, the man who seems to have made a sorry muddle of his worldly circumstances, may have achieved his true aim far more fully than the other man. In short, life is far more an interior thing, a thing of our own most intimate and incommunicable thoughts and feelings, than an affair of outer fortune such as appears visibly to the eyes of other men.

How many suicides and relapses into despair and indifference would have been prevented if the persons had had the help of Theosophy! For it is just at such crises that Theosophy steps in with its most helpful and inspiring teachings. When a man finds that the old way of life will not work for him any longer, then is just the opportunity for him to find the new way and the true way. It has been thought by certain nations of antiquity that suicide was a brave and reasonable act, being the recognition by man of his supposed right to throw away his life if he no longer valued it. But in the light of Theosophy such an act must appear

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as that of a coward or a much-deluded man. It is the act of one who runs away from the field of battle. However much our sympathies may go out to one in such a plight, we cannot condone his action in the light of calm reason; for he has missed the purpose of life and failed to learn its lessons and to stand its tests.

Self-reliance! We may think we are self-reliant, and yet what we call self-reliance may prove a weak staff to lean on, because it is not anchored deep enough in our nature, and consequently it gives way under stress. But true self-reliance is what men have been deprived of by dogmatic religion and by materialism in science, which have taught them in different ways to mistrust their own interior spiritual strength. Materialistic science cannot help a man in such trials, and his faith in creeds may break down; and then where is he to look for support? He can only do one of two things: give up in despair and resign himself to life as best he may; or else find the source of light and strength in the place where it is really to be found — in the untapped resources of his own nature. If he can do this, he has achieved true self-reliance.

It has to be understood that the Soul stands ever ready and eager to reveal itself and express itself, but that we must give it the opportunity. To what extent have we ever done this? Our past failure to trust in this source of strength may sufficiently account for our present difficulties; and our resolve to do so now may hold promise for the immediate future.

Duty, truthfulness, honor, compassion, and the like, are obligations due to our own divine nature; and it is in obedience to the laws of that divine nature that we fulfil these obligations. It would be better to call them privileges. We have been taught in the past that human nature is one thing, and 'the will of God' another; and our fears and hopes have been played upon. This is what always happens when the true Religion begins to pale in the hearts of men. Then, instead of relying on their own strength, they permit the offices of religion to be performed for them by other people who assume the rôle of intercessors or agents and claim to be able to open or close the kingdom of heaven against men according as certain rites are or are not performed, or certain dogmas accepted or not accepted. Thus is man turned aside from the true way. And when at last he finds that this method will not work in times of great stress, then he turns to the true source of strength, and resolves to be true to himself and to be loyal to the moral obligations because he wishes to be so and not because he is told he must. In short, he sends up a prayer to his own Soul and thus invokes the Light from within.

Theosophy, with its teachings, has made much more real and understandable this idea of recourse to the Light within; for it has given a rational interpretation of the constitution of human nature. It has

## A NEW START IN LIFE

restored the ancient teaching of Karma, thereby showing how unerring Law governs the universe and human life. The despairing notion that life is a cruel farce, and the universe is governed by no definite law or purpose, will not hold ground for a moment in Theosophy; and therefore, for the Theosophist, one most fruitful source of trouble is removed.

Theosophy is an interpretation of life. There are so many facts of our experience which run counter to the teachings of science and creed, and are not explained in our philosophies. These are duly accounted for in Theosophy and thus many an enigma is solved, many a doubt settled.

It may be said that every point in life is a possible starting-point on a new road; but more especially so are those points when our conflicting thoughts and emotions seem to bring us to a complete standstill. As said in our initial quotation, we may then either sink back in despair or else stand up in our strength and say that now is the time of times to make a successful effort. The Soul has been trying to make us let go of something that has been hindering us.

Theosophy, with its doctrine of Karma — not a new doctrine but a very ancient one revived — shows how all life is directed by unerring law. There can be no such thing as a *fortuitous* event — the word is a mere label to cover our ignorance. All events must be connected with each other, though we may often be unable to discern the connexion. Hence our fate is determined by forces we have ourselves set in motion. It is our own desires that create our destiny, and we are now reaping the effects of desires cherished at some time in the past, perhaps in a previous life. We have our destiny in our own hands, for by aspiration we can raise ourself above the chain of causes and effects engendered by our short-sighted selfish desires.

In Theosophy, too, there is the prospect of unlimited knowledge before man. For, whereas some doctrines of evolution teach that we must build up knowledge by slow and painful effort, Theosophy teaches that knowledge is already within us, but is veiled by the mind and its thoughts, buried under an accumulation of ideas and wrong notions. Thus the attainment of knowledge is seen to be a process of self-purification, a process of simplification.

In this way the Theosophical teachings enable us to take a new start in life when threatening despair makes it so necessary to do so.

## BEAUTY'S INHERITORS

KENNETH MORRIS

BEAUTY'S Inheritors,  
Seed of the Sun,  
Naught will suffice ye  
Till all is won.

What are we here for,  
In this disguise  
Riding through Time,  
But the Infinite Prize?

The path of these many lives  
Why have we trod,  
But to battle down Chaos  
For Beauty and God?

Though in our blindness  
Ourselves we despise,  
The Stars watch us wondering  
Out of their skies.

They watch us and wonder,  
And singing, they tell:—  
*There go the heroes  
That raided hell!*

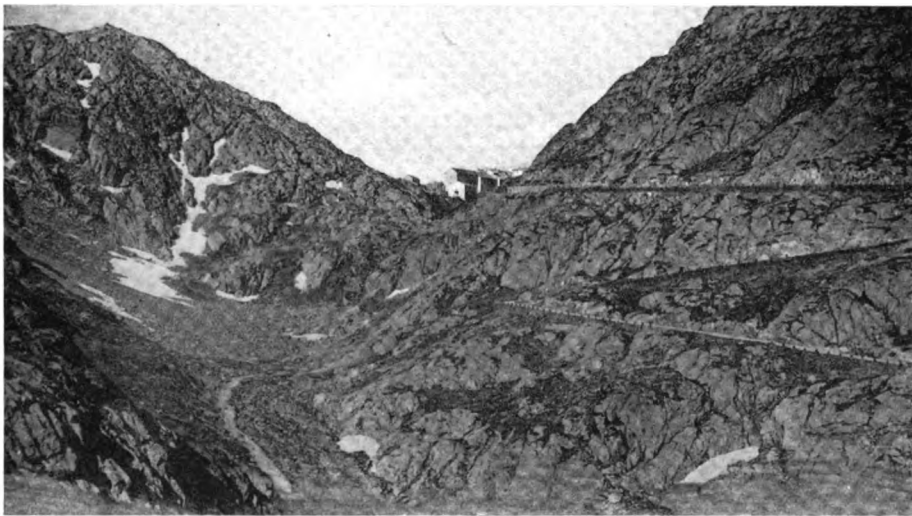
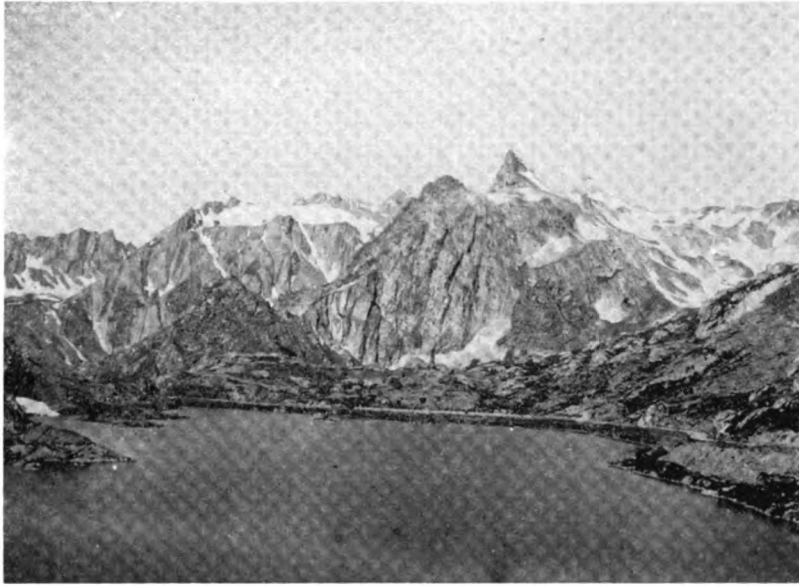
Though we have fallen  
Ten thousand times,  
We are the warriors  
They sing in their rhymes.

They gaze on the fallen;  
They shed their tears:  
*See, they say, crucified,  
One of God's peers!*

— Some small fault conquered,  
Some duty done:—  
*Lo, they say, yonder  
A new-lit sun!*

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

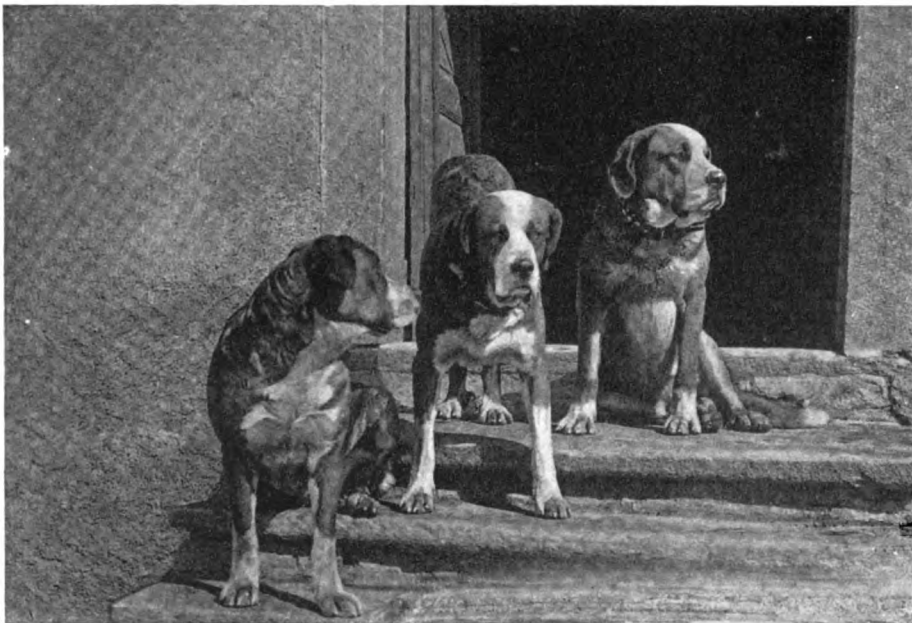




*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) LAKE OF ST. BERNARD, FROZEN EVEN IN SUMMER

(BELOW) HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD FROM THE VAL  
DES MORTS, SO CALLED BECAUSE OF THE MANY LIVES  
LOST IN THE SUMMER AVALANCHES



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD: NEW BUILDING ON RIGHT


(BELOW) THREE HEROES OF THE MOUNTAINS: ONLY SEVEN  
OF THE FAMOUS ST. BERNARD DOGS REMAIN, OWING TO  
SCARCITY OF FOOD DURING THE WAR

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

### XII — TALES FROM A TAOIST TEACHER

ONFUCIUS died in 478: the year, it may be noted, in which Athens attained her hegemony: or just when the Greek Cycle (thirteen decades) was opening. Looking backward thirteen decades from that, we come to 608 B. C.; four years after which date, according to the usually accepted tradition, Laotse was born. Thus we find the cycle preceding that of Greece mainly occupied, in China, by the lives of the two great Teachers.

We should have seen by this time that these two lives were, so to say, parts of a single whole: co-ordinated spiritually, if not in an organization on this plane. Laotse, like H. P. Blavatsky, brought the Teachings: he illuminated the inner worlds. That was his work. We can see little of him as he accomplished it; and only the smallest fragment of his doctrine remains; — five thousand words, out of his whole long life. But since we have had in our own time an example of how these things are done, we may judge him and his mission by this analogy; also by the results. Then came Confucius, like Katherine Tingley, to link this Wisdom with individual and national life. The teachings were there; and he had no need to restate them: he might take the great principles as already enounced. But every Teacher has his own method, and his need to accentuate this or that: so time and history have had most to say about the differences between these two. What Confucius had to do, and did, was to found his school, and show in the lives of his disciples, modeled under his hands, how the Wisdom of the Ages (and of Laotse) can be made a living power in life and save the world.

Contrasting the efforts of that age and this, we may say that then, organization, such as we have now, was lacking. Confucius did not come as the official successor of Laotse; Laotse, probably, had had no organized school that he could hand over to Confucius. He had taught, and his influence had gone far and wide, affecting the thought of the age; but he had had no trained and pledged body of students to whom he could say: 'Follow this man when I am gone; he is my worthy successor.' — All of which will be laughed at: I firmly believe, however, that it is an accurate estimate of things. When you come to think of it, it was by

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the narrowest margin that H. P. Blavatsky, through Mr. Judge — and his heroism and wisdom alone to be thanked for it! — had anything beyond the influence of her ideas and revelations to hand on to Katherine Tingley. In the way of an organization, I mean. Very few among her disciples had come to have any glimmering of what discipleship means, or were prepared to follow her accredited successors.

And Confucius, in his turn, had no established center for his school: it was a thing that wandered the world with him, and ceased, as an organization (however hazy) to exist when he died. Nothing remained, then, of either Teacher for posterity except the ideas and example. And yet I have hinted, and shall try to show, that tremendous results for good followed: that the whole course of history was turned in an upward direction. You may draw what inferences you will. The matter is profoundly significant.

Thirteen decades after the death of Confucius, Plato died in Greece; and about that time two men arose in China to carry forward, bring down, and be the expositors of, the work of the two great Teachers of the sixth and seventh centuries. These were Chwangtse for Taoism, and Mangtse or Mencius for Confucius: the one, the channel through which Laotse's spiritual thought flowed to the quickening of the Chinese imagination; the other, the man who converted the spiritual thought of Confucius into the Chinese Constitution. Alas! they were at loggerheads: a wide breach between the two schools of thought had come to be by their time; or perhaps it was they who created it. We shall arrive at them next week; tonight, to introduce you to Liehtse, a Taoist teacher who came sometime between Laotse and Chwangtse; — perhaps in the last quarter of the fifth century, when Socrates was active in Greece.

Professor De Groot, of Holland, speaks boldly of Confucius as a Taoist; and though I dislike many of this learned Dutchman's ideas, this one is excellent. His thesis is that Laotse was no more an innovator than Confucius; that both but gave a new impulse to teachings as old as the race. Before Laotse there had been a Teacher Quan, a statesman-philosopher of the seventh century, who had also taught the Tao. The immemorial Chinese idea had been that the Universe is made of the interplay of two forces, *Yang* and *Yin*, positive and negative; — or simply the Higher and the Lower natures. To the Yang, the Higher, belong the *Shen* or gods, — all conscious beneficent forces within and without man. To the Yin or lower belong the *kwei*, the opposite of gods: *fan* means foreign; and *Fan Kwei* is the familiar Chinese term for white men. From Shen and Tao we get the term *Shentao*, which you know better as *Shinto*, — the Way of the Gods; or as well, the Wisdom of the Gods; as good an equivalent of our term *Theosophy* as you should

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find; — perhaps indeed better than *Theosophy* itself; for it drives home the idea that the *Wisdom* is a practical *Way of Life*. Shentao, the Taoism of the Higher Nature, then, was the primeval religion of the Chinese; — Dr. De Groot arrives at this, though perhaps hardly sees how sensible a conclusion he has reached. In the sixth century B. C. it was in a fair way to becoming as obsolete as Neoplatonism or Gnosticism in the nineteenth A. D.; and Laotse and Confucius simply restated some aspects of it with a new force and sanction; — just as H. P. Blavatsky, in the *Key to Theosophy*, begins, you will remember, with an appeal to and restatement of the Theosophy of the Gnostics and Neoplatonists of Alexandria.

It may seem a kind of divergence from our stream of history, to turn aside and tell stories from the *Book of Liehtse*; but there are excuses. Chinese history, literature, thought — everything — have been such a closed book to the West, that those scholars who have opened a few of its pages are to be considered public benefactors; and there is room and to spare for any who will but hold such opened pages up; — we are not in the future to dwell so cut off from a third of mankind. Also it will do us good to look at Theosophy from the angle of vision of another race. I think Liehtse has much to show us as to the difference between the methods of the Chinese and Western minds: the latter that must bring most truths down through the brain-mind, and set them forth decked in the apparel of reason; the former that is, as it seems to me, often rather childlike as to the things of the brain-mind; but has a way of bringing the great truths down and past the brain-mind by some circuitous route; — or it may be only by a route much more direct than ours. The West presents its illuminations so that they look big on the surface; you say, This is the work of a great mind. A writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* brought out the idea well, in comparing the two poetries. What he said was, in effect, as follows: — the Western poet, too often, dons his singing robe before he will sing; works himself up; expects to step out of current life into the Grand Manner; — and unless the Soul happens to be there and vocal at the time, achieves mostly *pombundle*. The Chinaman presents his illumination as if it were nothing at all, — just the simplest childish-foolish thing; nothing in the world for the brain-mind to get excited about. You take very little notice at the time: more of their quaint punchinello *chinoiserie*, you say. Three weeks after, you find that it was a clear voice from the supermundane, a high revelation. The Chinese poet saunters along playing a common little tune on his Pan-pipes. Singing robes? — None in the world; just what he goes to work in. Grand Manner? — ‘Sir,’ says he, ‘the contemptible present singer never heard of it; wait for that till the coming of a Superior Man.’

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— 'Well,' you say, 'at least there is no danger of *pombundle*'; — and indeed there is not. But you rather like the little tune, and stop to listen . . . and then. . . . Oh God! the Wonder of wonders has happened, and the Universe will never be quite the dull, fool, ditchwater thing it was to you before. . . .

Liehtse gives one rather that kind of feeling. We know practically nothing about him. — I count three stages of growth among the sinologists: the first, with a missionary bias; the second, with only the natural bias of pure scholarship and critical intellectualism, — broad and generous, but rather running at times towards tidying up the things of the Soul from off the face of the earth; the third, with scholarship *plus* sympathy, understanding, and a dash of mystical insight. The men of the first stage accepted Liehtse as a real person, and called him a degenerator of Taoism, a teacher of immoral doctrine; — in the *Book of Liehtse*, certainly, such doctrine is to be found. The men of the second stage effectually tidied Liehtse up: Dr. H. A. Giles says he was an invention of the fertile brain of Chwangtse, and his book a forgery of Han times. Well; people did forge ancient literature in those days, and were well paid for doing so; and you cannot be quite certain of the complete authenticity of any book purporting to have been written before Ts'in Shi Hwangti's time. Also Chwangtse's brain was fertile enough for anything; — so that there was much excuse for the men of the second stage. But then came Dr. Lionel Giles\* who belongs to the third stage, and perhaps *is* the third stage. He shows that though there is in the *Book of Liehtse* a residue or scum of immoral teaching, it is quite in opposition to the tendency of the teaching that remains when this scum is removed; and deduces from this fact the sensible idea that the scum was a later forgery; the rest, the authentic work of a true philosopher with an original mind and a style of his own. Such a man, of course, might have lived later than Chwangtse, and taken his nom de plume of *Liehtse* from the latter's book; but against this there is the fact that Liehtse's teaching forms a natural link between Chwangtse's and that of their common Master Laotse; and above all — and herein lies the real importance of him — the real Liehtse treats Confucius as a Teacher and Man of Tao. But by Chwangtse's time the two schools had separated: Confucius was Chwangtse's butt; — we shall see why. And in the scum of Liehtse he is made fun of in Chwangtse's spirit, but without Chwangtse's wit and style.

So that whoever wrote this book, — whether it was the man referred

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\*Whose translation of parts of the *Book of Liehtse*, with an invaluable preface, appears in the *Wisdom of the East Series*; from which translation the passages quoted in this lecture are taken; — as also are many ideas from the preface.

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to by Chwangtse when he says: "There was Lichtse again; he could ride upon the wind and go wheresoever he wished, staying away as long as thirteen days," — or someone else of the same name, he did not take his nom de plume from that passage in Chwangtse, because he was probably dead when Chwangtse wrote it. We may, then, safely call him a Taoist Teacher of the fifth century, — or at latest of the early fourth.

The book's own account of itself is, that it was not written by Lichtse, but compiled from his oral teaching by his disciples. Thus it begins:

"Our Master Lichtse lived in the Cheng State for forty years, and no man knew him for what he was. The prince, his ministers, and the state officials looked upon him as one of the common herd. A time of dearth fell upon the state, and he was preparing to emigrate to Wei, when his disciples said to him: 'Now that our Master is going away without any prospect of returning, we have ventured to approach him, hoping for instruction. Are there no words from the lips of Hu-Ch'iu Tzu-lin that you can impart to us?' — Lieh the Master smiled and said: 'Do you suppose that Hu Tzu dealt in words? However, I will try to repeat to you what my Teacher said on one occasion to Po-hun Moujen. I was standing by and heard his words, which ran as follows.'"

Then come some rather severe metaphysics on cosmogony: really, a more systematic statement of the teaching thereon which Laotse referred to, but did not (in the *Tao Teh King*) define. 'More systematic,' — and yet by no means are the lines laid down and the plan marked out; there is no cartography of cosmogenesis; . . . but seeds of meditation are sown. Of course, it is meaningless nonsense for the mind to which all metaphysics and abstract thought are meaningless nonsense. Mystics, however, will see in it an attempt to put the Unutterable into words. One paragraph may be quoted:

"There is life, and That which produces life; form, and That which imparts form; sound, and That which causes sound; color, and That which causes color; taste, and That which causes taste. The source of life is death; but That which produces life never comes to an end."

— Remember the dying Socrates: 'life comes from death, as death from life.' We appear, at birth, out of that Unseen into which we return at death, says Lichtse; but That which produces life, — which is the cause of this manifestation (you can say, the Soul), — is eternal.

"The origin of form is matter; but That which imparts form has no material existence."

— No; because it is the down-breathing Spirit entering into matter; matter being the medium through which it creates, or to which it imparts, form. "The form to which the clay is modeled is first united with" — or we may say, projected from — "the potter's mind."

"The genesis of sound lies in the sense of hearing; but That which causes sound is never audible to the ear. The source of color" — for 'source' we might say, the 'issuing-point' — "is vision; but That which produces color never manifests to the eye. The origin of taste lies in the palate; but That which causes taste is never perceived by that sense."

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All these phenomena are functions of the Principle of Inaction — the inert unchanging Tao."

One is reminded of a passage in the *Talavakāra-Upanishad*:

"That which does not speak by speech, but by which speech is expressed: That alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

"That which does not think by mind, but by which mind is itself thought: That alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore."

And so it continues of each of the sense-functions.

After this, Liehtse for the most wanders from story to story; he taught in parables; and sometimes we have to listen hard to catch the meaning of them, he rarely insists on it, or drives it well home, or brings it down to levels of plain-spokenness at which it should declare itself to a western mind. Here, again, is the Chinese characteristic: the touch is lighter; more is left to the intuition of the reader; the lines are less heavily drawn. They rely on a kind of intelligence in the readers, akin to the writers', to see those points at a glance, which we must search for carefully. Where each word has to be drawn, a little picture taking time and care, you are in no danger of overlavishness; you do not spill and squander your words, "intoxicated," as they say, "with the exuberance of your verbosity." Style was forced on the Chinese; ideograms are a grand preventive against pombundle. — I shall follow Liehtse's method, and go from story to story at random; perhaps interpreting a little by the way.

We saw how Confucius insisted on *balance*: egging on Jan Yu, who was bashful, and holding back Tse Lu, who had the pluck of two; — declaring that Shih was not a better man than Shang, because too far is not better than not far enough. The whole Chinese idea is that this balance of the faculties is the first and grand essential. Your lobsided man can make no progress really; — he must learn balance first. An outstanding virtue, talent, or aptitude, is a deterrent, unless the rest of the nature is evolved up to it; — that is why the Greatest Men are rarely the most striking men; why a Napoleon catches the eye much more quickly than a Confucius; something stands out in the one, and compels attention; but all is even in the other. You had much better not have genius, if you are morally weak; or a very strong will, if you are a born fool. For the morally weak genius will end in moral wreck; and the strong-willed fool — a plague upon him! This is the truth, knowledge of which has made China so stable; and ignorance of which has kept the West so brilliant and fickle, — of duality such poles apart, — so lobsided and, I think, in a true sense, so little progressive. For see how many centuries we have had to wait while ignorance, bigotry, wrong ideas, and persecution, have prevented the establishment on any large scale of a Theosophical Movement — and be not too ready to accept



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a whirl of political changes, experiment after experiment, — and latterly a spurt of mechanical inventions, — for True Progress: which I take to mean, rightly considered, the growth of human egos, and freedom and an atmosphere in which they may grow. But these they had in China abundantly while China was in manvantara; do not think I am urging as our example the fallen China of these pralayaic times. Balance was the truth Confucius impressed on the Chinese mentality: the saving Truth of truths, I may say; and it is perhaps the truth which most of all will stand connected with the name of Katherine Tingley in the ages to come: — the saving Truth of truths, which will make a new and better world for us. You must have it, if you are to build solidly; it is the foundation of any true social order; the bedrock on which alone a veritable civilization can be built. Oh, your unbalanced genius can produce things of startling beauty; and they have their value, heaven knows. The Soul watches for its chances, and leaps in at surprising moments: the arm clothed in white samite may reach forth out of the bosom of all sorts of curious quagmires; and when it does, should be held in reverence as still and always a proof of the underlying divinity of man. But — there where the basis of things is not firmly set: where that mystic, wonderful reaching out is not from the clear lake, but from turbidity and festering waters — where the grand balance has not been acquired: — you must look to come on tragedy. The world has gained something from the speech of the Soul there; but the man through whom It spoke; — it has proved too much for him. The vibrations were too strong, and shattered him. Think of Keats . . . and of thousands of others, poets, musicians, artists. Where you get the grand creations, the unfitful shining, — there you get evidence of a balance: with genius — the daimonic force — no greater than, perhaps not so keen as, that of those others, you find a strong moral will. Dante and Milton suffered no less than others from those perils to which all creative artists are subject: both complain bitterly of inner assailments and torment: but they had, to balance their genius, the strong moral urge to fight their weaknesses all through life. It could not save their personalities from suffering; but it gave the Soul in each of them a basis on which to build the grand steadfast creations.

— All of which Chinese Liehtse tells you without comment, and with an air of being too childish-foolish for this world, in the following story: —

Kung-hu and Chi-ying fell ill, and sought the services of the renowned doctor, Pien-chiao. He cured them with his drugs; then told them they were also suffering from diseases no drugs could reach, born with them at their birth, and that had grown up with them through life. "Would you have me grapple with these?" said he. — "Yes," said they; but

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wished first to hear the diagnosis. — “You,” he said to Kung-hu, “have strong mental powers, but are weak in character; so, though fruitful in plans, you are weak in decision. You,” he said to Chi-ying, “are strong of will, though stupid; so there is a narrowness in your aims and a want of foresight. Now if I can effect an exchange of hearts between you, the good will be equally balanced in both.”

They agreed at once: Kung-hu, with the weaker will, was to get the smaller mental powers to match it; Chi-ying was to get a mentality equal to his firm will. We should think Kung-hu got very much the worst of the bargain; but he, and Dr. Pien-chiao, and Liehtse, and perhaps Chinamen generally, thought and would think nothing of the kind. To them, to have balanced faculties was far better than to have an intellect too big for one's will-power; because such balance would afford a firm basis from which will and intellect might go forward in progress harmoniously. So Pien-chiao put both under a strong anaesthetic, took out their hearts, and made the exchange (the heart being, with the Chinese, the seat of mentality); and after that the health of both was perfect. — You may laugh; but after all there is a grandeur in the recognition implied, that the intellect is not the man, but only one of his possessions. The story is profoundly characteristic: like Ah Sin's smile in the poem, “childlike and bland”; but hiding wonderful depths of philosophy beneath.

Laotse showed his deep Occult Wisdom when he said that the Man of Tao “does difficult things while they are still easy.” Liehtse tells you the story of the Assistant to the Keeper of the Wild Beasts at Loyang. His name was Liang Yang, and his fame went abroad for having a wonderful way with the creatures in his charge. Hsuan Wang, the Chow king, heard of it; and sent orders to the Chief Keeper to get the secret from Liang, lest it should die with him. — “How is it,” said the Keeper, “that when you feed them, the tigers, wolves, eagles, and ospreys all are tame and tractable? That they roam at large in the park, yet never claw and bite one another? that they propagate their species freely, as if they were wild? His Majesty bids you reveal to me the secret.”

— A touch of nature here: all zoölogists know how difficult it is to get wild beasts to breed in captivity.

Liang Yang answered: “I am only a humble servant, and have really no secret to tell. I fear the king has led you to expect something mysterious. As to the tigers: all I can say is that, like men, when yielded to they are pleased and when opposed they are angry. Nothing gives way either to pleasure or to anger without a cause; and anger, by reaction, will follow pleasure, and pleasure anger. I do not excite the tigers' joy by giving them live creatures to kill, or whole carcasses to tear up. I neither

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rouse their anger by opposing them, nor humor them to make them pleased. I time their periods of hunger and anticipate them. It is my aim to be neither antagonistic nor compliant; so they look upon me as one of themselves. Hence they walk about the parks without regretting the tall forests and broad marshes, and rest in the enclosure without yearning for lonely mountain or dark vale. It is merely using common sense."

And there Liehtse leaves it in all its simplicity; but I shall venture to put my spoke in, and add that he has really given you a perfect philosophy for the conduct of life: for the government of that other and inner tiger, the lower nature, especially; it is always that, you will remember, for which the Tiger stands in Chinese symbology; — and also for education, the government of nations — everything. Balance, — Middle Lines, — Avoidance of Extremes, — Lines of Least Resistance: — by whom are we hearing these things inculcated daily? Did they not teach Râja-Yoga in ancient China? Have not our school and its principles a Chinese smack about them? Well; it was these principles made China supremely great; and kept her alive and strong when all her contemporaries had long passed into death; and, I hope, have ingrained something into her soul and hidden being, which will make her rise to wonderful heights again.

You can hear Laotse in them; it is the practical application of Laotse's doctrine. But can you not equally hear the voice of Confucius: "too far is not better than not far enough"? Western ethical teaching has tended towards inculcating imitation of the Soul's action; this Chinese teaching takes the Soul for granted; says very little about it; but shows you how to provide the Soul with the conditions through and in which it may act. "Love your enemies;" — yes; that is fine; it is what the Soul, the Divine Part of us, does; — but we are not in the least likely to do it while suffering from the reaction from an outburst of emotion; ethics grow rather meaningless to us when, for example, we have toppled over from our balance into pleasure, eaten not wisely but too well, say; and then toppled back into the dumps with an indigestion. But where the balance is kept you need few ethical injunctions; the Soul is there, and may speak; and sees to all that.

Hu-Chiu Tzu-lin, we read, taught Liehtse these things. Said he: — "You must familiarize yourself with the Theory of Consequents before you can talk of regulating conduct." Liehtse said: — "Will you explain what you mean by the Theory of Consequents?" — "Look at your shadow," said his Teacher; "and you will know." Liehtse turned his head and looked at his shadow. When his body was bent the shadow was crooked; when upright, it was straight. Thus it appeared that the attributes of straightness and crookedness were not inherent in the

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shadow, but corresponded to certain positions in the body. . . . "Holding this Theory of Consequents," says Liehtse, "is to be at home in the antecedent." — Now the antecedent of the personality is the Soul; the antecedent of the action is the motive; the antecedent of the conduct of life is the relation in which the component faculties of our being stand to each other and to the Soul. If the body is straight, so is the shadow; if the inner harmony or balance is attained and held to — well; you see the point. "The relative agrees with its antecedent," say the grammar books, very wisely. It is Karma again: the effect flowing from the cause. "You may consider the virtues of Shennung and Yuyen," says Liehtse; "you may examine the books of Yü, Hia, Shang, and Chow," — that is, the whole of history; — "you may weigh the utterances of the great Teachers and Sages; but you will find no instance of preservation or destruction, fulness or decay, which has not obeyed this supreme Law of Causality."

Where are you to say that Liehtse's Confucianism ends, and his Taoism begins? It is very difficult to draw a line. Confucius, remember, gave "*As-the-heart*" for the single character that should express his whole doctrine. Liehtse is leading you inward, to see how the conduct of life depends upon Balance, which also is a word that may translate *Tao*. Where the balance is, there we come into relations with the great Tao. There is nothing supra-Confucian here; though soon we may see an insistence upon the Inner which, it may be supposed, later Confucianism, drifting towards externalism, would hardly have enjoyed. — A man in Sung carved a mulberry-leaf in jade for his prince. It took three years to complete, and was so well done, so realistic in its down and glossiness, that if placed in a heap of real mulberry-leaves, it could not be distinguished from them. The State pensioned him as a reward; but Liehtse, hearing of it, said: "If God Almighty took three years to complete a leaf, there would be very few trees with leaves on them. The Sage will rely less on human skill and science, than on the evolution of Tao."

Lung Shu came to the great doctor Wen Chih, and said to him: "You are the master of cunning arts. I have a disease; can you cure it, Sir?" — "So far," said Wen Chih, "you have only made known your desire. Please let me know the symptoms of your disease." They were, utter indifference to the things and events of the world. — "I hold it no honor to be praised in my own village, nor disgrace to be decried in my native State. Gain brings me no joy, loss no sorrow. I dwell in my home as if it were a mere caravanserai, and regard my native district as though it were one of the barbarian kingdoms. Honors and rewards fail to rouse me, pains and penalties to overawe me, good or bad fortune to influence

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me; joy or grief to move me. What disease is this? What remedy will cure it?"\*

Wen Chih examined his heart under X-rays; — really and truly that is in effect what Liehtse says. — "Ah," said he, "I see that a good square inch of your heart is hollow; you are within a little of being a true Sage. Six of the orifices are open and clear, and only the seventh is blocked up. This last is doubtless due to the fact that you are mistaking for a disease what is in reality an approach to divine enlightenment. It is a case in which my shallow art is of no avail."

— I tell this tale, as also that other about the exchange of hearts, partly to suggest that Liehtse's China may have had the actuality, or at least a reminiscence, of scientific knowledge since lost there, and only discovered in Europe recently. In the same way one finds references to automatic oxen, self-moving chariots, traveling by air, and a number of other things which, as we read of them, sound just like superstitious nonsense. There are old Chinese drawings of pterodactyls, and suchlike unchancey antediluvian wild fowl. *Argal*, (you would say) the Chinese knew of these once; although Ptero and his friends have been extinct quite a few million years, one supposes. Or was it superstition again? Then why was it not superstition in Professor So-and-so, who found the bones and reconstructed the beastie for holiday crowds to gaze upon at the Crystal Palace or the Metropolitan Museum? Knowledge does die away into reminiscence, and then into oblivion; and the chances are that Liehtse's time retained reminiscences which have since become oblivion-hidden; — then re-discovered in the West. — But I tell the tale also for a certain divergence marked in it, between Taoist and Confucian thought. Laotse would have chuckled over it, who brooded much on 'self-emptiness' as the first step towards illumination. Confucius would have allowed it; but it would not have occurred to him, unsuggested.

Now here is something still further from Confucianism; something prophetic of later Taoist developments, though it still contains Laotse's thought, and — be it said — deep wisdom.

Fan Tsu Hua was a bully and a charlatan, who by his trickery had won such hold over the king of Tsin that anyone he might recommend was surely advanced to office, and anyone he cried down would lose his all. So it was said he had magic to make the rich poor and the poor rich. He had many disciples, who were the terror of the peaceably disposed.

One day they saw an old weak man approaching, 'with weather-

\*I may say here that though I am quoting the speeches more or less directly from Dr. Lionel Giles' translation, too many liberties are being taken, verbally, with the narrative parts of these stories, to allow quotation marks and small type. One contracts and expands (sparingly, the latter); but gives the story.

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beaten face and clothes of no particular cut.' A chance for sport not to be neglected, they thought; and began to hustle him about in their usual fashion, 'slapping him on the back, and what not.' But he — Shang Ch'iu K'ai was his name — seemed only full of joy and serenity, and heeded nothing. Growing tired of their fun at last, they would make an end of it; and led him to the top of a high cliff. — "Whoever dares throw himself over," said one of them, "will find a hundred ounces of silver waiting for him at the bottom." Over walked old Shang without thought or question; but 'lo! he was wafted down to earth like a bird on the wing, not a bone or muscle of his body hurt.' Below, they found him sitting on the ground counting out a hundred ounces of silver, which certainly he had not had with him at the top, and none of them had put there.

It was a wonder; and still more a wonder his being unhurt; but you can make chance account for most things, and they meant to get rid of him. So they brought him to the banks of the river, saying: "A pearl of great price is here, to be had for the diving." In he went without a word, and disappeared duly; and so, thought they, their fun had come to a happy end. But no; as they turned to go, up he came, serene and smiling, and scrambled out. — "Well; did you find the pearl?" they asked. "Oh yes," said Shang; "it was just as your honors said." He showed it to them; and it was indeed a pearl of great price.

Here was something beyond them; the old man, clearly, was a favorite of Fortune; Fan their master himself must deal with him. So they sent word ahead, and brought him to the palace of Fan. Who understood well the limitations of quack magic: if he was to be beaten at these tricks, where would his influence be? So he heaped up riches in the courtyard, and made a great fire all round. — "Anyone can have those things," he announced, "who will go in and get them." Shang quietly walked through the flames, and came out with his arms full; not a hair of his head was singed.

And now they were filled with consternation; they had been making a mock of Tao these years; and here evidently was a real Master of Tao, come to expose them. — "Sir," they said, "we did not know that you possessed the Secret, and were playing you tricks. We insulted you, unaware that you were a divine man. But you have leaped from the cliff, dived into the Yellow River, and walked through the flames without injury; you have shown us our stupidity, blindness, and deafness. We pray you to forgive us, and to reveal to us the Secret."

He looked at them in blank amazement. — "What is this you are telling me?" said he. "I am only old Shang Ch'iu K'ai the peasant. I heard that you, Sir, by your magic could make the poor rich. I wanted to be rich, so I came to you. I believed in you absolutely, and in all

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your disciples said; and so my mind was made one; I forgot my body; I saw nothing of cliffs or fire or water. But now you say you were deceiving me, my soul returns to its perplexity, and my eyes and ears to their sight and hearing. What terrible dangers I have escaped! My limbs freeze with horror to think of them."

Tsai Wo, continues Liehtse, told this story to Confucius. — "Is this so strange to you?" said the latter. "The man of perfect faith can move heaven and earth, and fly to the six cardinal points without hindrance. His powers are not confined to walking in perilous places and passing through water and fire. If Shang Ch'iu K'ai, whose motive was greed and whose belief was false, found no obstacle in external things, how much more certainly will it be so when the motive is pure and both parties sincere?"

I will finish it with what is really another of Liehtse's stories, — also dealing with a man who walked through fire uninjured, unconscious of it because of the one-pointedness of his mind.

The incident came to the ears of Marquis Wen of Wei, who spoke to Tsu Hsia, a disciple of Confucius, about it. — "From what I have heard the Master say," said Tsu Hsia, "the man who achieves harmony with Tao enters into close relations with outer objects, and none of them has power to harm or hinder him." — "Why, my friend," said the Marquis, "cannot you do all these marvels?" — "I have not yet succeeded," said Tsu Hsia, "in cleansing my heart from impurities and discarding brainmind wisdom." — "And why," said the Marquis, "cannot the Master himself" (Confucius, of course) "perform such feats?" — "The Master," said Tsu Hsia, "is able to perform them; but *he is also able to refrain from performing them.*" — "Which answer," says Liehtse, "hugely delighted the Marquis."

It shows how Liehtse regarded Confucius; how the early Taoists regarded him: as a Master of Tao, — which he was; as a great Occultist who concealed his occult powers, — which, again, he was. Here is another example:

Hui Yang went to visit Prince K'ang of Sung. The prince, however, stamped his foot, rasped his throat, and said angrily: — "The things I like are courage and strength. I am not fond of your good and virtuous people. What can a stranger like you have to teach me?"

— "I have a secret," said Hui Yang, "whereby my opponent, however brave or strong, can be prevented from harming me either by thrust or blow. Would not Your Highness care to know that secret?"

— "Capital!" said the Prince; "that is certainly something I should like to hear about."

— "True," said Hui Yang; "when you render his stabs or blows

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ineffectual, you cover your opponent with shame. But my secret will make him, however brave or strong, afraid to stab or strike at all."

— "Better still," said the Prince; "let me hear about it."

— "It is all very well for him to be afraid to do it," said Hui Yang; "but that does not imply he has no will to do it. Now, my secret would deprive him even of the will."

— "Better and better," said Prince K'ang; "I beseech you to reveal it to me."

— "Yes," said Hui Yang; "but his not having the will to injure does not necessarily connote a desire to love and do good. But my secret is one whereby every man, woman, and child in the empire shall be inspired with the friendly desire to love and do good to each other. This is much better than the possession of mere courage and strength. Has Your Highness no mind to acquire such a secret as this?"

The Prince confessed that, on the contrary, he was most anxious to learn it.

— "It is nothing else than the teachings of Confucius and Mo Ti," said Hui Yang.

A main idea of Taoism — one with which the Confucius of orthodox Confucianism did not concern himself — is the possibility of creating within one's outer and mortal an inner and immortal self; by subduing desire, by sublimating away all impurities, by concentration. The seed of that Immortality is hidden in us; the seed of mastery of the inner and outer worlds. Faith is the key. Shang Ch'iu K'ai, whose "faith had made him whole," walked through fire. "Whoso hath faith as a grain of mustard-seed," said Jesus, can move mountains. It sounds as if he had been reading the *Book of Liehtse*; which is at pains to show how the thing is done. T'ai-hsing and Wang-wu, the mountains, stood not where they stand now, but in the south of the Chi district and north of Ho-yang. I like the tale well, and shall tell it for its naive Chinesity. The Simpleton of the North Mountain, an old man of ninety, dwelt opposite to them, and was vexed in spirit because their northern flanks blocked the way for travelers, who had to go round. So he called his family together and broached a plan. — "Let us put forth our utmost strength and clear away this obstacle," said he; "let us cut right through the mountains till we come to Han-yin." All agreed except his wife. "My goodman," said she, "has not the strength to sweep away a dung-hill, let alone such mountains as T'ai-hsing and Wang-wu. Besides, where will you put the earth and stones?" They answered that they would throw them on the promontory of P'o-hai. So the old man, followed by his son and grandson, sallied forth with their pickaxes, and began hewing away at the rocks and cutting up the soil, and carting it



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away in baskets to the promontory. A widow who lived near by had a little boy who, though he was only just shedding his milk-teeth, came skipping along to give them what help he could. Engrossed in their toil they never went home except once at the turn of the season.

The Wise Old Man of the River-bend burst out laughing and urged them to stop. "Great indeed is your witlessness!" said he. "With the poor remaining strength of your declining years you will not succeed in removing a hair's-breadth of the mountains, much less the whole vast mass of rock and soil." With a sigh the Simpleton of the North Mountain answered: — "Surely it is you who are narrow-minded and unreasonable. You are not to be compared with the widow's son, despite his puny strength. Though I myself must die, I shall leave my son behind me, and he his son. My grandson will beget sons in his turn, and those sons also will have sons and grandsons. With all this posterity my line will not die out; while on the other hand the mountains will receive no increment or addition. Why then should I despair of leveling them to the ground at last?" — The Wise Old Man of the River-bend had nothing to say in reply.

Chinese! Chinese! — From whatever angle you look at it, it smacks of the nation that saw Babylon fall, and Rome, and may yet —

But look now, at what happened. There was something about the project and character of the Simpleton of the North Mountain, that attracted the attention of the Serpent-Brandishing Deities. They reported the matter to Almighty God; who was interested; and perhaps was less patient than the Simpleton. — I do not quite know who this person translated 'Almighty God' may be; I think he figures in the Taoist hierarchy somewhere below Laotse and the other Adepts. At any rate he was in a position to order the two sons of K'ua O — and I do not know who K'ua O and his sons were — to expedite matters. So the one of them took up T'ai-hsing, and the other Wu-wang, and transported them to the positions where they remain to this day to prove the truth of Liehtse's story. Further proof: — the region between Ts'ï in the north and Han in the south — that is to say, northern Honan — is still and has been ever since, an unbroken plain.

And perhaps, behind this naive Chinesity, lie grand enunciations of occult law. . . .

I will end with what is probably Liehtse's most famous story — and, from a purely literary standpoint, his best. It is worthy of Chwangtse himself; and I tell it less for its philosophy than for its fun.

One morning a fuel-gatherer — we may call him Li for convenience, though Liehtse leaves him nameless — killed a deer in the forest; and to keep the carcass safe till he went home in the evening, hid it under

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a pile of brushwood. His work during the day took him far afield, and when he looked for the deer again, he could not find it. "I must have dreamed the whole thing," he said; and satisfied himself with that explanation. He made a verse about it as he trudged home through the woods, and went crooning:

At dawn in the hollow, beside the stream,  
I hid the deer I killed in the dream;  
At eve I sought for it far and near;  
And found 'twas a dream that I killed the deer.

He passed the cottage of Yen the woodman — Yen we may call him, though Liehtse calls him nothing — who heard the song, and pondered. "One might as well take a look at the place," thought he; it seemed to him it might be such and such a hollow, by such and such a stream. Thither he went, and found the pile of brushwood; it looked to him a likely place enough to hide a deer under. He made search, and there the carcass was.

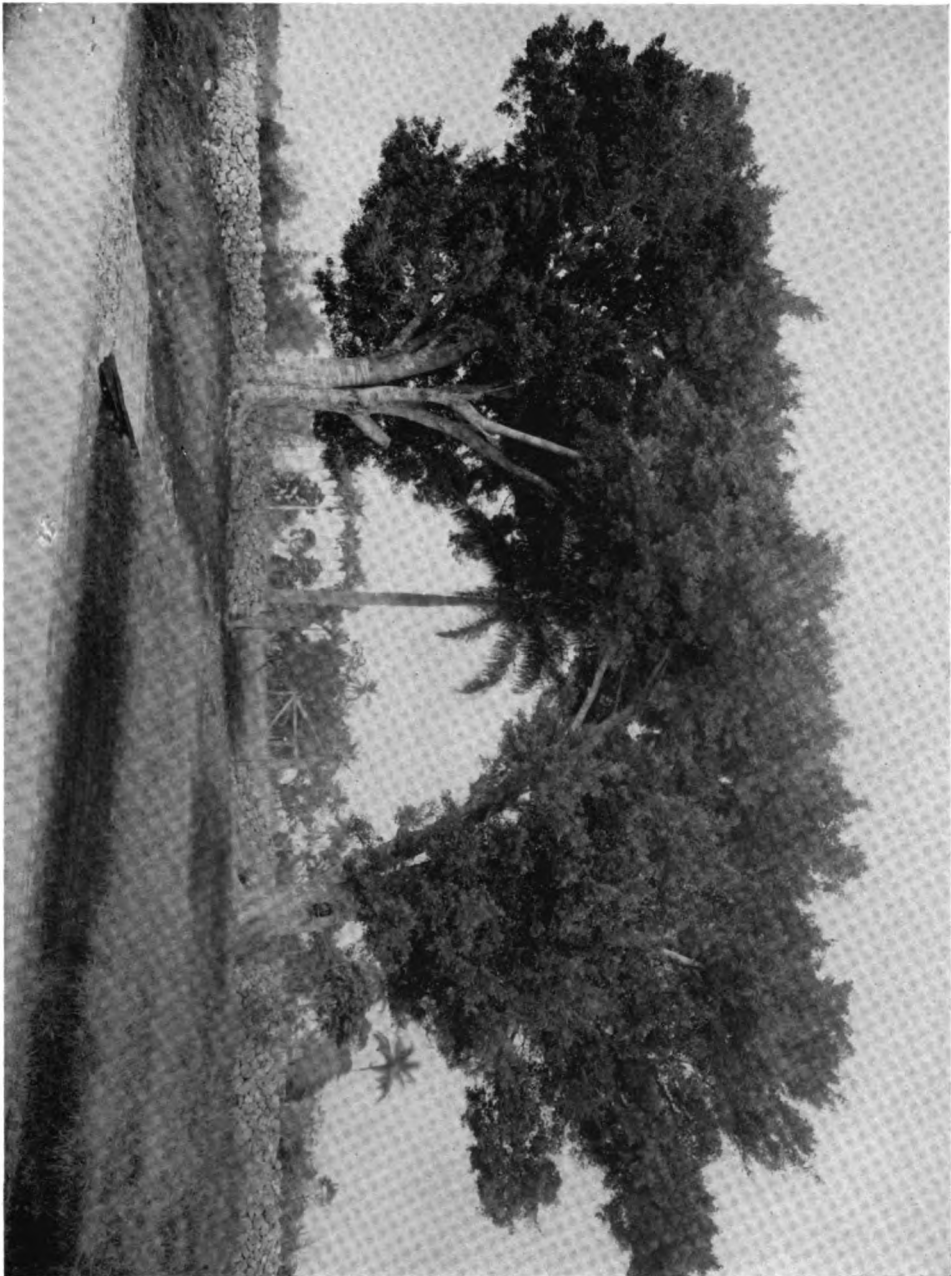
He took it home and explained the matter to his wife. — "Once upon a time," said he, "a fuel-gatherer dreamed he had killed a deer and forgotten where he had hidden it. Now I have got the deer, and here it is; so his dream came true, in a way." — "Rubbish!" she answered. "It was you must have dreamed the fuel-gatherer and his dream. You must have killed the deer yourself, since you have it there; but where is your fuel-gatherer?"

That night Li dreamed again; and in his dream saw Yen fetch the deer from its hiding-place and bring it home. So in the morning he went to Yen's house and there, sure enough, the deer was. They argued the matter out, but to no purpose. Then they took it before the magistrate, who gave judgment as follows:

— "The plaintiff began with a real deer and an alleged dream; and now comes forward with a real dream and an alleged deer. The defendant has the deer the plaintiff dreamed, and wants to keep it. According to his wife, however, the plaintiff and the deer are both but figments of the defendant's dream. Meanwhile, there is the deer; which you had better divide between you."

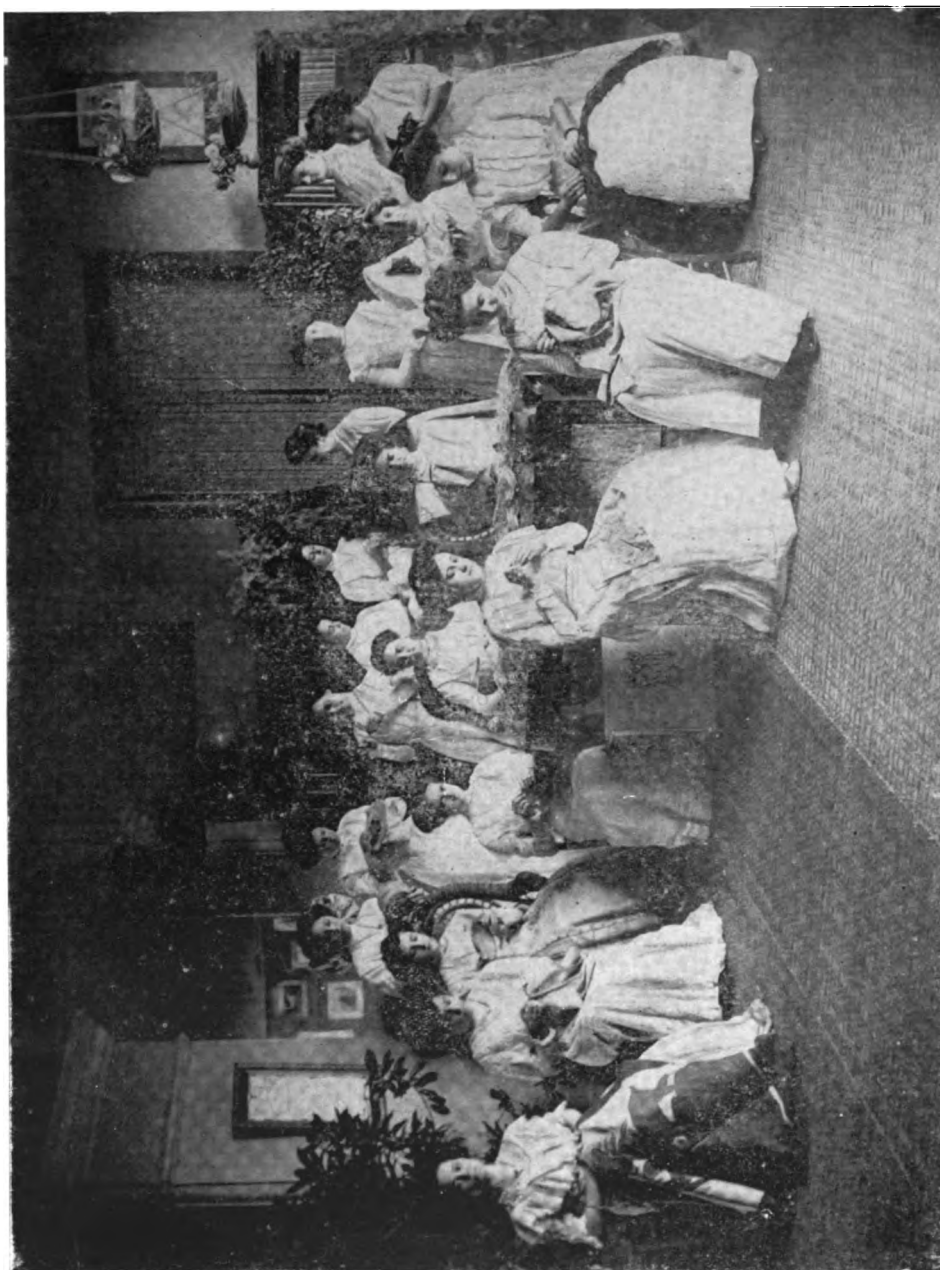
The case was reported to the Prince of Chêng, whose opinion was that the magistrate had dreamed the whole story himself. But his Prime Minister said: "If you want to distinguish between dream and waking, you would have to go back to the Yellow Emperor or Confucius. As both are dead, you had better uphold the magistrate's decision." \*

\*The tale is told both in Dr. Lionel Giles's translation mentioned above, and also, with verbal differences, in Dr. H. A. Giles's work on *Chinese Literature*. The present telling follows now one, now the other version, now goes its own way; — and pleads guilty to adding the verse the woodman crooned.



NATURAL ARCHWAY, SANTA CLARA PROVINCE, CUBA

*Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE  
OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA IN AN ARTS AND CRAFTS CLASS, IN CONNEXION WITH  
KATHERINE TINGLEY'S WORK IN THE ISLAND IN 1910

## UNIVERSITY LIFE AND THEOSOPHICAL IDEALS

C. J. RYAN

**F**ROM many quarters we hear calls for help to which effective response can only be given by those who have assimilated the basic principles of Theosophy. Such a one is found in *The Open Court* magazine for December last, in a striking article on the present position of science and education and the inadequate ideals of much University teaching.

The writer sees nothing but deadly opposition and conflict between the ascertained facts of science and the scientific outlook and ethics. If he means by 'science' pure materialism, the following might have been written by any Theosophist:—

"There seems to be a hopeless conflict between science and conscience, freedom and necessity, the material and the moral world. From the scientific aspect the world is a machine without plan or purpose, a roaring factory which produces nothing, a chain linked to nothing, a scuffle which nobody started, leading to general defeat. In such a mechanical world there is not only no room for moral ideals, God, soul, immortality, freedom, there is even no room for newness, surprise, originality, individuality, genius, personality. Against such a world my conscience revolts with elementary power. In my conscience I experience not only necessity, but freedom. . . ." — From 'Science and the Moral World,' by Jakob Kunz, in *The Open Court* for December, 1919.

After a consideration of the pure, unapplied sciences, which he says are neutral in regard to ethics, he outlines some of the evil results which have come from the misuse of the applied sciences. He points out that Progress is falsely supposed to mean increase in modern machinery, that newspapers are not truly representative of facts, that railroads can be used for unjust warfare as well as for honest transportation, that the extraordinary development in the manufacture of chemicals such as the latest poison gas, which will make the next war a thing of inconceivable horror, is a menace to the race, and that even psychology is being taken advantage of by shrewd business men to push their wares by unfair hypnotic means, and so forth, in great detail. He shows that "science, based on experience of the existing world as it is conveyed through our senses and our experiments," has no room for spiritual forces, no moral end, no conscious purpose; that there is no room for freedom in the field of the accurate sciences where the law of physical causality rules completely. Tracing the evils of the day to materialism fostered by the narrowest aspect of scientific research, he draws a serious indictment against a large part of University teaching in general:

"The bulk of science and research only requires accuracy of observation, careful experiments, logical deduction, and a rascal can perform these requirements as well as an honest

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man. It is perhaps to be wondered at that in the armies of professors which fill the present universities and which are drawn from the average human society there are not more rascals than there actually are. . . . According to my feeling, the whole white race . . . has made regress in the moral realm, man has more and more lost religion, the only basis of ethics, he has become more and more absorbed in material cares, and the spirit of materialism, agnosticism, pragmatism, utilitarianism, fills a large part of professors and students . . . the universities have taken little part in any progressive movement of mankind. In the Reformation and in the French Revolution the universities were onlookers . . . the universities are not the seats of liberal and just thinking in the field of social relations. A liberal thinker is regarded with suspicion . . . many students and instructors look forward to a day when they also will be rich. Granting many exceptions, the universities are still schools of selfishness. . . . If it is the aim of education to produce men of independent judgment, of freedom, generosity, and character, in the noblest sense of the word, I am afraid the universities make a poor show.

"In the physical sciences a commercial spirit prevails more and more, in the social and historical sciences patriotism drives out truth; the spirit of freedom is not at home in the universities; and truth, truth in spite of all . . . in spite of patriotism, selfishness, and class distinctions, truth too is threatening to leave the universities. Often in recent years I have heard from university professors that they do not know what truth means. But everybody understands interest."

Surely, if only a part of this is true there is a crying need for a complete revolution in the basic principles of University teaching. We spend millions on their upkeep, multi-millionaires sacrifice a percentage of their dividends to them, and parents send their sons in the hope of getting the best possible start in life, yet (according to this writer), owing to the absence of the spirit of true religion, "the universities are still schools of selfishness!" What, therefore, is required to establish a new spirit in education? for true education is the only effective means of bringing about a sound and healthy civilization. Mr. Kunz suggests a large number of political, social, and economic improvements, after which he says:

"22. Higher and moral education of all classes of peoples. 24. The spirit of selfishness and exploitation shall be replaced by the spirit of co-operation. 26. Defeat of commercialism; return to idealism and religion."

By placing a higher education twenty-second on his list he shows a lack of appreciation of its primary importance, but he exhibits real insight when he finally sums up his belief that in spite of the apparent harshness of science and its indifference to the things of the spirit, there is a dominating principle of Brotherhood:

"I am convinced that the law. Love thy neighbor, is as absolutely true as the 'law' of gravity, in spite of the possibility that sociology and history may show that most nations and men do not observe the moral law,"

and that

"in spite of these different aspects of the world, a calm and quiet voice in our conscience whispers the unity of the world, the harmony of science and religion, the one-ness of mankind."

The first principle in a Theosophical University would be that of Universal Brotherhood; and the spirit of religion, free from creed, dogma,

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or sectarianism, would inspire every department. With a touch of humor, Mr. Kunz remarks:

"Nobody will deny that there is a vast difference between the prophets of mankind and the professors of ethics and philosophy. No professor could say to his students, Follow me and I will give you peace, the peace that passes understanding. When we take a course in ethics we feel at the end very little inspired and uplifted, because everybody knows that the professor hardly tries to realize the moral principles which he discusses with the same impersonal interest with which another professor teaches mathematics or chemistry."

Why should there be a "vast difference" between the professor of ethics and the prophet? Your professor is merely a 'professor' if he has not made his principles active in himself, and such a professor is a rank outsider. The professor who has a right to the name must be a prophet in some degree. Where would Socrates have stood if he had not "realized the moral principles which he discussed"? And Paul, and Savonarola, and Emerson, and so forth! Surely, no criticism could be more severe upon educational systems than "No professor could say to his students, Follow me and I will give you peace"!

In a Theosophical University not only the professor of ethics but the entire staff must demonstrate by example even more than by formal precept that peace and joy really follow sincere efforts to follow the principles of Brotherhood upon which such an institution would be based. This has already been done and is still being done in the preliminary educational work in the Râja-Yoga schools established by Katherine Tingley, where its success has been demonstrated; and the same course will be followed in the Theosophical University at Point Loma, California, recently chartered.

A Theosophical University must build its foundations upon the rock of Brotherhood, and must teach its alumni how to find the divinity within, the divinity we all share, and so how to find joy in life. It must teach all the higher branches of learning, but it must illuminate them by opening the channels of intuition in ways not possible to those who have not studied Theosophy. The educational methods of the day seek to improve the mind by intellectual study and to give social advantages to the ambitious; the training of character in the *enduring things of the soul* is a by-product. Yet what will it profit a man in the final account in which he sums up his life's experiences, that he may have learned to devise a machine which will carry him from sea to sea in a few hours, if he is precisely the same as he was before starting, or if he has qualified for 'good society' when society is worm-eaten with false ideals! Twenty years' experience in the Râja-Yoga System of Education established by Katherine Tingley has proved that the subjugation of the lower nature and the evocation of the higher, spiritual, side, not only produce happiness and improve character, but react upon the mind,

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clarify it, and make the mastery of intellectual problems easier; even from the practical standpoint it has advantages. The distinction between the higher and lower nature is not always easy to see; the two natures are very subtly interwoven, as experienced teachers know very well. Theosophy, however, makes it clear, and shows where discipline should be used and what conditions should be established to help the Soul in the efforts it is constantly making to control the rebellious side. A Theosophical University, not burdened with the ordinary cares and ambitions of commercialized or even purely intellectualized seats of learning, would be able logically to respond to the appeal of the soul, regardless of the demands of the fleeting elements of the personality which can never enter "the kingdom of heaven."

There is a sincere demand on the part of thousands for higher ideals in education; the rampant spirit of unrest is a challenge for those who can see a little farther into the causes of the present discontents, to attack them at the root. What is called the heart-life — not sentimental emotionalism in any form — must be aroused. The spirit of religion, free from man-made dogmas, must come first in the new system of education. Of late millions have shaken off the fetters of dogma, but, in doing so, they have lost the sense of spirituality. Theosophy is the healing principle which can restore the world. True science is not materialistic; true religion is not dogmatic and superstitious; mankind is a brotherhood; but these important truths have to be expressed in the acts and thoughts of the coming generations, and to bring this about a Theosophical form of education is necessary.

The Râja-Yoga System of Education has aroused widespread interest and enthusiasm in all who have seen its results. The impression that will be made by a Theosophical University on similar lines, but for more advanced pupils, cannot be exaggerated, but may easily be foreseen.

## DOES RÂJA-YOGA FIT A CHILD FOR THE WORLD?

BY A RÂJA-YOGA TEACHER



**A**MONG objections brought against the Râja-Yoga system of education by those who are not acquainted with it or those who wish to disparage it, we find the allegation that it is calculated to produce hothouse growths — that is, young people made tender and susceptible by inexperience of the world, and consequently prone to disaster when those protective influences have been removed and they come in contact with life in the rough.



## DOES RÂJA-YOGA FIT A CHILD FOR THE WORLD?

This objection cannot of course be sustained in the face of an adequate understanding of what the Râja-Yoga system really is; but, what appeals more forcibly to the ordinary observer, it is directly confuted by facts.

Even those most experienced in the Râja-Yoga work, and who therefore know what results to expect from it, are continually being surprised by instances where young men and women — those too who perhaps have not been among the most brilliant examples during the time of their pupilage — have nevertheless, when consigned to the tender mercies of the world outside, so comported themselves, both in character and competency, as to do great credit to the institution that educated them, and to elicit the admiration and wonder of their employers and associates.

Such facts speak for themselves; and, as they have set many people wondering what can be the mysterious secret that yields these results, it will be appropriate to offer a few remarks in an attempt to elucidate the mystery. What is the undefinable power which the Râja-Yoga education seems able to impart to even unpromising materials? In what does it consist, and how is it acquired?

*Râja-Yoga teaches the child to overcome in his own nature some obstacle which, in the majority of people, never is overcome all through life.*

This is indeed getting at the very root of education; it is going below all the superstructure to the foundation upon which all rests. A more *generalized* conception of education it is impossible to imagine. If general instruction underlies special studies, and character-building underlies general instruction, we have here (in this Râja-Yoga method) reached even that which underlies character-building. In which case we have solved a problem that is everywhere calling for solution; for among the multitudes that are proclaiming the necessity for character-building as the true foundation of education, where do we find anyone who can show us how this result is to be attained or even gone about?

The customary walks of experience will furnish us with many instances where the sudden overcoming of an obstacle has opened out for the victor a new world of opportunity and achievement; and such instances may serve as illustrations of the special case of the Râja-Yoga education just alluded to. It may be that some ailment, some physical infirmity, such as stammering, some temperamental fault like shyness, has been vanquished, with the result that all previous disabilities due to this cause are now dismissed to the limbo of departed shades; it may be that a chance journey beyond the confines of some sequestered village has revealed to the inner eye of the traveler a world as new and spacious as the railroad train has disclosed to his outer eye. In any case a limit has been passed, a step has been mounted, a vantage-ground has been won.

The point is that this vantage-ground does not merely lead to some

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particular result, but is the key to a new proficiency in *any* undertaking that may be contemplated. In just the same way the Râja-Yoga education imparts a power that is applicable to manifold situations. This is why that power has been found difficult to define.

In illustration of the complaint from which the generality of young people suffer in greater or less degree, we have only to take the extreme case of the spoilt child. In his case the misery of his condition is obvious, as are also the causes of it. His will is the slave of his desires, and many of these desires are but bodily cravings of a paltry degree. But custom may tolerate and ignore in the chronic form what we recognise and deplore in the acute degree; and there is justification for the view that the generality of young people suffer more or less from the infirmities which afflict the spoilt child. When the public has an opportunity of witnessing a demonstration of the class-work, as conducted among the smaller children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma, it is not so much the intellectual exercises, remarkable though these are, that impress the observer, as the bearing of the children. In marked contrast with the general run of small children, they show an ease and absence of restlessness, an ability to sit still with attentive interest and freedom from ennui and fatigue for an indefinite time; when ordinary children are shuffling about and exhibiting all the signs of weariness and discomfort. It is equally apparent, too, that this quietude is not the result of repression, for its characteristics are not those of stiffness and constraint but those of freedom and elasticity. When the program calls for activity, there is a spontaneity and independence of bearing which at once dispels the notion that automatic obedience and mechanical drill can be the secret of the results attained. The only solution is that the children have learned how to make their will superior to the weaknesses and wayward caprices of the bodily nature.

Results speak, and will command attention for a theory which otherwise might not be listened to. The key to the Râja-Yoga system is the application of the Theosophical principles. But it seems evident that this is not quite all. Theosophy was introduced in 1875, but the Râja-Yoga system was not started until 1900, and its emergence is inseparably associated with Katherine Tingley, the present Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and the lineal successor of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge. And just as her initiative was essential to its foundation, so its maintenance seems to be conditional on her supervision. Principles, however excellent, are naught without people to represent them; and people are of no use for practical work unless properly organized. Proper organization calls for a leader, and that leader must be competent. There we have the

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chain of reasoning. Whatever value principles, such as can be codified in a syllabus, may have, the importance of personality in the teaching staff is indisputable. A Râja-Yoga school must have trained Râja-Yoga teachers, and to train these the services of the Leader are indispensable. The constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society provides that the Leader shall have the power of nominating her successor, so we may expect that the future will be taken care of as well as the past has been.

To return to our original point — the Râja-Yoga system, so far from pampering the pupil by an undue protection, does just the contrary, as is shown not only by the principles but by the results. For it endues him with a power fit to cope with any circumstances that may arise; nor in the outer world will he meet with temptations greater than those he has already learnt to deal with in his own nature. He is no more coddled than a baby kept in a cradle until it is strong enough to walk.

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RUSSIA AND POLAND UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME

GEORGE C. BARTLETT

**I** VISITED Moscow while the Asiatic Exposition was in progress. It occupied one of the finest buildings, from which were displayed numerous flags and highly-colored decorations. There was a magnificent assortment of Russian products, together with a large exhibit of the wonderful fabrics of Asiatic manufacture. An enjoyable feature of the Exposition was a series of rooms beautifully fitted up in Oriental style, one in red, another in a most delicate blue, the lights so shaded that one wished immediately to fall upon the soft cushions and sleep — sleep and dream.

Accompanied by a young Englishman who, fortunately, spoke French, I visited the celebrated foundling asylum. After being shown through the reception-rooms and corridors by soldierly-looking men, we were placed in charge of a pleasant little French lady in black, who asked: "Do you wish to see the legitimate or the illegitimate children?" "Both," we replied. We were shown babies in such numbers that it seemed as though there must have been a shower of them from the clouds. We passed through building after building, and every foot of space seemed occupied by a baby. At last we were shown into the receiving-room,

\* Written in 1892.

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where about fifty mothers were sitting in a circle, each holding a fresh baby. The number of infants taken in each day is from sixty to seventy-five. As we entered the room, "Next," was called out — or the word which is its Russian equivalent — and the first mother in the circle walked to the desk where a woman took her baby, placed it on a large pillow and proceeded to undress it, throwing its old garments into a wastebasket. After the last rag was removed, it was given to an assistant, who weighed the child — its sex, weight, and circumference of head being carefully recorded. Its number was then written on a card, which was hung around its neck. Then the mite of flesh was given a bath. If it had not shown its lung-power before, it now made it evident. Sobbing, screaming, dripping, it came from its bath and was handed to another woman, who, having wiped it dry, placed it on the top of a large pile of napkins and wrapped it up. With each added fold of the swathing its cries lessened, and as the last tuck was made beneath its tiny chin, the last sob died away and the little thing lay as tranquil and noiseless as a sunbeam. It was then placed in a cradle, and, as we left the room, it was sleeping.

This asylum is only for wee infants, for as soon as they outgrow their napkins, they are sent into the country to make room for fresh arrivals. Some women leave as many as three or four of their infants there. I cannot comprehend how the great genius, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, could justify sending five of his children to a foundling asylum — (was it because he was a genius?!), — but if he and Thérèse could do this, it is not surprising that the poor Russian peasants do likewise. Statistics show, however, that Russia has fewer illegitimate children than several other nations. According to Mullhall, the percentage of illegitimate children to total births is as follows: Greece, 1.6; Ireland, 2.3; Russia, 3.1; Netherlands, 3.5; England, 4.5; Switzerland, 4.6; Canada, 5.0; Spain and Portugal, 5.5; Italy, 6.8; Belgium, 7.0; United States, 7.0; France, 7.2; Germany, 8.4; Norway, 8.5; Scotland, 8.9; Sweden, 10.2; Denmark, 11.2; Austria, 12.9.

Russia has adopted the Chinese counters for its ordinary calculations, and the people show great dexterity in shoving the wooden buttons back and forth. The wrongly-despised Chinaman has left his mark on many a nation. Russia holds a commanding position, one of trust and responsibility, for she is as a gate, a triumphal arch, which opens the way from the Occident to the Orient.

In the Treasury at Moscow, we found a repetition of the wealth of other parts of Russia, represented by crown jewels and other valuable possessions, stored there by the royal family. We saw an immense

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picture of Queen Catherine, which represented her as she rode into battle astride her favorite white horse.

Judging from my observation, the Russians are not very intemperate, their self-indulgence running chiefly to tea and tobacco. Little tea is drunk at meals, but it is used at all hours between. They make, in their samovars, a most delicious beverage. The water must be boiling when it is turned on the tea leaves; a strong decoction is made, which is served in thin, cut glasses, with such amount of hot water added as suits the individual taste. The glass is encased in a silver band with a handle. One thin slice of lemon is served with the tea, and usually a lump or two of sugar. One naturally falls into the habit of tea-drinking in Russia, as it is a pleasant social custom of the country. Tobacco is consumed almost entirely in the form of cigarettes, which both sexes smoke freely. Like the Japanese, they seem to be smoking continually; but it is noticeable that the smokers of neither nation light one pipe or cigarette directly after another. If the Americans and English would follow their example, they would find it a benefit and smoking more enjoyable. The pipe of the Japanese, like the cigarette of the Russians, contains very little tobacco, and as they allow a considerable intermission between smokes, the use of the weed becomes less harmful. Wine is drunk freely in Russia. They distil a liquor called vodka, but it is drunk but little by the better classes, a thimbleful being taken before dinner, as an appetizer.

From Moscow we journeyed through Russia for forty-two hours by rail to Warsaw, Poland. I noticed at the railway stations, and after arriving at Warsaw, that the people did more kissing in the same space of time than in any other part of the world. An interesting book might be written on the various meanings and peculiar language of the kiss, as it varies in different countries. At one extreme are the Japanese, who never kiss; in France they are lively kissers; but the Polish people take the premium in this indulgence. They seem to have a kiss appropriate to every emotion. I noticed a young lady rush into the arms of an old lady and passionately kiss her upon the left shoulder again and again. One gentleman partly knelt and kissed the hand of a lady, while others kissed in true American style. I often saw men kissing each other. One man before leaving the train, with much show of affection kissed six men who came to bid him good-bye. Each special kind of kiss had its peculiar meaning! Kissing is governed somewhat by caste, an inferior kissing a superior in a prescribed way. Equals have their significant kiss, while relatives and families kiss also according to custom.

At a time when the rulers of many nations were persecuting the Jews, Casimir the Just raised his righteous voice against their persecution

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and offered them a home and protection in Poland; and although Poland is now a part of Russia, they are — or *were, until recently* — allowed to live there in peace. Warsaw contains nearly two hundred thousand Jews. It is remarkable how many names end in 'ski.' For example: Kalinowski, Przepiorkowski, Hotel Europejski. Many of the fanatical old orthodox Jews are found in Warsaw, the men wearing long ulster-like coats which reach to the ground, the married women keeping up the old fashion of wearing a wig. The Jewish market, with these queer people in attendance and the display of their promiscuous commodities, forms a quaint picture and a variegated one.

The history of Poland is a sad story of war, war, war! Conquered by the Turks, stolen by Prussia, used by Napoleon, overpowered and held today [1892] by Russia and Germany. In 1862 an insurrection was started in Warsaw. The Poles fought hard for independence, but after much bloodshed the Russian government was successful, and by most strenuous measures sought to crush the Polish power. There were many executions, while thousands were sent to Siberia and their estates confiscated. The scientific societies and high schools were closed, the monasteries and nunneries emptied. Russians were installed in all places of trust, and the Polish people compelled to learn the Russian language.

When we think of the devastation, the wealth wasted, the advance in education hindered, the beautiful cities destroyed by the unjust and cruel wars of the past, should not the record be an incentive for every man and woman to use their influence against war and in favor of arbitration? We continually hear of Christian warfare. The term is a misnomer; such a war is impossible. So long as Christianity sanctions war, it is only a conceited egotism to call Europe civilized. There is no civilization in any country where man goes out deliberately to kill his brother, and there is a want of real Christianity and civilization in any country where the clergy offer prayers thanking God for victories gained on the battlefield.

In Warsaw the bill of fare at the hotels was printed in Polish, Russian, and French. Apparently, the English language was unknown. Lighted candles are continually kept burning on the tables for the benefit of the cigarette smokers.

Many of the streets of Warsaw are paved with iron, the pattern of the pavement reminding one of waffle-irons.

It is customary in Russia to remove the hat on entering any building or place of business. You are expected to take off your hat while buying a bundle of cigarettes or a box of matches. I once entered a government

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office to have my passport viséd, where there were a number of emigrants and Arabs wearing their peculiar headgear. The situation did not seem to require the removal of my hat, but an officer soon gave my arm a severe pull, motioning to my hat and using rather rough language. I uncovered.

After feeling for a time the heart-throbs of Poland, I bought a second-class ticket for Odessa. We arrived at Brest at 10 p. m., where we were to change cars. With much difficulty I discovered that the train for Odessa would not leave until 11.50, so I spent one hour and fifty minutes of misery. It seemed impossible to make myself understood. At first, I showed my watch and spoke loudly the word 'Odessa,' to each kindly face. (We sometimes think foreigners can understand our language if we speak loud enough.) Finally I met an official, who pointed on my watch to 11.50, then to the railroad track, and said, "Odessa." It was an uneasy and uncertain wait. It was then that I realized that I was a long way from home. The depot was crowded with a motley company of soldiers, Gentiles, and banished Jews, all munching food and drinking tea. In the waiting-room the crowd of men and women were breathing the smoke of their cigarettes. The long wait was ended at last, and by instinct alone I found the train. I also found that traveling second-class was a failure, for there was no sleeper and barely room to sit upright. After much difficulty and an additional twelve rubles, I procured a berth, and in the small hours of the morning I was asleep — asleep and at home.

Odessa — a pleasant-sounding name — is the border-land of Russia, and is a cheerful-looking city. In the peaceful harbor lie many vessels at anchor, while others are continually coming and going. The sea and its conveyances offer the people of Odessa a standing invitation to visit all parts of the earth. It is a prosperous city, and is growing so rapidly as to be second only to St. Petersburg in commercial importance. The city is well-paved and clean, and the beautiful park and promenade along the cliffs are most enjoyable. It has the advantage of a constant sea-breeze. As everyone in Venice visits the square of San Marco sometime during the twenty-four hours, so does everyone in Odessa stroll in this park by the sea and sit on rustic benches, dreaming dreams and thinking thoughts they would not speak aloud as they look far over the Black Sea.

On the register-list of the hotel were thirty-seven names, and the only one I could read was my own. It is a mistake to travel in Russia alone.

I have found that each city has something peculiar to itself. Some-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

times it is of slight importance, like the trifle I noticed in Odessa, which was a horn attached to the front of the tram-car, blown by a balloon-shaped bladder. When the driver wished to warn anyone upon the track, he pressed his knee against the windy bladder and the horn spoke in a voice like a fog-horn of the Atlantic.

Thousands of soldiers were camped on the outskirts of Odessa, and were drilling at all hours. They were also prominent in the city, driving and riding everywhere, drinking, smoking, idling in the cafés and summer gardens, while the banished Jews were carrying their heavy burdens on their backs and in their hearts aboard the steamer that was to take them to Palestine, their ancestral home. "So runs the world away."



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

MADAME Katherine Tingley, in her address at the Isis Theater on Jan. 4th, spoke upon the subject of 'Our Duty to the Prisoner,' taking it up from a Theosophical point of view and connecting it with the subject of last Sunday, 'The Mystical Christ.' Tracing the career of the typical prisoner from childhood to penitentiary and possibly the gallows, as brought to her attention especially during recent visits to the County

**Correction and** Jail, Madame Tingley said: "Under the present  
**Redemption needed,** régime of so-called correction and redemption we  
**not Punishment** are cultivating criminality, we are adding to the  
number of criminals, we are injuring the progress  
of our State and hindering the advancement of our children. Statistics  
show that in America there is constant increase of criminality, that our  
criminality as a nation is from 10 to 20 per cent. greater than that of the  
British Empire or Northwestern Europe. Surely we are not in just the



## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

position to declare that we are proud of our civilization, in spite of its advance on many lines.

"We should rub the word 'punishment' out of our vocabulary and in its place put 'correction' and 'redemption.' To my mind every institution of correction should have the power of redemption within its walls."

The speaker paid a tribute to the San Diego County Jail as being one of the most humane in the country, "due largely to the kindness and devotion of Mrs. Olive Chambers, the Matron, whom you all know and all should reverence. And yet even the best of prisons is filled with conditions that are horrifying, because when one sees youth, one sees something that deserves consideration. Those who are in prison are to a very large extent the victims of circumstances and conditions. They have never been taught that within themselves is the power to redeem, that within themselves is the royal talisman — the key. It is the psychology of condemnation, the psychology of persecution and of dogmas and creeds, that has brought us to our present position. We should impose on our legislatures the necessity for such laws that a man can make a mistake and still be a man. If we are to do credit to our humanity, to our Divinity, to our rights as citizens of this great Republic, we must find a way to stem this tide of criminality. We must arouse in ourselves a new order of compassion. There is a better way."

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke on Jan. 11th upon 'Some of the Diseases of Civilization,' with special reference to prison conditions and to the disadvantages suffered under the present régime by the boy or man who had made his first mistake. Referring to her lecture of last Sunday on this

**Pleads for a** subject, she said: "I am sure that in spite of the  
**New Expression** unpleasantness of the subject your sympathy was  
**of Justice** aroused, that your interest was very great, and that  
you were looking upon the world's suffering in quite

a new way. Under the severe restrictions of our present system the soul cannot grow. The deadly hand of sin is on the prisoner and he knows and feels it. I am trying to use my influence to affect the public mind in behalf of a new expression of justice, a new study of human nature, and a united effort to touch the Legislature with the heart-doctrine, that slowly and surely and in harmony with the laws of our State there may be brought about a resurrection of the spirit of brotherhood, a resurrection of the Christ-spirit. Then the one who makes his mistake will have his chance, and this chance will be so splendid, so compassionate, and so generous, that the correction which our laws at present hope to enforce will be brought about in the twinkling of an eye. For there will be the psychology of the heart-doctrine, the psychology of that sympathy and trust that says: 'You are more than you seem; you are part of God's great family; there is within you, as there is within me, this divine spark, and I will not put a stumbling-block in your way.'

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Declaring that the causes of present unfortunate conditions must be sought in the far past, the speaker said:

"All down the ages has been breathed into our ears, implanted in our minds, and ingrained into our natures, the psychology that we are born sinners — the psychology of a revengeful God, of the doctrine of 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' All down the centuries we have had instilled into our minds these false ideas, until, in comparison with what we might be, we are downright cowards."

The speaker pleaded for an institution in which a boy who had made his first mistake, "would never be reminded of it, and in which the surroundings would be of such a character that he would feel the mercy and justice of the Karmic law, and how it enwraps him in its arms, as would a mother. Such an institution," continued the speaker, "would in ten years prove to the most conservative law-maker that it was saving the State. It is divine sympathy, divine courage, divine compassion, that is needed to correct the diseases of civilization today."

'Man's Place in Evolution' was the subject of an address on Jan. 18th by Reginald Machell. Mr. Machell, who was formerly a student under Mme Blavatsky, Foundress of the Theosophical Society, and its first Leader, has been a student at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma for nearly twenty years. He is Director of the Art Department there and a member of the literary staff. He said in part:

"To understand the evolution of the human race it is necessary to get some understanding of oneself; for in each of us there is a guiding, ruling principle which is the true Self, and there are a host of lesser selves more or less subordinate to the will of this Supreme Self. When they are not coordinated and controlled, they make a man unreliable, even insane. The purpose of true education is to establish self-control; the most critical thing in education is self-mastery, the attainment of which must mean the awakening in man of the Supreme or Spiritual Self and the subordination of the lower self. To evoke the higher nature is the first step; the understanding of the lower follows close upon it, and the first step is taken in the direction of the path that leads towards perfection — the goal of evolution."

"What I am trying to suggest is that, as the soul of man is his leader in evolution, so too the human race stands to the sub-human races in the same position. And just as there is discord in the nature of a man who is not self-ruled, so there is discord in the human family, because it has become divorced from its guiding principle, the soul, and does not understand that it is really one family — one universal brotherhood. Man is the leader in evolution because he represents that stage of evolution where the various

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

streams of life — spiritual, mental, moral and physical, astral, emotional and the rest — all meet. So the purpose of evolution seems to be the finding of the true Self, for that makes man the conscious link between the Supreme Soul and the material creation, the active agent of the Universal Will. Self-knowledge is the goal; the first step towards it is that of simple self-control."

'Theosophy, an Extension of Previous Beliefs,' was the subject of an address on Jan. 25th by Mrs. Grace Knoche. The speaker said:

"William Quan Judge, Co-Founder with Mme Blavatsky of the Theosophical Society and its second Leader and Teacher, said that no one was ever really converted into Theosophy, but came into it because it was merely 'an extension of previous beliefs.' But it must be understood at the outset that Theosophy is no extension of wrong beliefs. It is no extension of belief in injustice, expediency, cowardice, personal license, or anything at all that does not square with conscience, goodness and love. It is no extension of belief in the weird or the uncanny, nor in hypnotism, nor psychism, nor schemes for 'gaining power' or getting out of others what you desire. Against such things true Theosophy is a protest. It is an extension of right belief, and no one needs to be told what that is, for conscience and intuition are always within reach and are safe and sure guides.

"Theosophy is timely, for the world is now extending its boundaries in practically every field, from that of states and nations to spiritual principles and intellectual ideas. And being essentially constructive, it is eminently in place in a world upon which vast destructive forces have been loosed so violently and so long that even the conservative refer to the present status as a 'breakdown of civilization.' Right beliefs are the key to right conduct and just relations to each other, and whatever acts to extend them along high and pure and soulful lines is indeed a beacon-light shining out over troubled seas."

'Faith and Knowledge' was the subject of an address on Feb. 1st by Dr. Herbert Coryn, a member of the literary staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters. Dr. Coryn is a pioneer in the Theosophical Movement, having studied Theosophy under Madame Blavatsky, the

**Two Kinds of Faith,** Foundress and first Leader, under William Q. Judge  
**and likewise** her Successor, also under Madame Katherine Tingley,  
**of Knowledge** the present Head of the Movement throughout the world. Said the speaker:

"Theosophic teaching, then, shows us faith of two kinds and knowledge likewise of two kinds, corresponding to our two minds or two levels of mind.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There is mind dependent upon the senses for its knowledge — a kind of knowledge added to by reasoning and made exact for purposes of action; the field, in fact, of the lower mind that is in degree shared with us by the animals. But besides this we have another kind, when all is fire, action, new being, new life seized, hope, joy, ideals ripened into actuality. Its center is the heart, throwing up its glowing energy into the brain and giving it new powers. Then man knows his divinity and deathlessness. For as this higher mind was not born with the body and animal mind, but came into their midst, so it does not die with them.

“The great hope given by Theosophy lies in the teaching that the knowledge of the soul may be gained during life by those who will awake the activity of their higher mind by exercise, by mastery of the lower mind, and by study. The soul surveys our lifetimes as we survey our days; and as we join the soul more and more, day by day, it begins to share with us its knowledge. ‘True knowledge,’ said H. P. Blavatsky, ‘is of the spirit and in spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way than through the region of the higher mind.’”

## THEOSOPHICAL UNIVERSITY

JUST INCORPORATED, IN CONTEMPLATION SINCE 1906

DELAYED BY WAR

SAN DIEGO, already noted for its Normal College and its excellent public schools, is taking a still more prominent place on the educational map with the founding of a Theosophical University at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, under the presidency of Katherine Tingley. Word has just been received from the Secretary of State at Sacramento of the filing of the articles of incorporation of the new institution, and the issuance of a charter for the same.

Mme Tingley has been contemplating the establishment of this university since 1906, and its incorporation was to have been consummated just before the world-war began. It was, however, deferred until it could be more effectively carried out. It is organized as an educational corporation under the laws of the State of California, its stated purposes being: “To establish, maintain, and conduct a university of learning for both sexes, with colleges, seminaries and academies for any branches of learning; also libraries, museums, galleries of art, laboratories, experimental stations and all other things necessary and appropriate to a university of the highest rank, in which shall be promoted the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual education and welfare of persons of both sexes; and in which shall be promoted the public welfare by exercising an influence in accordance with the highest principles of conduct and morality, and by practical work for the advance-

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

ment of the human race, teaching the blessings of liberty regulated by law, inculcating love and reverence for the great principles of government as derived from man's inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The incorporators are Katherine Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, Clark Thurston, Henry Turner Patterson, Joseph H. Fussell, Elizabeth C. Spalding, Francis M. Pierce, J. Frank Knoche, Emily Lemke-Neresheimer, G. de Purucker, and others, the persons named constituting the Board of Trustees for the ensuing year. The Board of Trustees of this university has all the powers usually conferred by law upon such boards in respect to the administration of educational institutions.

The principal office and headquarters of the corporation, and the campus of the Theosophical University, are at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, and the corporation is empowered to establish, maintain and conduct branches of the same in other states or in foreign countries.

The Râja-Yoga College and Academy, which have been conducted for some years as departments of the School of Antiquity, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, will shortly become affiliated institutions with the Theosophical University. The Râja-Yoga School and some of the preparatory departments, however, will continue their work as departments of the School of Antiquity.

— *San Diego Union*, Dec. 23, 1919

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### Theosophical University Meteorological Station

#### Point Loma, California

##### Summary for January 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	59.26	Number hours actual sunshine	145.50
Mean lowest	48.54	Number hours possible	318.00
Mean	53.90	Percentage of possible	46.00
Highest	72.00	Average number hours per day	4.70
Lowest	38.00	WIND	
Greatest daily range	20.00	Movement in miles	3156.00
PRECIPITATION		Average hourly velocity	4.24
Inches	0.48	Maximum velocity	15.00
Total from July 1, 1919	5.26		

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# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others  
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley  
Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California



# The Theosophical Path

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

APRIL 1920

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."





# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Mâra, and never see the king of death. 46

Death carries off a man who is gathering flowers and whose mind is distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village. 47

Death subdues a man who is gathering flowers, and whose mind is distracted, before he is satiated in his pleasures. 48

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color, or scent, so let a sage dwell in his village. 49

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligence should a sage take notice of. 50

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly. 51

But, like a beautiful flower, full of color and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly. 52

As many kinds of wreaths can be made from a heap of flowers, so many good things may be achieved by a mortal when once he is born. 53

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor (that of) sandal-wood, or of Tagara and Mallikâ flowers; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place. 54

—*Dhammapada*, ch. iv; translated by Max Müller

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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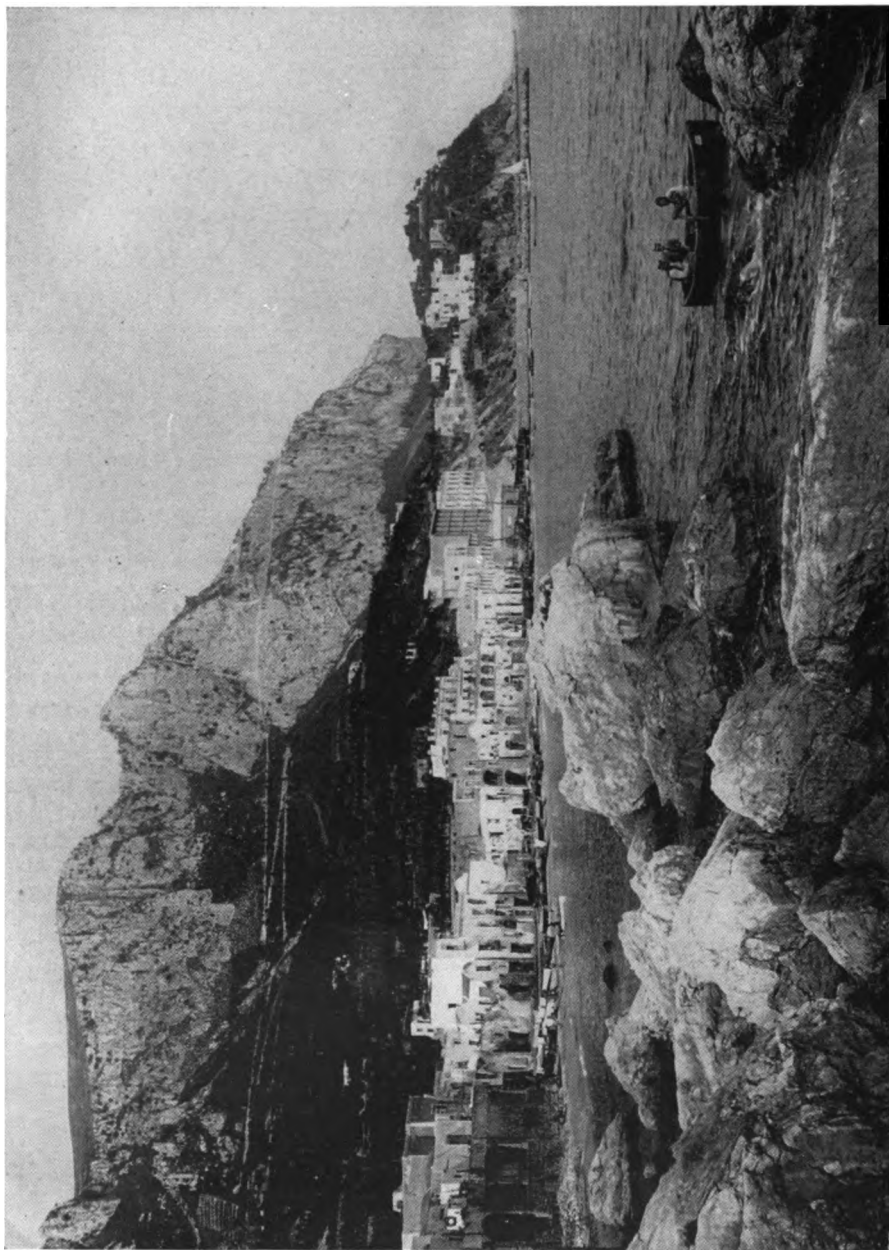
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*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF CAPRI, ITALY

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 4

APRIL 1920

*"If you see an intelligent man who tells you where true treasures are to be found, who shows what is to be avoided, and administers reproofs, follow that wise man; it will be better, not worse, for those who follow him.*

*"Let him admonish, let him teach, let him forbid what is improper! — he will be beloved of the good, by the bad he will be hated.*

*"Do not have evil-doers for friends, do not have low people for friends; have virtuous people for friends, have for friends the best of men."*

— Dhammapada, ch. vi; translated by M. Müller. vv. 76-78

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



*THE confusion and the unrest of the human race at the present time, to which are added the pain, the despair, the doubt, and the vice, suggest the question: Are we doing anything to lessen them? In spite of our remedial systems, we have not yet reached a point of understanding how we can begin to analyse the causes of the failures in human life and to work to reconstruct the human family.*

*No man has his freedom until he has found the secret of self-control, self-discipline, self-government, which are, as we know, the prime factors in the building of character. Not until he has gained that certain knowledge which comes through the power of introspection, self-control, and self-denial, can he draw the line intelligently and consciously between the animal part of his nature and the spiritual. Without this knowledge, man must still be a mystery to himself; he must still be a sad disappointment to himself; he must find the world all awry, having so little faith in himself that naturally he has little faith in his fellowmen, and thus he loses courage.*

*To find an anchorage in human life and to have the knowledge that comes from the two ideas of self-government and self-discipline, is to have the key to the situation — something priceless, which no money can buy. When man has attained this knowledge, he has taken the first step towards mastering his own destiny; for, as Theosophy teaches, it is self-mastery that brings man to the knowledge of his Higher Self — that Self that lives on and is immortal. It is*



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*self-discipline that acquaints him with the mysteries of his own being and forces him to introspection. Thus we endeavor to get at the causes of the good and evil in our own natures, and grow in courage.*

*If man would seek self-control, he must first recognise his own Divinity. There are many thoughts that come up in connexion with these ideas, which, if we could make them as contagious in the world as are crime, vice, the follies and idiosyncrasies of life, would enable us to feel the great pulsating heart-life of the world; we should find ourselves using the exterior life as a means of gaining experience, but at the same time realizing its impermanence in comparison with our glorious and grand ideals, and with the power of self-control and self-mastery.*

*Thus would open a new path for all, just as it does for the inventor who, under the urge and yet unacquainted with the very plan that he is trying to carry out, pushes on with trust — half conscious of that something in his nature, deep down in his being, that will help him. He trusts in this consciousness — not to this man or that; he makes no appeal to anyone, but silently advances in his study and analysis, working out intricate problems on the material plane until he reaches success.*

*If man can accomplish on the material plane such wonderful evolutions of practical things for the world as we see all about us, if he can bring to the recognition of people such masterly secrets of material life, does it not stand to reason that behind all this power, deeper still in the recesses of his own nature, there are secrets that can be evolved and brought out, not only for the perfection of his own life, for the development of his own soul, but for the spiritual advancement of all humanity?*

*If we can take these ideas and simply try to apply them to our smallest efforts, we shall find in a short time that all that is unpleasant in life, even that which sometimes seems unjust and unfair, will present more optimistic aspects, from which we can work intelligently. The things that are so discouraging at present that they seem to be carrying all humanity along the path of retrogression, will take on another appearance; because, as I have said, when once man is sure of his divinity, once sure of that deeper consciousness which is the permanent and higher part of his nature, once sure that he is part of the great heart of the world, he will know that as he works constantly, conscientiously, and unselfishly in the smallest duty, he is working with the Higher Law and has the companionship and the help of the Higher Law.*

*No matter how happy a person may be, he is never satisfied; and it is really quite difficult for me to understand then how anyone can turn aside from the teachings of Theosophy, with all their splendid optimistic and encouraging aspects. Two things, we know, cannot occupy the same place at the same time.*

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*The mind of man today is burdened with the transient things of life. He has accumulated so many non-essential ideas that, though he may have a cultured mind, yet he is weighed down with fear, with doubt, with selfishness, so that the spiritual help, the essentials, can have no place in his consciousness.*

*He has his little vices and he is frightened lest they be exposed; he plays his part in the world with the appearance of a man of virtue and respectability, sometimes as a saint; but he has no real peace of mind, no rest, no happiness. He does not live out his inner hopes — he just half lives, vegetates. On the other hand, why is it that those who have studied the principles of Theosophy and applied them to their own lives are so enthusiastic? Why are they so optimistic, so trusting; why do they love and serve humanity so earnestly? Because they know that the wrongs and ills of life are not due primarily to evil intention, to desire or love of wrong and evil, but rather to ignorance — the ignorance of the age, which is the result of the false religious instruction that has fettered our minds and lives and has corrupted our very blood for centuries.*

*First there is the idea that we were born in sin! Then there is the idea that the only way to save our souls is to depend upon outside help! Then too the idea that man is a body and has a soul, and that when the soul leaves the body it has the privilege of finding a point somewhere and living there forever in a state of bliss — or the reverse! Surely no great outlook of eternal progress! No certainty, nothing but theory, dogmas, creeds! When a man questions these things and refuses to accept anything but the truth — and the truth does not come immediately — is it any wonder that unrest and disappointment follow? It takes the urge of the immortal will to bring out the true life of the soul.*

*The mission of Theosophy is to bring new hope to the world, to challenge humanity to work along lines of Brotherhood, to feel its responsibility; it is to bring man closer to the realization of his heritage, his divinity, and the power that he possesses. If we can imbue man with this idea that he alone can save himself, that only self-evolution will bring him to the priceless harvest of his life, surely this is something worth working for. But for us to be weighed down with the psychology of the age, with the fear and the dread of death which hold people in such awe, is monstrous.*

*I saw many aspects of this as I went through the different states here in America last year and even on my journeys through Europe years ago: one can hardly describe it, and yet one can feel it. It is the limitation of the old teachings, the limitations of the one life, its uncertainties and the fear of death, and the questions: What of the other life? Whence do we come? Whither do we go? What is the meaning of life?*

*If we can take Theosophy into our hearts and bring it home to our minds in*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*daily effort; if we can have the courage to think towards truth in a spirit of receptivity, we shall find that the old psychology I speak of will die out of itself, and in the course of time there will come enlightenment. For the soul of man is spiritual; the soul has the power to enlighten the mind and bring home to it a knowledge that neither books nor preachers can give. It is the power of making clear to man his own possibilities. And when he reaches this point, he realizes that he is the maker of his own destiny; he becomes the interpreter of his own life and can solve some of the sublime mysteries of life. He can see why yesterday in anger, and with feelings of resentment and hatred, he was ready to kill his brother, and the next day under different conditions his heart was filled with a spirit of compassion and love for all. Here we have a picture of the contrast between the animal, mortal man, and the soul in its dignity and majesty and power, expressing the spiritual nature of man.*

*Let me give an illustration: a boy, whose life has shown no marked tendencies to evil, suddenly under the impulse of some provocation kills another. We follow him to prison; we see him hanged. What was it that sent him to the gallows? Theosophy says it was his lower nature, his lack of self-control, of self-discipline. He was unacquainted with the divinity of his nature and the duality of his make-up. He knew not how to distinguish between the evil and the good in the truest sense. He had not the power of discernment and discrimination. He was lacking in self-control; and, under the spur of ill feeling, which belonged to his lower nature, he killed one of his fellow-beings.*

*Yesterday I was reading in the paper about a young man who had a sweetheart; and because she refused to marry him and repulsed him, he tried to kill her. The report tells how he is waiting by the bedside of this dying woman offering his blood to save her life!!! Here we have the two pictures — one, the undisciplined, unbridled nature with all its desires and everything that belongs to the passionate, mortal part of man, which was not ready to give up that which he felt belonged to him in the physical sense. But after the crime, when the cowardly side of his nature has accomplished its purpose, it recedes, and he awakens to the realization that he has made a terrible mistake, and he offers his blood to save that life! A tragic and unpleasant illustration, but a true picture!*

*The easiest way to overcome the stumbling-blocks of the lower nature is to draw the line between the physical and the spiritual — the animal and the divine; to see the two playing their parts, and to face the actual conditions of the world today; to think more determinedly, more broadly, more independently for the future, and thus learn the valuable lessons needed for all time.*

*Theosophy is here, right at hand. We do not have to dig in the mines for it; we do not have to seek the arid deserts or the wild jungles for it, nor do we have to*



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*encumber our lives with unnecessary responsibilities, and we do not have to surrender anything that truly belongs to us. We have only to direct our thoughts to these ancient truths, to the redeeming power of Theosophy, and take it into our minds and our lives sufficiently, let us say, to prove even that it is not right. If one cannot accept it with trust; if one cannot take it in with full confidence; if one does not believe that there is anything in it, I challenge him to study it to prove that it is wrong, that it is a fallacy, an imposition. Do anything, only do not lose your opportunity for seeking these divine principles of the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy!*

*I have been a very long time thinking just as I do now, and quite a long time speaking as I do in my public expositions of Theosophy. But far back of that I went through a hard school of experience that not many of you have passed through. It was in New York City that I learned so many valuable lessons through my work in the prisons and in the slums, with the street-women and the inebriates and the unfortunates. I contacted during many years conditions that were so appalling that the horror of the disintegration of human nature was almost too much for me to bear. After my hard day's work with my helpers — those who were so whole-heartedly supporting my efforts, trying to lift the burdens of the unfortunate, and particularly of those in the prisons — I used to question what more could I do to prevent these sad wrecks of human life. I have seen behind the bars splendid young men on the downward path — boys who only a few years before were mothers' darlings; and young women too, whose faces still bore the marks of innocence. And in spite of my determined and continuous efforts for them, I have often gone home discouraged, my heart attuned to their needs, but powerless to do the things that my soul longed to do.*

*At that time there was no system of thought that I could attach myself to and work with to help these people. I had the philosophy of Theosophy ever in my mind. It must have been my support in former lives; but there were none in those days who believed as I did. For me to offer this grand philosophy, which to me was my very life, to the convict behind the bars who had lost faith in everything, for the time at least seemed far-fetched. Compassion was mine; truth was mine; but the question was, How to give it out?*

*And so you can imagine what came into my life after those years of service, after I had made up my mind that if I could hold, rightly and conscientiously, the length of years that seemed before me, some day there might come an opportunity, by which I could establish a School of Prevention where human nature could be studied from the basis of my philosophy, which is this idea of the duality of human nature — the mortal and the immortal. One bitter cold winter day in New York, when there was a great blizzard, there was seen back in the crowd at*

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*my 'Do-Good Mission' on the East Side, a pale-faced man who to all appearances was suffering from hunger like the rest. But he was quite a different type; and when the attempt was made to reach him and bring him into our mission and give him special attention, he had disappeared. His face haunted me, and a few days afterwards he found me in my home, and to my surprise he proved to be the first student of Madame Blavatsky, when she came a stranger to New York with her message of Theosophy.*

*This stranger was a young lawyer struggling to advance in his profession. He heard of Madame Blavatsky and her wonderful message of Brotherhood. He visited her daily, sat as a disciple at her feet; and in the course of time he responded understandingly to her teachings. He said he had at last found an answer to the yearnings of his soul. He became her trusted friend, her co-worker; and it was he alone who made and preserved the link between Madame Blavatsky's efforts and the present activities of the Theosophical Movement. He accepted a position in the Theosophical Society to work unselfishly and without salary for the advancement of the teachings; and he exemplified his Theosophy so beautifully, so exquisitely, so conscientiously, that he was indeed a man among men and was later recognised throughout the world as a great teacher. He soon found he had the power to interpret the Theosophical teachings for the benefit of his fellow-men; and he wrote ceaselessly for the magazine which he published — The Path. This led to many inquiries about Theosophy, as well as many new members.*

*He, William Quan Judge, was a living example of the power of self-evolution and self-control. He dug so deeply into his own nature, challenged himself so constantly, that he was able to apply the lessons that he learned effectively to all whom he met. He impressed those who knew him most intimately as having unusual knowledge, which could not have been acquired in this one life-time. Loving humanity and serving it hourly and daily, he found a way to carry on the superb work of the Theosophical Organization with its glorious teachings, until he died in 1896.*

*What was there in the lives of those two remarkable teachers, H. P. Blavatsky and William Quan Judge, that made them stand out superior to many of their fellow-men? To me they seemed to have grown rich in knowledge and sympathy through the trials and sufferings of many incarnations. H. P. Blavatsky belonged to one of the old aristocratic families of Russia, with everything at hand in the material sense — every possible inducement to hold her to the worldly life; yet she was sustained by a quality of compassion for humanity which had been evoked by her past experiences in other lives. She possessed rare power of discernment. She quickly drew the line between the true and the false. It was evident that she*

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*had gained self-control through constant practice of the teachings which she professed. The splendid example of her life and her unique efforts are a continuous inspiration. The contagion of the example of her life of self-sacrifice evidently touched William Q. Judge from the beginning of his acquaintance with this great Teacher. And through their efforts and those of others, the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875. As you all know, the rich harvest of these remarkable efforts may be seen all over the world today; so that Theosophy is recognised as the coming Universal Religion.*

*I declare that if a man will challenge himself sufficiently to believe that he has the power of self-control, if he can draw the line understandingly between the lower and the higher nature, between his desires and his needs — even without any knowledge of Theosophy, if he has not the opportunity of reaching it — he will evolve some of these very ideas that I have spoken of, and he can do it to a marked degree even in one life-time.*

*I was once asked how one could carry on this line of self-discipline and self-control; and in trying to impress the inquirer with the contagion, so to say, of Theosophical ideals, I pointed out the influence of habit — that if one can habituate himself to thinking even once a day that the universe is ten thousand times bigger than one dreams; that millions and billions of stars are now in existence that have yet to come within one's sight; that the world is governed by universal law, and that man is part of this divine scheme — these thoughts and the contagion of them, so to speak, reflected upon every day, would in the course of time become a habit, and the broader ideas that would follow would bring man closer to the realization of his possibilities. Truly it is habit of thought that makes for the weal or woe of humanity.*

*If we go along day by day playing hide-and-seek with our own natures, we retrograde. But if we take the beautiful ideals of Theosophy and implant them in our minds and natures, and hold to them from day to day affectionately, in the course of time this influence becomes a power through habit; our ideals become more and more potent; they ingrain themselves into one's very being, and ultimately work with one's conscience. And surely the awakening of the conscience is the needed force today throughout the world.*

*If conscience had been accentuated in the hearts of men all along the ages, we should not have had this terrible war with its equally terrible aftermath. If one now could realize what conscience is from the Theosophical standpoint — that is, man's knowledge of right and wrong, his curbing himself, and checking every thought that is out of place — one could in the course of time bring the psychological influence of such efforts into activity, and according to the Christian idea, "wash his sins away."*

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*Here is another picture showing the influence of habit — of the habitual thought of the man who makes his first mistake: When he was a boy perhaps he stole only ten cents from his father; perhaps a little later he stole twenty; and, a little later more. Thus he became habituated to the thought which at first had been ingrained by a fugitive desire. It carried him on and on until other weaknesses in his nature appeared to fortify him in his tendency to steal and in his acquired habit, and ere long we have the criminal.*

*The power of habit should be studied more closely by educators and by mothers and fathers. They have not studied it enough. It is a mighty power, whether rightly or wrongly used. It is these simple factors in life that are constantly making us either angels or demons; they are based absolutely on this idea of the duality of man, of the lower which dies with the body, the desires and passions; and the higher which is ever seeking the light.*

*If we are to bring any remedy to the world's unrest, we must begin with ourselves. It takes only a few to start a mob in the beginning, please remember. It takes only a few to start a war. Sometimes it takes only two people to bring about the most cruel war of the ages. And so it is, on the other hand, in regard to the grander things, the permanent things. To begin to work on the line of unselfish effort and to help humanity, there is needed but a nucleus of people who come together under the psychological influence of the potency of man's divine nature, and then there is a superb basis for splendid results.*

*I am very certain that those who seriously desire to interpret the Bible should study Theosophy. If they wish to understand some of the great characters and teachers of the past, they will investigate Theosophy. I believe that the most devout but misguided Christians today will find new light, new hope and a grander Christ, if they will interpret the life of Jesus from the standpoint of Theosophy. But one must realize that if one desires to be a great musician, he cannot become such in a day; he has to begin with the simple exercises and practise constantly; he has to habituate himself to the idea of music, to its theories, and more than all else to its practice. It is just the same with Theosophy. We can talk about Theosophy, we can preach it, we can read the books, we can criticise them, we can scorn them, if we please, but we can never reach the truth, never find the light within our own souls, or the power to control, to discipline ourselves, the power to serve, to love, or the power to become, until we have reached the one point of the realization of our Divinity. This is the key to all the other problems of life.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH

T. HENRY, M. A.

**I**T has been peculiarly the function of Theosophy to strike keynotes; and keynotes, as we know, find an echo wherever there is a resonator in sufficient accord with them to take up their tone. And so we often find Theosophical keynotes resounding in various places, whether inspired by the utterances of Theosophists or by the eternal light of human nature, cannot be said.

A San Diego clergyman, in a recent sermon, struck a note which we have often sounded, and with which therefore we can heartily agree, without necessarily assenting to other things which he may have said. He was airing the topic of the moment — spiritism and its connexion (if any) with the question of immortality. And he declared his conviction that, for him, the paramount question of interest was that of nearness to the Deity, and that this question was but little influenced by the question of survival and life after death. And truly we may say that the two questions seem to have become unduly connected with each other. The preacher said that, in seeking to approach the consciousness of a divine presence, he would not wait for a future life; he would seek it in *this* life. And so say we, as we have said many times before.

In trying to ascertain the views of the ancients about after-death, we often find a difficulty in finding out what they believed, or whether they believed anything at all; it would almost seem as though the question had scarcely occurred to them — was not a live issue with them — was not considered relevant. Perhaps they felt that the present is the only real time for a mortal man, and that the future is a phantom of the imagination.

In physics we are learning in practice, what we had already surmised in theory, that standards suited to the small dimensions of daily life on earth cannot be used to measure the boundless realms of interstellar space. In the same way, when we discuss after-death, we are dealing with a question that cannot be measured in our customary units or expressed by our familiar concepts. And those who ignore this fact, and who try to conceive and to express the future life in the terms of the present, merely produce a replica of earth-life, which is not greater but less than the present life, as it is a mere shadow of the substance, a mere corpse of the living organism.

We do not know what time is; we do not know what personality is. But we do know that both, as we conceive them, are relative to our present

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modes of perception and our present state of consciousness. It seems unquestionable that the process of dissolution must so change these concepts as to render many of our speculations futile. Already we, as grown men and women, have no further use for the kind of heaven that might soothe the imagination of a child; and the happy hunting-ground of the tribesman is as beside the mark for us as are the crude ideas of our ancestors of some centuries back. We no longer pave paradise with gold, and harps seem as out of place as houris and sherbet. For us, heaven is becoming more and more a state of peace and rest for the soul — the soul, by which we understand the quintessence of our best self. But we still labor under the delusion of time; and we still bend our gaze toward the distant future, thus weaning it from the living present where it belongs. What has eternity to do with the now and the here-after?

With regard to psychic research and spiritism, we have to remember that all is not gold that glitters; the particular application of which proverb is that, when we enter another state of consciousness, that state is not necessarily higher or better than this; and when we plumb a new world, that world may chance to be no better, and perhaps a good deal worse, than this world.

Theosophy still teaches, as ever, that there is a world, or plane, or state of existence, which bears to this world, or plane, or state of existence, the same relation as a man's dreams bear to his waking life. It is the land of shadows and echoes. It has been called the 'astral plane,' though that expression has been so much misused by pseudo-Theosophists that one hesitates to employ it. Concerning the existence of this, warnings have always been issued, not only by the Theosophists of today, but by those of all ages. The characteristics of the realms explored by certain eminent scientists and others bear all the earmarks of this astral plane as usually described. It is peopled with the reflexion of people's thoughts and emotions; its denizens, when not poll-parrots, are almost always gramophones. As has been said by others besides Theosophists, people, when they die, leave behind them other things besides their bones and their boots. They leave behind their memories; and these memories, no longer able to float into the brains of their original owners, seem to be able to float into the brains of other people who are not yet dead, especially if those people go into a trance or otherwise render themselves susceptible and sponge-like. This explanation — the one always given by Theosophy — is so obviously true that people usually hit upon it for themselves, as we see from comments in the press.

We are surrounded by an atmosphere of our own thoughts; but, while awake, we are usually positive towards it: the lines of force run

## KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH

outwards, their positive poles in our brain — to use an analogy from physics. But, no sooner do we compose our limbs for sleep and shut the gates of our senses, than the current sets in the opposite way, and our thoughts begin to react upon us. Before my eyes float the images of the people and places that have met their gaze during the day; while my hands seem to perform again the tasks that engaged them while I was awake. All day I have been making a phonograph-record; and now in bed I am running it through the machine. But we do not necessarily have to wait for bed for this to happen; for we do a deal of wool-gathering and day-dreaming in our waking hours. Foolish attempts to develop mediumship, or what is miscalled 'clairvoyance,' will evidently result in an intensification or this morbid condition, and render us prone to delusions and to the obsession of our own cast-off thoughts and those of others; and no wise person will place himself in such a predicament.

These realms of the moon, these purlieus of the lower astral light, are the great stumbling-block for the uninstructed and the unwary. It is clear, both from theory and from the result of observation, that development of this kind tends towards instability and deterioration, and not towards balance and betterment. The psychic investigators have run into a blind alley. They will verify all the old teachings as to the nature of the world they have tapped; and it will have to be abandoned as a possible means for the furtherance of knowledge or virtue.

But let us look at the other side of the picture. If there is a moonlight, there is also a sunlight. In the true search for knowledge, in the right way of development, there is nothing weird or abnormal, no entranced mediums, no forced development of psychic faculties, no intensification of the dreaming and visionary side of our nature. And correspondingly the results attained are not shifting and unreliable, not paltry and futile, not mere reflexions of our waking thoughts; but, on the contrary, a quickening of the intuition, an escaping from delusions, an unclouded view of life and its duties and privileges.

Many people do not seem to be aware that in Occultism there are two paths open to the explorer. They are essentially the same two paths which always do lie open to man — the path which leads upward and onward towards the true goal of human happiness and rectitude; and the path which leads downward through self-gratification to woe and regret. And what is called 'psychism,' or 'astralism,' and often miscalled 'occultism,' represents the latter of these two paths. And why? Because the development of psychic faculties gives no guarantee that they will be used aright. So long as our weaknesses and passions remain unsubdued, any additional powers we may acquire will go to feed them. This is only too obvious from what we see: the increase

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and intensification of nervous diseases and of mental unbalance; the purveying of alleged knowledge for the purposes of gain and self-advantage; the misuse of hypnotic power; the existence of perverted erotic cults whose authors are prosecuted by the Government; and so forth.

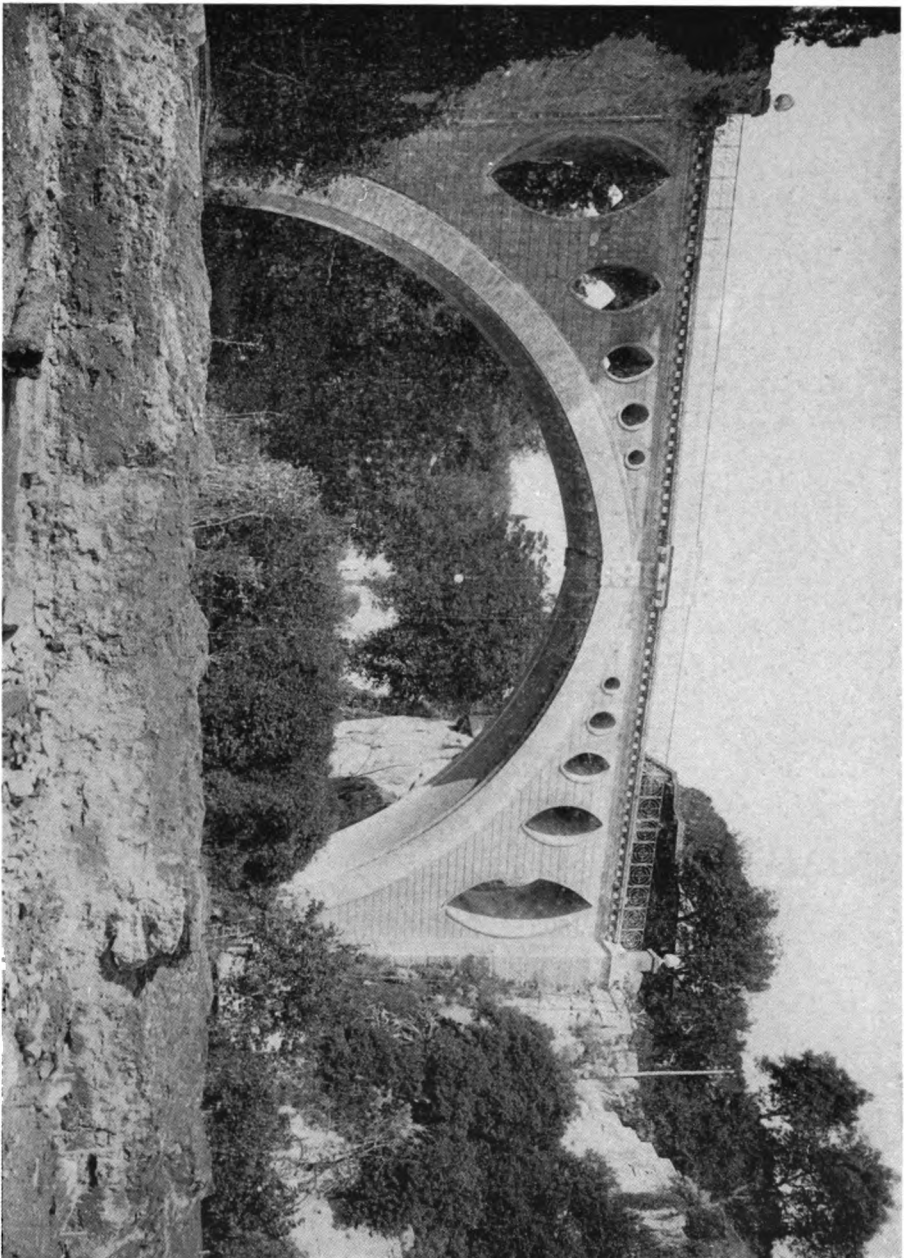
The ills of society are not to be remedied by putting new powers into the hands of all and sundry, to be used by the foolish, the ignorant, and the corrupt. These ills are due to selfishness and to ignorance of the real laws of life; and are to be remedied by that knowledge which replaces selfishness by the aspiration after right-living.

And many inquirers do not seem to know that Theosophy itself stands for this right-hand path; and that there are abroad many perversions of Theosophy, which mislead inquirers by leading them to suppose that there is only one kind of Theosophy and that it is all concerned with psychism. We repeat that there is a wrong kind of Theosophy, which ought not to be called Theosophy at all, as it has stolen a name which does not belong to it, in order to gain for its foolish or harmful teachings whatever credit it can get from the association. It must be understood that Theosophy itself, whose representative is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of Point Loma, has no connexion whatever with any other society calling itself Theosophical — no matter how much the spurious cults may consider it their interest to assert or to suggest the contrary.

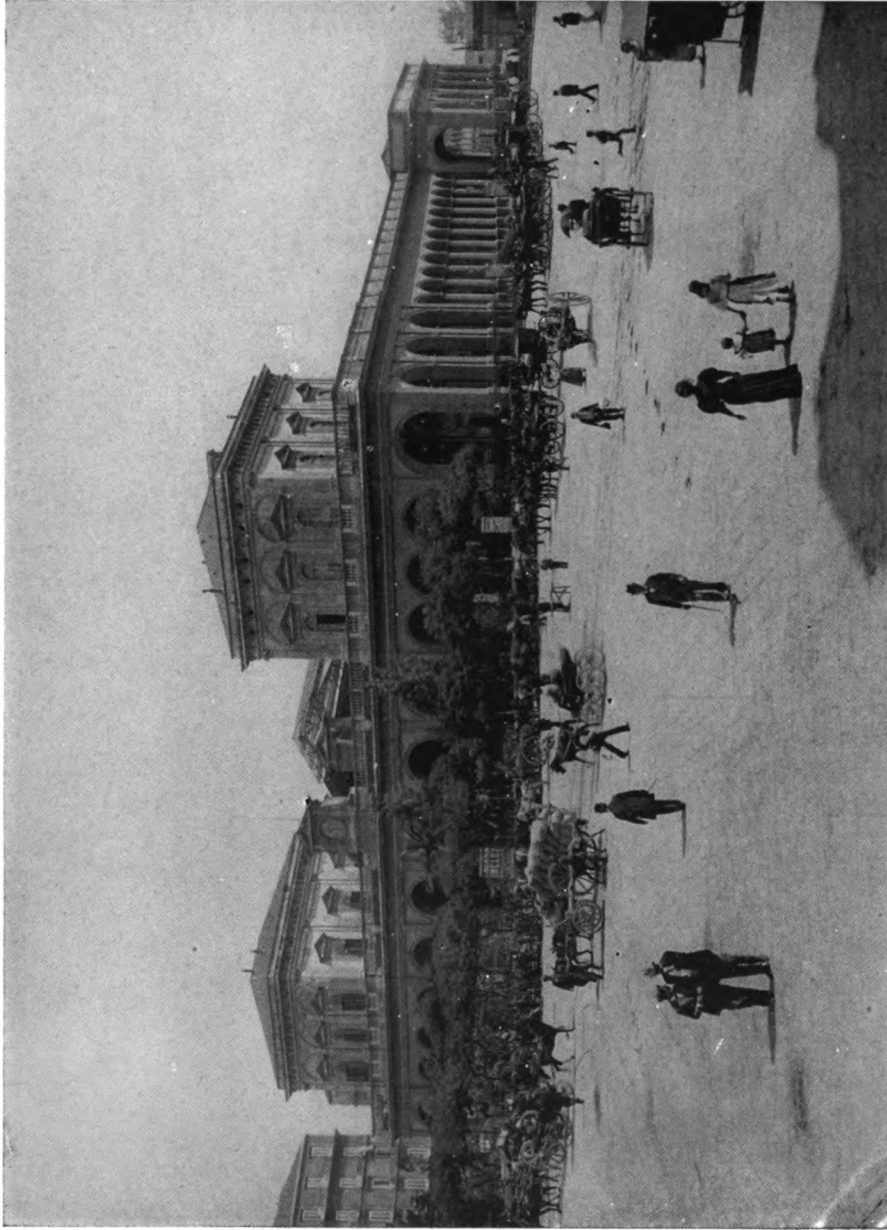
The desire of people to attain some knowledge concerning the meaning of life and the nature of life after death must be allowed; but it is equally sure that psychic research and spiritism are not the road to such knowledge. Yet there is a road — the road that has been pointed out by the wise of all ages. Knowledge is to be sought by the removal of delusion; and delusion is due to the frailties of our nature. It is because we are not master in our own house — master of ourself — that we fail to wield those powers that are our true birthright. It is because we permit our minds to be the playground of wandering thoughts and errant emotions, that they fail to reflect the sunlight of truth. Hence, *self-conquest is the right road to the knowledge we aspire for*. Such has ever been the word of the wise. And such is still the word of Theosophy.

We must seek the causes of the giant evil, selfishness, and strive to uproot them. This is realized by a majority of thoughtful people. But it can only be done through a better understanding of human nature, which is what Theosophy affords. Hence the best advice is to study Theosophy in its true and original form, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky and maintained by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of Point Loma; and to replace all attempts at morbid and unbalanced self-culture by the true and harmonious culture of one's better self.



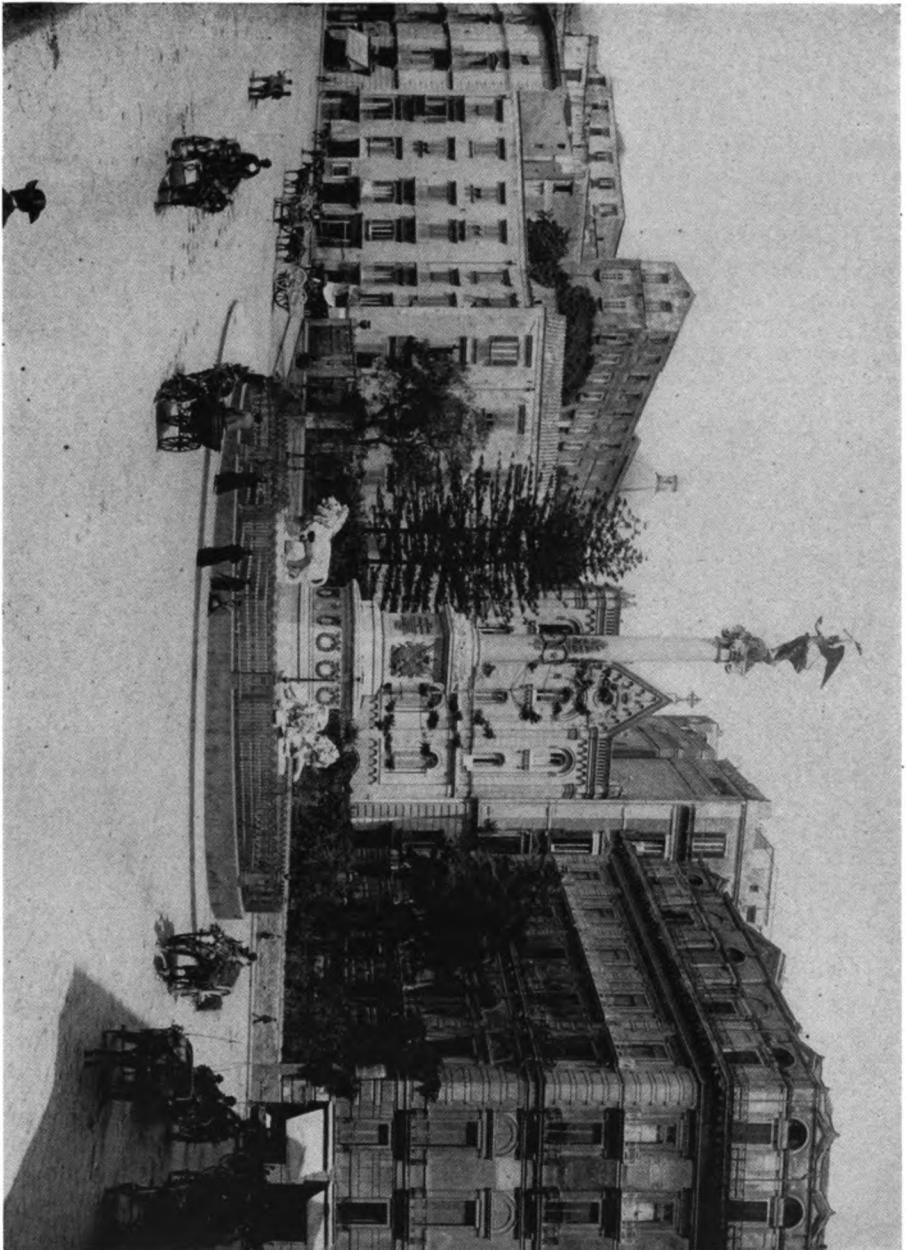


*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*  
BRIDGE ERECTED IN 1819 AT VILLA LUCIA, NAPLES BY FERDINAND I,  
KING OF THE TWO SICILIES



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE RAILWAY STATION, NAPLES, ITALY**



THE PIAZZA DEI MARTIRI ("MARTYRS' SQUARE"), NAPLES

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS, ITALY**

## HSIANG CHI TEMPLE

After Wang Wei

KENNETH MORRIS

I HAVE gone searching far and wide  
Through all this age-old quietude:—  
Up by the peaks the white clouds hide,  
And through the forest, dusk-embued,  
Where old time and silence brood,  
And sure no human creatures dwell,—  
No wandering human feet intrude,—  
For that far fane, that lonely bell.

By mountain-side and valley-side,  
Through clefts of old some giant strewed  
With those huge boulders, unespied  
Steals the stream in solitude:  
A pouring down through chasms crude,—  
A hush,—a dragon-guarded well,—  
A whispered tinkling through the wood;—  
Or was it — hark! — a temple-bell?

— Through the dark pines, the wind that sighed  
But now, goes silent; twilight-hued,  
Gray, and with waning purple dyed,  
And dusk-bedewed, and dusk-bedewed,  
Daylight dies, and shadows brood  
O'er the pool where the last ray fell;—  
One faint star in the infinitude  
Above, and — hush! — a temple-bell. . . .

### *L'Envoi:*

No; 'twas the Priest Wind through the wood  
Whose holy Lotus-Jewel Spell  
Thrilled the hills to Buddha-mood;  
There is no temple else, no bell.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

# EVOLUTIONARY MAN: A STUDY IN RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES AND CONCLUSIONS IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

## PART III

C. J. RYAN



BEFORE proceeding to consider the difficulties in the way of accepting the 'scientific' interpretation of the evidences offered by the remains of man in the Stone Ages, the Theosophical view of man's pilgrimage on earth must be briefly outlined.

The fundamental principle in Evolution is that immortal Man is a spiritual Ray of Divinity, learning the lessons of life by pleasurable and painful experiences in numerous incarnations in physical bodies, in many different conditions and races. Various types of humanity, high and low, have existed on earth for enormously long periods, periods greatly exceeding the million years or so allowed by modern anthropologists. In the course of ages mankind will become fit to ascend to states of spiritual and intellectual glory more advanced than our present conditions permit.

Without going too far into metaphysical subtleties, we can refer to the teaching that the descent of Spirit into Matter and its ultimate return, enriched by experience, is the basic principle of evolution. Life and consciousness are not confined to physical conditions, but exist independently of such conditions. The immortal Ego in man, the higher consciousness, is a pilgrim passing through many states. Before the earth was fitted for physical human life, man existed in less material conditions — spiritual or semi-spiritual. In our present state such an existence is not easily realized except by the few who have been trained to understand it. While in those conditions — called the earlier 'Rounds' — developing spiritual man 'threw off' a number of definite types into the formative thought-atmosphere of the earth, as it might be called. These became the fundamental root-types from which branched innumerable species and sub-species, for which Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest have been offered as explanations, which however only partially and often quite inadequately meet the case. Biology now speaks of the "explosive suddenness" with which many new species appear in the geological record, and the surprising changes in the rate of evolution at various times. As we noticed at the end of the last chapter

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of these articles, the tendency of life to change its character at intervals (for instance, the successive preponderance of primitive mailed fishes, of the reptiles, of the mammals, and of man) is beginning to be regarded as valid testimony to some conscious evolving intelligence with a plan, much as the idea is scouted by the materialistic school.

Man — as a material being, not necessarily just as we are today, 'consolidated,' so to speak, from the astral state — and the first really human races appeared on lands that have perished millions of years ago. The whole surface of the earth has been changed many times since the first sedimentary rocks were deposited; even its axis has been tilted, as some modern astronomers are finding out.

Geologists arrange the sedimentary rocks into great divisions according to the fossilized plants and animals found in them. Notable differences of opinion prevail as to the total length of these periods, as well as of the smaller divisions, but the estimates are becoming more liberal of late. It is not many years since geology and astronomy were afraid to draw heavily upon the bank account of Time, but, owing to the discovery of radio-activity, and for other reasons, the probability of five hundred millions or even a billion years having elapsed since the beginning of life on earth is now being favorably considered. According to the records of Theosophy, the stage of incrustation or physicality began about 320,000,000 years ago, and man in some kind of material form, intelligent enough to be called man, appeared about 18,000,000 years since. (In connexion with this matter the reader should consult 'The Age of the Earth,' by Professor F. J. Dick and William Scott, in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for April, 1919.) Geologists have not yet found any remains of man in the Secondary Period, though a few more daring scientists have said that his presence at that remote age is not unthinkable, however unlikely according to the Darwinian Theory. Anthropologists in general believe that the progenitors of the human race began to branch off from the animal kingdom towards the middle of the Tertiary period, gradually becoming really human in the Pleistocene, the most recent division of the Tertiary, probably a million years ago, possibly two. Theosophy, however, tells us that man was perfectly civilized towards the latter part of the Secondary, when the human race lived on Lemuria, a large tract of land now mostly submerged under the Pacific Ocean. Those who survived its destruction occupied new continental areas which gradually appeared in the Atlantic region where they slowly developed into many nations and attained a high degree of culture. Tradition has brought down a few records of lost civilizations, and ethnology gives us information about strange survivals of isolated tribes and languages and customs which are not readily explained without the

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aid of the hypothesis of a lost Atlantis. Many of the leading geologists are convinced of the existence of such a region, though not yet, of course, of the existence of mankind thereon.

As the Atlantean regions broke up and disappeared under the ocean, a limited number of the inhabitants took refuge in Central Asia, part of which was then habitable, though now barren and desolate. This took place at about the time when Darwinian evolution conceives that primitive man was beginning to creep out of the ape stage and to gain a glimmering of human intelligence. There were certainly savage and brutal men at that time as there are today, and also large anthropoid apes, ancestors of the existing gorillas, chimpanzees, etc.; not only Theosophy however, but the most authoritative voices in modern biology reject the suggestion that any beings whose relics we have discovered were our progenitors, though they may have been offshoots from the family tree. Science has so far only found remains of inferior tribes which lived in outlying regions removed from the small nucleus of enlightenment which jealously guarded for long ages the traditions of Atlantean culture until the cyclic time arrived for its extension. These 'primitive' tribes were not descendants from anthropoid apes, removed from arboreal life by a few thousand years; they were the degraded representatives of a higher culture. At one time very 'primitive' men who made the earliest flint implements known — the 'eoliths' and 'eagle-beak' hammers, axes, etc.,— lived in the small part of England then dry land (the Eocene London Clay surface raised long before the Glacial Period) at the very time when civilization was flourishing in Atlantis or on some of its remaining islands only a thousand miles or so away. This state of affairs is reasonable enough when we consider that savage cannibals are found today within still shorter distances from highly civilized regions; witness the Island of Tiburón in the Gulf of California, Mexico, to which an expedition is going at the time of writing these lines to search for radio-active deposits, armed with gas bombs to keep off the cannibals who are said (perhaps wrongly said) to have made the island fatal to explorers.

H. P. Blavatsky says that the weight of the heavy karma generated by the evil-doing of the later Atlanteans oppressed their descendants (really, of course, themselves in other bodies, as we understand by a study of reincarnation) for an immense period and kept them at the level of Stone-Age culture for nearly a million years, in spite of their possession of all our faculties and of brains of equal capacity with ours, even at the earliest period of which we have tangible records. This enormous period of little or no progress in European races has proved an incomprehensible puzzle to scientists. Occasionally an atavistic flash of Atlantean culture



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illuminates the prospect, and we find such things as the wonderful cave-pictures at Altamira in Spain, which show great artistic feeling and keen observation; but this astonishing renaissance soon died out not *less* than twenty or thirty thousand years later, according to the most conservative scientific estimates, and did not revive until the dawn of the historical period.

The existence of the anthropoid apes, those strange creatures which look so like "blurred copies" of man, has, as H. P. Blavatsky says "overwhelmed modern scientists with confusion," and it is not unreasonable that those who only look at the external aspect and ignore the spiritual should see in them or their progenitors a probable ancestor for man. Theosophy explains their human resemblance without admitting their ancestral position; they are "a bastard branch" grafted on to the human stem by unnatural cross-breeding on the part of some degraded Atlantean tribes, and they have some human qualities mingled with their animal nature. No living or fossil anthropoid is an older type than man, but they are all offshoots shamefully produced in the later Atlantean period — towards the middle of the Tertiary age. We shall see, later, that at least one high authority, Dr. Wood-Jones, considers that it is entirely impossible, for anatomical reasons, that man can have descended from any kind of anthropoid known to us, but that his origin, as an independent species, must be placed far back in the earliest days of the Tertiary, and that we have not discovered any animal form which can be certainly pointed to as ancestral. The Theosophical explanation of the human relationship with the anthropoids explains one biological puzzle; *i. e.*, the curious fact that the higher apes combine human and animal bodily characteristics in various proportions according to their species: one will have a certain human quality not found in another, and so forth.

The greatest difficulty Science has in proving that man evolved from the ape lies in the necessity of an immense period of time for the supposed earliest and most bestial man to have slowly climbed out of the animal state. The farther back we find human skulls (or evidences of intelligent human beings by the testimony of flint implements), the more impossible it becomes that man can have evolved from animals which did not exist (according to the testimony of the rocks) much or perhaps any earlier than himself. We shall see the great significance of this when we consider some remarkable admissions about the enormous age of "modern man" made by Professor Keith in his recent 'Antiquity of Man.'

The scientific hypothesis at the present moment is that mammalian ancestors of man and those of the anthropoids branched off in two separate lines from a common mammalian stem in the earlier half of the Tertiary. No *known form* of anthropoid is claimed as being ancestral to man, and

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the long series of links necessary to represent the chain of progress on the human branch is not known. The differences between the first anthropoids and those of today are not very great, and we need not consider them in this argument. The very few relics of the earlier anthropoids and men are not accepted by science as actually belonging to the direct ancestral line of modern man, but are considered to be side branches, twigs we might call them, thrown off after the supposed separation of the simian and human branches. Most of them came to nothing, but died out long ago.

The Table of human types and periods on page 333 will help to make clearer some of the critical points which throw doubt upon the materialistic ape-ancestry theory and help to confirm the ancient Theosophical teaching. The dates given were worked out by the late William Scott from information given in *The Secret Doctrine*, but they are not offered as being absolutely final, though they are far closer to the facts than the very various and mutually inconsistent chronologies of the geologists, who frankly admit that they have no means of ascertaining geological dates with any certainty.\*

This is apparent enough when we recollect that the estimates of various contemporary authorities for the *habitable age of the Earth* stretch from one-and-a-half millions of years to more than a billion.

It is extremely important to realize that none of the human races whose fragmentary remains have been found are believed to be ancestral to us, until we reach the comparatively recent Aurignacians, including the Combe-Capelle, a moderate-sized race, and the Cro-Magnon, a very tall one, who had finely-shaped skulls with as great a capacity as ours. All the prehistoric races who lived before the Aurignacians have disappeared without leaving unmistakable traces, and the Aurignacians themselves were not the descendants of any races of which science has found the least vestige of a record! They came from the East and simply replaced their predecessors, the peculiar and far inferior Mousterians, or Neanderthal race as they are generally called. The Aurignacians may have driven the Neanderthals out by force; they certainly did not mix with them. Our modern civilized races are partly derived from the Aurignacians and later tribes of modern type who poured in from the East, and perhaps from Africa. Instead, therefore, of there being a simple continuous line of descent by which modern civilized man can be approximately traced from the early or even middle Tertiary to the present day, *there is a definite break marked by the sudden appearance of the highly-developed Cro-Magnons, etc.*; this is indicated on the Table

\*See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for April, 1919, for special article on the age of the Earth.

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TABLE OF TERTIARY AND QUATERNARY PERIODS

Formation	Remains of Man	Approximate date, beginning of each period
<b>EOCENE</b>		
PALAEOCENE, London Clay (Eng.) OLIGOCENE	(?) Eolithic stone implements made by man	7,870,000
<b>MIOCENE</b>	(? "Eagle-beak" implements) <i>Primitive</i> anthropoid apes found in Miocene period	3,670,000
<b>PLIOCENE</b> Coralline Crag Red Crag (Eng.)  Blue clay (Italy)  Gold-bearing sands (California) ? (Australia)	"Eagle-beak" implements, scrapers, axes, hammers, etc. Not <i>later</i> than this and possibly much earlier. (England) Castenedolo skeletons (Italy) Pittdown skull and eolithic implements (England) Calaveras skull, stone mortars, pestles, spearheads, etc. (America) Talgai man's skull, and bones of dog (Australia) This specimen may be a little later in date	1,870,000
<b>PLEISTOCENE</b> 1st Glacial Period 2nd " "	<i>Pithecanthropus erectus</i> (possibly late Pliocene) (Java) Bones Heidelberg jaw (Germany) Vero (Florida) bones and pottery, Nampa (Calif.) clay image etc., Charleston (S. Carolina) pottery Chellean { Galley Hill bones (England) Acheulean { Bury St. Edmunds skull (England) Denise, Moulin Quignon, bones (France) La Quina, La Chapelle (France) Mousterian { Spy (Belgium) skulls Gibraltar, skull NEANDERTHAL (Germany) skulls, bones	870,000 726,000
3rd " "		402,000
4th " "	Aurignacian Combe-Capelle, Grimaldi, Cro-Magnon, etc. (France)	222,000
End of Glacial Periods	Solutrean Magdalenean	
<b>RECENT</b>	Neolithic. Western Europe, America, etc.	?
	Modern	10,000

by a double line above the Aurignacians. So far as Science can discover, the earlier races — some of which, such as the Neanderthals, were different *species* of man separated by peculiarities more marked than any which distinguish modern races — disappeared completely!

Yet it is popularly supposed that we possess a fairly complete record, in the Tertiary strata and caverns, of man's evolution from an ape and through ape-men that gradually became human in form and intelligence, to the savage and then to historical civilization. How has this belief become so widely spread that even ministers of the Gospel bow their heads to it and regard the allegorical accounts of the Creation of Man in Genesis as nothing but "the poetical lisplings of the childhood of the race"? Perhaps we have been so firmly impressed by the Darwinian

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propaganda that man's evolution must have been from the ape because there is no popular rival except the incredible Adam and Eve story, taken literally!

Anthropologists are careful not to claim that they have found the sources or the main stream of human ancestry (except some recent portions such as the Aurignacians), but they assert that the bones, in the chronological order in which they are found, represent roughly a near approach to the evolving but unknown members of the ancestral line. So we find *Pithecanthropus*, *Heidelbergensis*, Chellean, Acheulean, and the others leading up to the Aurignacians and Neolithics, (the Neanderthals have been abandoned, being proved to be a separate species of man) placed in that order as substitutes, in all probability representing in general character the true line — first or second cousins. The study of Theosophy shows that this plausible and ingenious arrangement is not really accurate. The real human stream always contained highly-advanced types during the Tertiary period we are considering, though the general course of social life was and is governed by periodic law and has its cycles of civilization and barbarism. The anthropoids and many of the more barbarous men whose remains have been found were descended in numerous ways, too complicated to discuss here, from the various highly-civilized races of the vanished continents. A peculiar difficulty facing the supporters of the evolution of short-armed, walking man, from the long-armed, tree-dwelling ape, with feet that have degenerated into a kind of hands, is that no trace whatever has been discovered of a creature possessing intermediate characters on the way between the tree-climbing handlike foot with opposable thumb and the true human walking foot. (This point will be more fully considered later in connexion with Dr. Wood-Jones' recent criticism of the ape-ancestry theory from the standpoint of anatomy.) The famous *Pithecanthropus erectus* may have had only a small brain, but: "In stature, shape, and weight of body, *Pithecanthropus* was human," as Dr. Keith says in *The Antiquity of Man*, p. 261, and no link between the bodily structure of *Pithecanthropus* and the four-handed ape is known.

In considering the significance of the Table of periods and types we may disregard the Neolithic and modern races, for there is no dispute about them, merely remarking, in the words of H. P. Blavatsky, that "Neolithic man was the forerunner of the great Aryan invasion and immigrated from . . . Asia, and in a measure North Africa."

With the Aurignacians we reach a people of special interest, for they were, as before mentioned, a highly-developed people who have passed down some of their characteristics to the present day. Professor H. F. Osborn, in *Men of the Old Stone Age* and elsewhere, tells many striking

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things about this extraordinary race, some of whose blood runs in our veins. Speaking of the Aurignacians, whose skeletons have been found at Cro-Magnon in France:

"The Cro-Magnons were one of the finest races that ever lived, superior in mental capacity to the average European, tall and finely proportioned. The average Cro-Magnon was 5 feet 10 inches tall and some of the men found at Grimaldi, Italy, measured 6 feet 4 inches. . . . They were one of the finest races the world has ever seen, as well as one of the most artistic, deeply religious. . . . The extraordinary cave art left by the Cro-Magnons is one of the marvels of recent archaeology. Suffice it to say that it cannot be explained how those early artists obtained sufficient light to see what they were doing, when some of the paintings escape attention of the explorers under an acetylene lamp, and when it is probable that primitive stone lamps were the only means of illumination. Certainly the Cro-Magnons had a strong art instinct, a love of art for art's sake, not unlike that which inspired the early Greeks. Indeed they may be called the Palaeolithic Greeks."

Without the key given by the knowledge of Atlantis, whose ancient culture they faintly reflected, and from which their unknown ancestors originally came, though by a very roundabout route, it is impossible to explain their origin or characteristics. Dr. Osborn feels this difficulty, for he says:

"The sudden appearance in Europe at least 25,000 years ago [far more, according to Theosophy] of a human race with a high order of brain power and ability was not a leap forward, but the effect of a long process of evolution elsewhere. When the prehistoric archaeology of eastern Europe and Asia has been investigated we may obtain some light upon this antecedent development. . . . That this mind [similar to our own] of the Upper Palaeolithic race was of a kind capable of a high degree of education we entertain no doubt whatever because of the very advanced order of brain which it developed in the higher members of the ancient races; in fact, it may be fairly assumed from experiences in the education of existing races of much lower brain capacity such as the Eskimo or Fuegian. The emergence of such a mind from the mode of life of the Old Stone Age is one of the greatest mysteries of psychology and history."

Dr. Osborn believes that we can find direct descendants of the Cro-Magnons among the inhabitants of the Dordogne Valley in South-eastern France. He says those contemporary French people

"are not degenerate at all, but keen and alert of mind. . . . [They] agree with but one other type of men known to anthropologists, namely, the ancient Cro-Magnon race. The geographical evidence that here in Dordogne we have to do with the survivors of the real Cro-Magnon race seems to be sustained by a comparison of the prehistoric skulls found at Cro-Magnon, Laugerie, Basse, and elsewhere in Dordogne, with the heads of the types of today. . . . If the people of Dordogne are veritable survivors of the Cro-Magnons of the Upper Palaeolithic, they certainly represent the oldest living race in western Europe, and is it not extremely significant that the most primitive language in Europe, that of the Basques of the northern Pyrenees, is spoken near by, only 200 miles to the southwest? Is there possibly a connection between the original language of the Cro-Magnons, a race which once crowded the region of the Cantabrian Mountains and the Pyrenees, and the existing agglutinative language of the Basques, which is totally different from all the European tongues? . . . The geographical extension of this race was once very much wider than it is today. . . . Verneau considers it was the type prevailing among the extinct Guanches of the Canary Islands."

H. P. Blavatsky has something apposite to say about these Guanches:

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"According to Farrar [*Families of Speech*] the 'isolated language' of the Basques has no affinities with the other languages of Europe, but with 'the aboriginal languages of the vast opposite continent [America] and those alone.' Professor Broca is also of the same opinion. . . .

"The Guanches of the Canary Islands were lineal descendants of the Atlanteans. This fact will account for the *great stature* evidenced by their old skeletons, as well as by those of their European congeners, the Cro-Magnon Palaeolithic men."— *Secret Doctrine*, II, 790-1

"The 'mysterious' affinity between their tongue [Basque] and that of the Dravidian races of India will be understood by those who have followed our outline of continental formations and shiftings. . . . If, then, Basques and Cro-Magnon Cave-Men are of the same race as the Canarese Guanches, it follows that the former are also allied to the aborigines of America. This is the conclusion which the independent researches of Retzius, Virchow, and de Quatrefages necessitate. The *Atlantean affinities* of these three types become patent."— *Ibid.*, p. 790-2

"Fine races were many of these European cave-men; the Cro-Magnon, for instance. But, as was to be expected, *progress is almost non-existent* through the whole of the vast period allotted by Science to the Chipped-Stone Age. *The cyclic impulse downwards* weighs heavily on the stocks thus transplanted — the incubus of the *Atlantean Karma* is upon them."

— *Ibid.*, II, 740

Returning to our Table, a group of five Mousterian names will be noticed immediately preceding the Aurignacians. These are all of the 'Neanderthal' type and are of special interest to students of Theosophy for several reasons, particularly on account of the change in opinion that has taken place in regard to their place in pre-history. They had heavy, receding jaws, slouching gesture, clumsy gait, and their foreheads were marked by tremendous gorilla-like eyebrow ridges. Their knees were bent, their necks very thick, and their heads were thrust forward. But they had *large brains*, equal to or exceeding those of modern man, though the general conformation was apelike to a certain degree. Still, as Dr. Keith remarks:

"Further, in size of brain Neanderthal man was not a low form. His skill as a flint artisan shows that his abilities were not of a low order. He had fire at his command, he buried his dead, he had a distinctive and highly evolved form of culture — Neanderthal man was certainly 'not a dawn form of humanity.'"— *Antiquity of Man*, p. 169.

It is an axiom in embryological science that the developing form runs rapidly through the main stages of its ancestral genealogy as it grows from the first protoplasmic speck to adulthood. What we find in infancy or childhood represents, however incompletely, the condition of the species in former ages. If, therefore, we find the younger specimens of a human race more advanced in bodily structure than the adults, we ought to infer that the race in question had declined from a higher condition. According to the discoveries of children's and youths' skulls of the Neanderthal race this was the case with them, though, singularly, Dr. Keith does not draw the inevitable conclusion that the Neanderthals were the representatives of a higher Atlantean race traveling downhill to extinction. Dr. Keith says:

"Krapina (Croatia) provided, for the first time, an opportunity of studying the children and the youth of this strange species of man. As is well known, there is a close superficial

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resemblance between the skulls of man and anthropoid ape during infancy and childhood. The brutal and distinguishing features appear on the ape's skull during the years of growth; the human skull during that period changes to a less degree. Hence it is not surprising to find that the children at Krapina were in form of head and face more like men of the modern type than is the case with their parents. The great simian eyebrow ridges assume their massive size and characteristic Neanderthal form at maturity."— *Ibid.*, p. 134.

This is strong evidence of the descent of both anthropoids and Neanderthals from earlier and more 'modern' or intellectual races.

Considering the strong impression Darwinism made upon the scientific world, it is not remarkable that the discovery of the Neanderthals was received as a conclusive proof of evolution from the ape. Here was a real link, a race with many simian characters, yet human. Pictures and articles were widely disseminated to impress the idea that these 'primitive men' were not very long ago our ancestors. But a change has come about within the last few years, and now it is agreed that that extraordinary race, however interesting and unique, must be disregarded in the search for the real ancestors of modern man, for it was wiped out by the incoming of the Aurignacians, who did not intermingle with the Neanderthals but supplanted them. A few families may have lingered on in isolated spots, for there have been a few modern persons found with heads resembling the Neanderthal type. From what we learn about some of these it seems possible that the Neanderthals were after all not such barbarians. The great French anthropologist, de Quatrefages, writes:

"The epithets *brutal* and *simian*, too often applied to the Neanderthal cranium, and to those which resemble it, the conjectures made with regard to the individuals to whom they belonged, might lead us to think that a certain moral and intellectual inferiority was naturally connected with this form of cranium. It can easily be shown that this conclusion rests upon a most worthless foundation.

"At the Paris Congress, M. Vogt quoted the example of one of his friends . . . whose cranium exactly recalls that of Neanderthal, and who is nevertheless a highly distinguished lunacy doctor. . . . The skull of St. Mancuy, Bishop of Toul, even exaggerates some of the most striking features of the Neanderthal cranium. The forehead is still more receding, the vault more depressed . . . the skull of Bruce, the Scottish hero, is also a reproduction of the Canstadt type."— *The Human Species*.

Before leaving the Neanderthals, it is important to mention what H. P. Blavatsky said about them in *The Secret Doctrine*, published in 1888, long before scientists imagined they were an independent extinct race, and when they supposed they were our comparatively recent ancestors. After quoting Mr. Edward Clodd's remark about the Neanderthals, "Whence they come we cannot tell, and 'their grave no man knoweth to this day,' " she says:

"Besides the possibility that there may be men who *know* whence they came and how they perished — it is not true to say that the Palaeolithic men, or their fossils, are all found with 'small brains.' . . . There are aboriginal tribes in India whose brains are far smaller and nearer to that of the ape than any hitherto found among the skulls of Palaeolithic man."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 686, footnote 1441

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That H. P. Blavatsky had excellent reasons for knowing anthropological facts quite unknown and unsuspected thirty years ago by the most learned and brilliant exponents of the subject in Europe, is proved by her remark about the Neanderthals, which is in perfect harmony with the very recent conclusions of modern science based upon the new discoveries of human remains which we must consider next. She says, writing in 1888, or earlier:

"We are made also to face the 'mammoth age'. . . in which the great rudeness of implements reaches its maximum, and the *brutal* (?) appearance of contemporary skulls, such as the Neanderthal, points to a very low type of Humanity. But they may sometimes point also to something besides; *to a race of men quite distinct from our (Fifth Race) Humanity.*"

— *Ibid.*, p. 724 (Italics ours)

Now listen to Dr. Keith in 1915, telling of the recently adopted theory:

"Thus we see that, in the Mousterian period, in the middle Pleistocene age, when the middle of the 50-foot terrace was being laid down in the Thames valley, Europe was inhabited by a peculiar race of mankind — of quite different type from the races which now populate it. This race spread from Gibraltar in the South to Weimar in the North, from Croatia in the East to Jersey in the West. . . . A survey of the characters of Neanderthal man — as manifested by his skeleton, brain cast, and teeth — have convinced anthropologists of two things: first, that we are dealing with a form of man totally different from any form now living; and secondly, that the kind of difference far exceeds that which separates the most divergent of modern races. . . . The most marvelous aspect of the problem raised by the recognition of Neanderthal man as a distinct type is his apparently sudden disappearance. He is replaced, with the dawn of the Aurignacian period, by men of the same type as now occupy Europe. . . . He suddenly appears in Europe — from whence, future investigations may disclose; the one thing we are now certain of is that he was not suddenly converted into the modern type of man."— *Antiquity of Man*, pp. 135, 136, 158.

As far, then, as we have penetrated into long-vanished periods of time, the records present us with strictly intelligent and modern types of mankind leading back to and including the artistic and handsome Cro-Magnons and other Aurignacians; and before them to a Europe inhabited for an immense time by the strange Neanderthal people, who bear many marks of degeneration. No blending is found between the Neanderthals and the Aurignacians who supplanted them quickly and completely. Research has not traced our direct ancestry a step beyond the Aurignacians, who, although they lived so very long ago, would not be remarked as in any way unusual if they reappeared as the offspring of a modern French family.

What, then, about the next group in our Table, the Chellean and Acheulean, including the famous 'Galley Hill' Englishman of the Thames Valley? From the Darwinian point of view it might be expected that these types, immensely older than the brutal-looking Neanderthals according to general belief, would be the real 'missing links,' very near to the anthropoid ape, and quite removed from any resemblance to modern man in structure, size of brain, or shape of skull. Perhaps they might have an approach



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to an ape's foot with an opposable thumb! We find nothing of the kind, however. Dr. Keith says:

"The skeleton [of the Galley Hill man] does not show a single feature which can be called Neanderthaloid, nor any simian feature which is not also to be seen in the skeletons of men of the modern type. The Galley Hill man represents no strange species of mankind; he belongs to the same type as modern man. . . . In size, in the richness of its convolutions, the brain of the Galley Hill man does not fall short of the average man of today."—*Ibid.*, p. 185

Similar statements are made about the rest of this class, but it would take too long to quote them, and it is not necessary. The essential point to observe is that at a period reckoned by Dr. Keith (whose tendency is rather to underestimate than to over-estimate time-periods) at "between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand years before our own time at least," during the Acheulean and Chellean periods of the Pleistocene which comprised at least a hundred thousand years between them, ancient river deposits "from one side of Europe to the other have revealed the same story — the existence of a man, a mere variant of modern man." During all that time no trace of Neanderthal or any other brutalized man is found. Again we must quote Dr. Keith:

"How are we to account for this unexpected revelation? There are two ways: we may . . . simply refuse to believe in the authenticity of these discoveries because they run so contrary to our preconception of how and when modern man was evolved. Or, with Sergi and Rutot, we may put our preconceptions aside, and, as we are bound to do, accept the revelations of those discoverers as facts, and alter our conception of man's evolution to harmonize with the facts. We have, in the first place, to conclude that man of the modern type is much older than we supposed. We expected to find him in a process of evolution during the Pleistocene period, but we have traversed more than half that period and find our own species much as we find him at the present day. It is clear that we must seek for his evolution at an earlier time than the Pleistocene. Neanderthal man is a different and very primitive species of man . . . an intruder when he entered Europe at a late stage of the mid-Pleistocene period. Further, we have to take a more complex view of the world of ancient man. In our first youthful burst of Darwinism we pictured our evolution as a simple procession of forms leading from ape to man. Each age, as it passed, transformed the men of the time one stage nearer to us — one more distant from the ape. The true picture is very different. We have to conceive an ancient world in which the family of mankind was broken up into narrow groups or genera, each genus being again divided into a number of species. . . . Then out of that great welter of forms one species became the dominant form, and ultimately the sole surviving one — the species represented by the modern races of mankind."—*Ibid.*, p. 209

The last two sentences are, as far as they go, in agreement with Theosophical teachings.

In the next chapter we will resume the study of our Table with the famous *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the 'primitive' man of Java.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**T has been characteristic of nineteenth-century scientific thought to represent the universe as a mechanism which moves itself, like an engine running without steam; and while science will scoff at the idea of perpetual motion — a dynamo turned by the electric motor for which it generates current — this nevertheless represents the idea which scientists have too often entertained as to the universe. The same idea has been reflected upon history: the human race produces geniuses, and the geniuses promote the progress of the human race: which is a vicious circle, a perpetual motion. But if a machine is to continue running, against a loss of energy by friction and work done, energy must be supplied to it from without; wherefore logic must always admit the existence of the spiritual behind the physical, the invisible behind the visible. And if geniuses do indeed inspire the human race, they cannot be held to draw the energy which they impart from the source to which they impart it.

A genius, therefore, must be a person inspired from a source behind and above the phenomenal world; one who brings into the world of men and events an energy derived from a superior source.

What is that source? Is it not the immortal Soul of man himself, which incarnates from age to age in many successive bodily forms, garnering wisdom and experience and thus building up a mighty character? Are not geniuses great Souls of men who have progressed to the point where it behooves them to become helpers of humanity?

In reviewing the great and rapid changes that have lately come over our ideas, we can trace them back to a genius of the end of last century, H. P. Blavatsky, whose teachings, as set forth in her books, can be seen to be the origin and basis of these changes in thought. The whole world of ideas has been thus profoundly modified, whether scientific, philosophical, or religious; and, though the leaven, in its working, has here and there produced some strange growths, its main purport has been on the whole accomplished.

Among those who are active workers in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are a few whose memory goes back to the days when H. P. Blavatsky lived and worked among us, who were her pupils, and to whom therefore the drama of the Theosophical Movement is very real. The present writer made his first acquaintance with Theosophy in the year 1887, through coming across one of the few Theosophical

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books that were extant in those days; and he lost no time in studying the other books and in visiting H. P. Blavatsky herself. It was within a year of her last visit to London, after previous years of work in the United States, India, and continental Europe. Residing with a small circle of friends and helpers in a little villa at the west end of London, she was engaged in launching a literary campaign. For it was during those years that she founded her magazine, *Lucifer*, and wrote and published the *Secret Doctrine*, the *Key to Theosophy*, and the *Voice of the Silence*. Never was anyone more wholly devoted to the work to be done; never was character more unselfish. She labored all day and every day at these literary tasks; and when we remember that she had but an imperfect knowledge of English and but slight acquaintance with literary methods, we can but wonder all the more at the marvelous knowledge and erudition displayed in the *Secret Doctrine*. One who is wholly devoted to an unselfish work, and can command the infinite power of faith and trust, is able to exercise the faculties of the mind to their fullest capacity, and thus to achieve what to many appears 'miraculous.'

In the evenings H. P. Blavatsky held receptions and was visited by interested and earnest inquirers of every class, including many eminent persons. In these gatherings her energy of temperament, vivacity of manner, wide culture, and great social gifts, made her the soul of the conversation, in which she spoke fluently in English, French, or Russian, as occasion demanded. The writer had the privilege of reading the *Voice of the Silence* in her original manuscript, which one evening was placed in his hands by its author for his perusal.

It was in 1888 that H. P. Blavatsky, acting on a suggestion from William Q. Judge (her most valued pupil, the Leader of the Theosophical Society in America, and afterwards her successor), founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, for the more intimate instruction of such pupils as were willing to devote themselves more thoroughly to the work of Theosophy.

Although inquirers were for the most part attracted by curiosity, intellectual interest, or some form of personal ambition; and although the Teacher, in pursuance of a necessary policy, scattered liberally the seeds of knowledge intrusted to her, yet she was ever on the watch for the signs of a truer devotion to an unselfish cause. And when even the smallest of such signs was manifested, she was prompt to meet it with the offer of her services as a Teacher of the wisdom that leads to emancipation from illusion and the snares of self. Such pupils discovered that the mission of Theosophy is not to satisfy intellectual curiosity or personal ambition, or to form a mere coterie of students or a religious sect or a mystic fraternity, but to accomplish a great work for humanity.

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The title which she chose for her magazine — *Lucifer* — excited considerable comment, as it was expected to do; for it was a challenge. Lucifer means 'Light-Bringer'; its planetary emblem is the morning star which heralds the birth of day; in mythology Lucifer is the divinity that ministers between Olympus and earth. Like Prometheus he stands for the higher aspect of the human mind, which receives light from the divine source in human nature and transmits it to the understanding. But by some perversion the name had come to denote a devil, a fallen angel; and this perversion in nomenclature was regarded by H. P. Blavatsky as the symbol of a similar perversion in theological notions. Why should the Light-Bringer be regarded as a rebel angel, or why should the beneficent trials of initiation be misrepresented by the word 'temptation'? Man has not to fear the light of knowledge; he has only to separate knowledge from delusion, and then it becomes a lamp unto his feet. So she named her magazine *Lucifer*, the Light-Bringer, as a sign that Theosophy challenged all obscurantism and dogma and bigotry.

It is truly a most remarkable fact — one that defies adequate realization, as memory recalls the details — that there should be such a personality, with such a mission, in the heart of a monstrous wilderness of city, the very ultimate manifestation of modern materialistic civilization; and the sense of contrast strikes the mind forcibly, as one remembers that tiny oasis in the midst of the smoke and grime of that teeming desert. It is truly remarkable that a human life should contain such a marvelous incident as the contact with this great teacher and the privilege of being her pupil. Personality is a marvelous little thing, but the Teacher showed us that it no more makes the man than do his clothes. She set our feet on the path to a greater self-realization.

Thus one may be said to have been present at the making of history, for this time will reckon as an era in our future retrospect.

The keynote of H. P. Blavatsky's earlier life was a determined resolve to discover reality in a world where all seemed to be sham and doubt. We hear people today despairing whether truth can ever be found, or even whether there is such a thing as truth at all — so disheartened and confused have they become. But it can be found by those who love it enough to dare for it. Our task is not so hard, for the pioneer has blazed the track before our feet. We have found, in the intimate study of life, in ourselves and others, a verification of the grand old truths of Theosophy which she reintroduced to the world; and whatever tribulation we may encounter in our pilgrimage through the valleys of delusion, we never lose sight of the faith in an inviolable Law of Justice at the root of all life.

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

### XIII: MANG THE PHILOSOPHER, AND BUTTERFLY CHWANG

**L**IEHTSE'S tale of the Dream and the Deer leads me naturally to this characteristic bit from Chwangtse:—\*  
“Once upon a time, I, Chwangtse, dreamed I was a butterfly fluttering hither and thither; to all intents and purposes a veritable butterfly. I followed my butterfly fancies, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, a man again. Now how am I to know whether I was then Chwangtse dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am Chwang?”

— For which reason he is, says Dr. Giles, known to this day as “Butterfly Chwang”; and the name is not all inappropriate. He flits from fun to philosophy, and from philosophy to fun, as if they were dark rose and laughing pansy; when he has you in the gravest depths of wisdom and metaphysic, he will not be content till with a flirt of his wings and an aspect gravely solemn he has you in fits of laughter again. His is really a book that belongs to world-literature: as good reading for us now, as for any ancient Chinaman of them all. I think he worked more strenuously in the field of sheer intellect — stirred the thought-stuff more — than most other Chinese thinkers,— and so is more akin to the Western mind: he carves his cerebrations more definitely, and leaves less to the intuition. The great lack in him is his failure to appreciate Confucius; and to explain that, before I go further with Butterfly Chwang, I shall take a glance at the times he lived in.

They were out of joint when Confucius came; they were a couple of centuries more so now. Still more was the Tiger stalking abroad: there were two or three tigers in particular, among the Great Powers, evidently crouching for a spring — that should settle things. Time was building the funeral pyre for the Phoenix, and building it of the débris of ruined worlds. In the early sixth century, the best minds were retiring in disgust to the wilds; — you remember the anchorite's rebuke to Tse Lu. But now they were all coming from their retirement — the most active minds, whether the best or not — to shout their nostrums and

\*Which, like nearly all the other passages from him in this lecture, is quoted from Dr. H. A. Giles's *Chinese Literature*, in the Literatures of the World series; New York, Appleton.

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make confusion worse confounded. All sorts of socialisms were in the air, raucously bellowed by would-be reformers. A "loud barbarian from the south" (as Mencius called him — I do not know who he was) was proclaiming that property should be abolished, and all goods held in common. One Yang Chu was yelling universal egoism: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Against him, one Mo Ti had been preaching universal altruism;— but I judge, not too sensibly, and without appeal to philosophy or mysticism. Thought of all kinds was in a ferment, and the world filled with the confused noise of its expression; clear voices were needed, to restate the message of the Teachers of old.

Then Mencius arose to speak for Confucius in this China so much further progressed along the Gadarene Road. A strong and brilliant man, he took the field strongly and brilliantly, and filled the courts of dukes and kings with a roll of Confucian drums. Confucius, as I have tried to show you, had all Mysticism divinely behind and backing him, though he said little about it; Mencius, I think, had none. Mencius remade a Confucius of his own, with the mystical elements lacking. He saw in him only a social reformer and teacher of ethics; and it is the easiest thing in the world to see Confucius only through Mencian spectacles.

I would not fall into the mistake of undervaluing Mencius. He was a very great man; and the work he did for China was enormous, and indispensable. You may call him something between the St. Paul and the Constantine of Confucianism. Unlike Constantine, he was not a sovereign, to establish the system; but he hobnobbed with sovereigns, and never allowed them to think him their inferior; and it was he who made of Confucianism a system that could be established. Unlike St. Paul, he did not develop the inner side of his Master's teachings; but he so popularized them as to ensure their triumph. He took the ideas of Confucius, such of them as lay within his own statesmanlike and practical scope of vision, restated and formulated them, and made of them what became the Chinese Constitution. A brave and honest thinker, essentially a man of action in thought, he never consciously deteriorated or took away from Confucius' doctrine. It is more as if some great President or Prime Minister, at some future time, should suddenly perceive that H. P. Blavatsky had brought that which would save his nation; and proceed to apply that saving thing, as best he might, in the field of practical politics and reform — or rather to restate it in such a way that (according to his view) it might be applied.

He put the constituent parts of society in order of importance as follows: the People; the Gods; the Sovereign: and this has been a cardinal principle in Chinese polity. He saw clearly that the Chow

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dynasty could never be revived; and arrived at the conclusion that a dynasty was only sacred while it retained the "mandate of Heaven." Chow had lost that; and therefore it was within the rights of Heaven, as you may say, to place its mandate elsewhere;— and within the rights of the subject — as the logic of events so clearly proved Chow had lost the mandate — to rebel. Confucius had hoped to revivify Chow — had begun with that hope, at any rate; Mencius hoped to raise up some efficient sovereign who should overturn Chow. The Right of Rebellion, thus taught by him, is another fundamental Chinese principle. It works this way: if there was discontent, there was misrule; and it was the fault of the ruler. If the latter was a local magistrate, or a governor, prefect, or viceroy, you had but to make a demonstration, normally speaking, before his yamen: this was technically a 'rebellion' within Mencius' meaning: and the offending authority must report it to Pekin, which then commonly replaced him with another. (It would get to Pekin's ears anyway; so you had better — and usually did — report it yourself.) If the offender was the Sôn of Heaven, with all his dynasty involved — why, then one had to rebel in good earnest; and it was to be supposed that if Heaven had really given one a mandate, one would win. The effect was that, although nominally absolute, very few emperors have dared or cared to fly quite in the face of Confucius, of Mencius, of their religio-political system, of the Board of Censors whose business it was to criticize the Throne, and of a vast public opinion.

There was the tradition an emperor ruled for the people. The office of ruler was divine; the man that held it was kept an impersonality as much as possible. He changed his name on coming to the throne, and perhaps several times afterwards: thus we speak of the great Emperors Han Wuti and Tang Taitsong; who might, however, be called more exactly, Liu Ch'e, who was emperor during the period *Wuti* of the Han Dynasty; Li Shihmin, who filled the throne during the T'ang period called *Taitsong*. Again, there was the great idea, Confucio-Mencian, that the Son of Heaven must be 'compliant': leading rather than driving. He promulgated edicts, but they were never rigidly enforced; a certain voluntarism was allowed as to the carrying out of them: if one of them was found unsuccessful, or not to command popular approval, another could be — and was — issued to modify or change it. So that the whole system was far removed from what we think of as an 'Oriental Despotism'; on the contrary, there was always a large measure of freedom and self-government. You began with the family: the head of that was its ruler, and responsible for order in his little realm. But he governed by consent and affection, not by force. Each village-community was self-governing; the headman in it taking the place of the father in the

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family; he was responsible for order, so it was his business to keep the people happy;— and the same principle was extended to fit the province, the viceroyalty, the empire. Further, there was the absence of any aristocracy or privileged class; and the fact that all offices were open to all Chinamen (actors excepted) — the sole key to open it being merit, as attested by competitive examinations.

The system is Mencian; the inspiration behind it from Confucius. It is the former's working out of the latter's superb idea of the *li*.

The Mencian system has broken down, and been abolished. It had grown old, outworn and corrupt. But it was established a couple of centuries before that of Augustus, and has been subject to the same stress of time and the cycles; and only broke down the other day. Time will wear out anything made by man. There is no garment, but the body will out-grow or out-wear it; no body, but the soul will outlive it and cast it away. Mencius, inspired by his Master Confucius, projected a system that time took two thousand years and more to wear out in China. It was one that did much or everything to shield the people from tyranny. Whether a better system has been devised, I do not know; but should say not — in historical times. As to the inspiration behind it — well, lest you should doubt the value of Confucius, compare the history of Europe with that of China. We have disproportioned ideas, and do not see these things straight. The Chinese Empire was founded some two centuries before the Roman: both composed of heterogeneous elements. Both, after about four centuries, fell; but China, after about four centuries more, came together and was great again. Fifteen hundred years after Ts'in Shi Hwangti had founded China, her manvantara then having ended, and her whole creative cycle run through, she fell to the Mongols. Fifteen hundred years after Julius Caesar had founded his empire, the last wretched remnant of it fell to the Turks. But China first compelled her conquerors to behave like Chinamen, and then, after a century, turned them out. The Turks never became Greek or Roman, and so far have not quite been turned out. The Roman Empire disappeared, and never reunited; — that is what has been the matter with Europe ever since. Europe, in her manvantara, has wasted three parts of her creative force in wars and disunion. But China, even in her pralaya, became a strong, united power again under the Mings (1368-1644) — the first of them — a native dynasty. Conquered again, now by the Manchus, she made her conquerors behave like Chinamen,— imposed on them her culture;— and went forth under their banners to conquer. The European pralaya (630-1240) was a time barren of creation in art and literature, and in life utterly squalid and lightless. The Chinese pralaya, after the Mongol



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Conquest, took a very long time to sink into squalidity. The arts, which had died in Europe long before Rome fell, lived on in China, though with ever-waning energy, through the Mongol and well into the Ming time: the national stability, the force of custom, was there to carry them on. What light, what life, what vigor was there in Rome or Constantinople a century and a half after Alaric or Heraclius? But Ming Yunglo, a century and a half after the fall of Sung, reigned in great splendor; sent his armies conquering to the Caspian, and his navies to the conquest of Ceylon, the discovery of Africa, the gathering in of the tribute of the Archipelago and the shores of the Indian Ocean. Until the end of the eighteenth century the minor arts and crafts — pottery and bronzes — of which there was nothing to speak of in Europe in the corresponding European age — were flourishing wonderfully; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under Kanghi and Kienlung, China was once more a great military power. She chased and whipped the Goorkhas down through the Himâlayas and into India, only twenty years before England fought difficult and doubtful campaigns with those fierce little mountaineers. You may even say she has been better off in her pralaya, in many ways, and until recently, than most of Europe has been in most of *her* manvantara. In Kienlung's reign, for example, (1735-1795) there were higher standards of life, more security, law, and order, than in the Europe of Catherine of Russia, Frederick the Great, Louis XV and the Revolution, and the English Georges. There was far less ferment of the Spirit, true; less possibility of progress;— but that is merely to say that China was in pralaya, Europe in high manvantara. The explanation is that a stability had been imparted to that Far Eastern civilization, which Europe has lacked altogether: whose history, for all its splendid high-lights, has had thousands of hideous shadows; has not been so noble a thing as we tacitly and complacently assume; but a long record of wars, confusions, disorder, and cruelties, with only dawning now the possibility of that union which is the first condition of true progress, as distinguished from the riot of material inventions and political experiments that has gone by that name. — But now, back to Mencius again.

In all things he tried to follow Confucius; beginning early by being born in the latter's own district of Tsow in Shantung, and having a woman in ten thousand for his mother;— she has been the model held up to all Chinese mothers since. He grew up strong in body and mind, thoughtful and fearless; a tireless student of history, poetry, national institutions, and the lives of great men. Like Confucius, he opened a school, and gathered disciples about him; but there was never the bond of love here, that there had been between Confucius and Tse Lu, Yen Huy,

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and the others. These may have heard from their Master the pure deep things of Theosophy; one would venture the statement that none of Mencius' following heard the like from him. He saw in Confucius that which he himself was fitted to be, and set out to become. He went from court to court, and everywhere, as a great scholar, was received with honor. (You will note as one more proof of an immemorial culture, that then, as now, the scholar, as such, was at the very top of the social scale. There was but one word for *scholar* and *official*.) — He proposed, like Confucius, that some king should make him his minister; and like Confucius, he was always disappointed. But in him we come on none of the soft lights and tones that endear Confucius to us; he fell far short of being Such a One. A clear, bold mind, without *atmosphere*, with all its lines sharply defined . . . he made free to lecture the great ones of the earth, and was very round with them, even ridiculing them at his pleasure. He held the field for Confucius — not the Taoist, but the Mencian Confucius — against all comers; smote Yang Chu the Egotist hip and thigh; smote gentle Mo Ti, the Altruist; preached fine and practical ethics; and had no patience with those dreamers of the House of Laotse. — A man sent from the Gods, I should say, to do a great work; even though —

And then there was that dreamer of dreams, of Butterfly dreams,— subtle mystical humorous Chwangtse: how could it be otherwise than that clear-minded clarion-throated Philosopher Mang should afford him excellent play? Philosopher Mang (Philosopher of the Second Class, so officially entitled), in the name of his Master K'ung Ch'iu, fell foul of Dreamer Chwang; how could it be otherwise than that Dreamer Chwang should aim his shafts, not at Mang merely, but (alas!) at the one whose name was always on Mang's lips? — "Confucius says, Confucius says, Confucius says —" cries Philosopher Mang. — "Oh hang your Confucius!" thinks Chwang the Mystic; "let us have a little of the silence and splendor of the Within!" (Well, Confucius would have said the same thing, I think.) "Let me tell you a tale," says Chwang; and straight goes forward with it.

"It was the time of the autumn floods. Every stream poured into the river, which swelled in its turbid course. The banks were so far apart that from one to the other you could not tell a cow from a horse.

"Then the Spirit of the River laughed for joy that all the beauty of the earth was gathered to himself. Down with the current he journeyed east, until he reached the Ocean. There looking eastward, and seeing no limit to its expanse of waves, his countenance changed. As he gazed out, he sighed, and said to the Spirit of the Ocean: 'A vulgar proverb

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says that he who has heard but a part of the truth thinks no one equal to himself. Such a one am I.

“ ‘When formerly I heard people detracting from the learning of Confucius, or underrating the heroism of Po I, I did not believe. But now that I have looked on your inexhaustibility — alas for me had I not reached your abode! I should have been forever a laughing-stock to those of comprehensive enlightenment.’

“To which the Spirit of the Ocean answered: ‘You cannot speak of ocean to a well-frog,— the creature of a narrower sphere. You cannot speak of ice to a summer insect,— the creature of a season. You cannot speak of Tao to a pedant; his scope is too restricted. But now that you have emerged from your narrow sphere, and have seen the great sea, you know your own insignificance, and I can speak of great principles.

“ ‘Have you never heard of the Frog of the Old Well? The Frog said to the Turtle of the Eastern Sea, “Happy indeed am I! I hop on the rail around the well. I rest in the hollow of some broken brick. Swimming, I gather the water under my arms and shut my mouth tight. I plunge into the mud, burying my feet and toes. Not one of the cockles, crabs, or tadpoles I see around me is my match. Why do you not come, Sir, and pay me a visit?”

“ ‘Now the Turtle of the Eastern Sea had not got its left leg down ere its right leg had stuck fast, so it shrank back and begged to be excused. It then described the sea, saying, “A thousand leagues would not measure its breadth, nor a thousand fathoms its depth. In the days of Yü the Great there were nine years of flood out of ten; but this did not add to its contents. In the days of T’ang there were seven years of drought out of eight, but this did not narrow its span. Not to be affected by volume of water, not to be affected by duration of time — this is the happiness of the Eastern Sea.” At this the Frog of the Old Well was considerably astonished, and knew not what to say next. And for one whose knowledge does not reach to the positive-negative domain the attempt to understand me is like a mosquito trying to carry a mountain, or an ant to swim the Yellow River,— they cannot succeed.’ ”

If Chwangtse had lived before Mencius, or Mencius after Chwangtse, Chwangtse could have afforded to see Confucius in his true light, as Liehtse did; but the power and influence of the mind of Mencius were such that in his time there was no looking at the Master except through his glasses. We do not know what happened when Laotse and Confucius met; but I suspect it was very like what happened when Mr. Judge met Madame Blavatsky. But Butterfly Chwang, the rascal, undertook to let us know; and wrote it out in full. He knew well enough what would happen if he met Mencius; and took that as his model. He wanted

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Mencius to know it too. He itched to say to him, "Put away, Sir, your flashy airs," and the rest; and so made Laotse say it to Confucius. It shows how large Philosopher Mang had come to loom, that anyone could attribute "flashy airs" to that great-hearted simple Gentleman K'ung Ch'iu. One thing only I believe in about that interview: Confucius' reputed speech on coming forth from it to his disciples:—"There is the Dragon: I do not know how he mounts upon the wind and rises above the clouds. Today I have seen Laotse, and can only compare him to the Dragon." He *would have said* that; it has definite meaning; the Dragon was the symbol of the Spirit, and so universally recognised. — Confucius appears to have taken none of his disciples into the Library; and Confucianist writers have had nothing to say about the incident, except that it occurred, I believe. Chwangtse, and all Taoist writers after him, show Confucius taking his rating very quietly;—as indeed, he would have done, had Laotse been in a mood for quizzing. For Confucius never argued or pressed his opinions; where his words were not asked for and listened to, he retired. But it is not possible the recognition should have been other than mutual: the great Laotse would have known a Man when he saw him. I like the young imperturbable K'ung Jung, precocious ten-year-old of some seven centuries later. His father took him up to the capital when the Dragon Statesman Li Ying was at the height of his power; and the boy determined on gaining an interview with Li. He got admission to the latter's house by claiming blood-relationship. Asked by the great man wherein it lay, says he very sweetly: "Your ancestor Laotse and my ancestor Confucius were friends engaged in the search for truth; may we not then be said to be of the same family?" — "Cleverness in youth," sneered a bystander, "does not mean brilliancy in later life." — "You, Sir," says Ten-years-old, turning to him, "must have been a very remarkable boy." \*

The truth is, both Mencius and Chwangtse stood a step lower and nearer this world than had the two they followed: whose station had been on the level platform at the top of the altar. But Mencius descending had gone eastward; Chwangtse towards the west.

He was all for getting at the Mean, the Absolute Life, beyond the pairs of opposites;—which is, indeed, the central Chinese thought, Confucian or Taoist, the *raison d'être* of Chinese longevity, and the saving health of China. But unfortunately he — Chwangtse — did not see that his own opposite, Philosopher Mang, was driving him an inch or two away from the Middle Line. So, with a more brilliant mind (a cant phrase that!) he stands well below Laotse; just as Mencius stands

\*Giles: *Chinese Literature*.

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below K'ung Ch'iu. The spiritual down-breathing had reached a lower plane: soon the manvantara was to begin, and the Crest-Wave to be among the Black-haired People. For all these Teachers and Half-Teachers were but early swallows and forerunners. Laotse and Confucius had caught the wind at its rising, on the peaks where they stood very near the Spirit; Chwangtse and Mangtse caught it in the region of the intellect: the former in his wild valley, the latter on his level prosaic plain. They are both called more daring thinkers than their predecessors; which is merely to say that in them the Spirit figured more on the intellectual, less on its own plane. They were lesser men, of course. Mencius had lost Confucius' spirituality; Chwangtse, I think, something of the sweet sanifying influence of Laotse's universal compassion.

Well, now: three little tales from Chwangtse, to illustrate his wit and daring; and after that, to the grand idea he bequeathed to China.

"Chwangtse one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said: 'Wast thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass? — some statesman who plunged his country in ruin, and perished in the fray? — some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame? — some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?'

"He took the skull home, and slept that night with it under his head for a pillow, and dreamed. The skull appeared to him in his dream, and said: 'You speak well, Sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these things. Would you like to hear about death?'

"Chwangtse answered that he would, and the skull went on:—'In death there is no sovereign above nor subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy.'

"Chwangtse, however, was not convinced, and said: 'Were I to prevail upon God to let your body be born again, and your bones and flesh be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife and to the friends of your youth — would you be willing?'

"At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said: 'How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?'

Here is the famous tale of the Grand Augur and the Pigs:—

"The Grand Augur, in his ceremonial robes, approached the shambles and thus addressed the Pigs:—

"'Why,' said he, 'should you object to die? I shall fatten you for

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three months. I shall discipline myself for ten days and fast for three. I shall strew fine grass, and place you bodily upon a carved sacrificial dish. Does not this satisfy you?

“‘Yet perhaps after all,’ he continued, speaking from the pigs’ point of view, ‘it is better to live on bran and escape the shambles. . . .’

“‘No,’ said he; speaking from his own point of view again. ‘To enjoy honor when alive one would readily die on a war-shield or in the headsman’s basket.’

“So he rejected the pigs’ point of view and clung to his own. In what sense, then, was he different from the pigs?”

— And here, the still more famous tale of the Sacred Tortoise:—

“Chwangtse was fishing in the River P’u when the Prince of Ch’u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration.

“Chwangtse went on fishing, and without turning his head said: ‘I have heard that in Ch’u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years. And that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now if this tortoise had its choice, which would it prefer: to be dead, and have its remains venerated; or to be alive, and wagging its tail in the mud?’

— “‘Sir,’ replied the two officials, ‘it would rather be alive, and wagging its tail in the mud.’

— “‘Begone!’ cried Chwangtse. ‘I too will wag my tail in the mud!’ ”

Well; so much for *Butterfly*; now for *Chwang*— and to introduce you to some of his real thought and teaching. You will not have shot so wide of the mark as to see in his story of the skull traces of pessimism: Chwangtse had none of it; he was a very happy fellow: like the policeman in the poem,

“a merry genial wag  
Who loved a mad conceit.”

But he was by all means and anyhow for preaching the Inner as against the outer. Yet he did not dismiss this world, either, as a vain delusion and sorrowful mockery;— the gist of his teaching is this: that men bear a false relation to the world; and he desired to teach the true relation. He loved the Universe, and had a sublime confidence in it as the embodiment and expression of Tao; and would apply this thought as a solvent to the one false thing in it: the human personality, with its heresy of separateness. Dissolve that,— and it is merely an idea: in the words of a modern philosopher, *all in the mind*,— and you have the one true elixir flowing in your veins, the universal harmony; are part of the solemn and glorious pageant of the years. The motions of

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the heavenly bodies, the sweetness of Spring and the wistfulness of Autumn, flaunting Summer and Winter's beauty of snow — all are parcel of yourself, and within the circle of your consciousness. Often he rises to a high poetic note;— it is largely the supreme beauty of his style which keeps his book, so thoroughly unorthodox, still alive and wagging its tail among his countrymen. Chwangtse will not help you through the examinations: but he is mighty good to read when your days of competing are over;— as I think it is Dr. Giles who says.

Like his contemporary Diogenes, he would have his dead body cast out to the vultures; but the spirit of his wish was by no means cynical. "When Chwangtse was about to die," he writes (anticipating things pleasantly), "his disciples expressed a wish to give him a splendid funeral. But he said: 'With heaven and earth for my coffin and shell, and the sun, moon, and stars for my burial regalia; with all creation to escort me to the grave — is not my funeral already prepared?'"

He speaks of the dangers of externalism, even in the pursuit of virtue; then says: "The man who has harmony within, though he sit motionless like the image of a dead man at a sacrifice, yet his Dragon Self will appear; though he be absorbed in silence, his thunder will be heard; the divine power in him will be at work, and heaven will follow it; while he abides in tranquillity and inaction, the myriads of things and beings will gather under his influence." — "Not to run counter to the natural bias of things," he says, "is to be perfect." It is by this running counter — going against the Law, following our personal desires and so forth,— that we create karma,— give the Universe something to readjust,— and set in motion all our troubles. "He who fully understands this, by storing it within enlarges the heart, and with this enlargement brings all creation to himself. Such a man will bury gold on the hillside, and cast pearls into the sea." — Sink a plummet into that, I beseech you; it is one of the grand utterances of wonder and wisdom. — "He will not struggle for wealth or strive for fame; rejoice over longevity, or grieve at an early death. He will get no elation from success, nor chagrin from failure; he will not account the throne his private gain, nor look on the empire of the world as glory personal. His glory is to know that all things are one, and life and death but phases of the same existence."

Why call that about burying gold and casting pearls into the sea one of the supreme utterances? — Well; Chwangtse has a way of putting a whole essay into a sentence; this is a case in point. We have discussed Natural Magic together many times; we know how the ultimate beauty occurs when something human has flowed out into Nature, and left its mysterious trace there, upon the mountains, or by the river-brink,

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"By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beachéd margent of the sea."

Tu Fu saw in the blues and purples of the morning-glory the colors of the silken garments of the lost poet Ssema Hsiangju, of a thousand years before — that is, of the silken garments of his rich emotion and adventures. China somehow has understood this deep connexion between man and Nature; and that it is human thought molds the beauty and richness, or hideousness and sterility of the world. Are the mountains noble? They store the grandeur and aspirations of eighteen millions of years of mankind. Are the deserts desolate and terrible? It was man made the deserts: not with his hands, but with his thought. Man is the fine workshop and careful laboratory wherein Nature prepares the most wonderful of her wonders. It is an instinct for this truth that makes Chinese poetry the marvel that it is. — So the man of Tao is enriching the natural world: filling the hills with gold, putting pearls in the sea.

I do not know where there is a more pregnant passage than this following,— a better acid (of words) to corrode the desperate metal of selfhood; listen well, for each clause is a volume. "Can one get Tao to possess it for one's own?" asks Chwangtse; and answers himself thus: "Your very body is 'not your own; how then should Tao be? — If my body is not my own, whose is it, pray? — It is the delegated image of God. Your life is not your own; it is the delegated harmony of God. Your individuality is not your own; it is the delegated adaptability of God. Your posterity is not your own; it is the delegated exuviae of God. You move, but know not how; you are at rest, but know not why; you taste, but know not the cause; these are the operations of universal law. How then should you get Tao so as to possess it for your own?"

Now then, I want to take one of those clauses, and try to see what Chwangtse really meant by it. "Your individuality is not your own, but the delegated adaptability of God." — There is a certain position in the Scheme of Things Entire,— a point, with a relation of its own to the rest of the Scheme, to the Universe;— as the red line has a relation of its own to the rest of the spectrum and the ray of light as a whole. . . . From that point, from that position, there is a work to be done, which can be done from no other. The Lonely Eternal looks out through these eyes, because it must see all things; and there are things no eyes can see but these, no other hands do. This point is an infinitesimal part of the Whole; but without its full and proper functioning, the Whole falls short in that much:— because of your or my petty omissions, the Universe limps and goes lame. — Into this position, as into all others impartially, the One Life which is Tao flows, adapting itself through



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aeons to the relations which that point bears to the Whole; and the result and the process of this adaptation is — your individuality or mine.

*You* are not the point, the position; because it is merely that which you hold and through which you function; it is yours, but not you. What then are *you*? That which occupies and adapts itself to the point? But that is Tao, the Universal. You can only say it is you, if from *you* you subtract all *you*-ness. Your individuality, then, is a temporary aspect of Tao in a certain relation to the totality of Tao, the One Thing which is the No Thing; — or it is the “delegated adaptability of God.”

How and wherein adaptable? — The Infinite, occupying this position, has formed therein all sorts of attachments and dislikes; and each one of them hinders its adaptability. Your surroundings have reflected themselves on you; and the sum of the reflexions is your personality,— the little cage of I-am-ness from which it is so hard to escape. Every reflected image engraves itself on the stuff of yourself by the sensation of attachment or repulsion which it arouses. When it says, “The One becomes the Two” — which is the way in one form or another all ancient philosophy sums up the beginning of things; — this is what is meant: the ‘One’ is Tao; the ‘Two’ is this conditioned world, whose nature and essence is to appear as pairs of opposites — to be attractive, or to repel. The pigs’ point of view was that it was better to live on bran and escape the shambles; the Grand Augur’s, that the pomp and ceremony of the sacrifice, the public honor, ought more than to compensate them for the momentary inconvenience of being killed. Opposite ways of thinking; points of view: which cherishing, Grand Augur and pigs alike dwelt on the plane of externals; and so there was no real difference between them. When you stand for you, and I for myself, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; but when either of us stands for That which is both of us, and all else,— then we touch reality; then there is no longer conflict, or opposites; no longer false appearances,— but the presence and cognition of the True.

Here let me note what seems to me a radical superiority in Chinese methods of thought. You may take the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, perhaps, as the highest expression of Aryan religio-philosophic thinking. There we have the Spirit, the One, shown as the Self of the Universe, but speaking through, and as, Krishna, a human personality. Heaven forbid that I should suggest there is anthropomorphism in this. Still, I think our finest mystical and poetic perceptions of the Light beyond all lights do tend to crystallize themselves into the shape of a *Being*; we do tend to symbolize and figure that Wonder as . . . . . an Individuality . . . . . in some indefinable splendid sort. Often you find real mystics, men who have seen with their own eyes so to say, talking about *God*, *the Lord*, *the Great King*, and what not of the like; and though you know perfectly well

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what they mean, there was yet that necessity on them to use those figures of speech. But in China, no. There, they begin from the opposite end. Neither in Laotse nor in Confucius, nor in their schools, can you find a trace of personalism. Gods many, yes; as reason and common sense declare; but nothing you can call a god is so ancient, constant, and eternal as Tao, "which would appear to have been before God." Go to their poets, and you find that the rage is all for Beauty as the light shining through things. The grass-blade and the mountain, the moonlit water and the peony, are lit from within and utterly adorable: not because God made them; not as reminding you of the Topmost of any Hierarchy of Being; but, if you really go to the bottom of it, because there is no personality in them,—and so nothing to hinder the eternal wonder, impersonal Tao, from shining through. — As if *we* came through our individuality to a conception of the Divine; but *they*, through a perception of the Divine, to a right understanding of their individuality. It amounts to the same thing in reality. The best of both perceive Truth. The worst of *us* fall into gross hideous anthropomorphism; the worst of them into superstitions of their own. — When one quotes Chwangtse as speaking of "the delegated adaptability of *God*," one must remember that one has to use some English word for his totally impersonal *Tao* or *Tien*, or even *Shangti*, or whatever it may be.

This Tao, you say, something far off,— a principle in philosophy or a metaphysical idea,— may be very nice to discuss in a lecture or write poetry about; but dear me! between whiles we have a great deal to do, and really — But no! it is actually, as Mohammed said, "nearer to thee than thy jugular vein." It is a simple adjustment of oneself to the Universe,— of which, after all, one cannot escape being a part; it is the attainment of a true relationship to the whole. What obscures and hinders that, is simply our human brain-mind consciousness. "Consider the lilies of the field," that attain a perfection of beauty. The thing that moves us, or ought to move us, in flowers, trees, seas and mountains, is this: that lacking this fretting, gnawing sense of I-am-ness, their emanations are pure Tao, and may reach us along the channel we call beauty: may flood our being through "the gateway of the eyes." Beauty is Tao made visible. The rose and the peony do not feel themselves 'I,' distinct from 'you' and the rest; they are in opposition to nothing; they do not fall in love, and have no aversions: they simply worship Heaven and are unanxious, and so beautiful. When we know this, we see what beauty means; and that it is not something we can afford to ignore and treat with stoic indifference or puritan dislike. It is Tao visible; I call every flower an avatar of God. Now you see how Taoism leads to poetry; is the philosophy of poetry; is indeed a *Poetics*, rather than a *Metaphysics*.

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Think of all the little jewels you know in Keats, in Shelley, or Wordsworth: the moments when the mists between those men and the Divine "defecated to a thin transparency"; — those were precisely the moments when the poets lost sight of their I-am-ness and entered into true relations with the Universe. A daffodil, every second of its life, holds within itself all the real things poets have ever said, or will ever say, about it; and can reach our souls directly with edicts from the Dragon Throne of the Eternal. — I watched the linarias yesterday, and their purple delicacy assured me that all the filth, all the falsehood and tragedy of the world, should pass and be blown away; that the garden was full of dancing fairies, joy moving them to their dancing; that it was my own fault if I could not see Apollo leaning down out of the Sun; and my own fatuity, and that alone, if I could not hear the Stars of Morning singing together, and all the Sons of God shouting for joy. And it was the truth they were telling: the plain, bald, naked truth; — they have never learned to lie, and do not know what it means. There is no sentimentalism in this; only science. We live in a Universe absolutely soaked through with God,— or with Poetry, which is perhaps a better name for It; a Universe peopled thick with Gods. But it is all very far from our common thoughts and conceptions; that is why it sounds to most people like sentimental nonsense and 'poetry.' No wonder Plato hated that word; — since it is made a hand-grenade, in the popular mind, to fling at every truth. And yet Poetry 'gets in on us,' too, occasionally, and accomplishes for

"the woods and waters wild"

the work they cannot do for themselves; — the work they cannot do, because we will not look at them, cannot see them, and have forgotten their ancient language, being too much immersed in a rubbishing gabble of our own.

What Taoism, and especially Chwangtse as I think, did for the Chinese was to publish the syntax and vocabulary of that ancient language; to make people understand how to take these grand protagonists of Tao; how to communicate familiarly with these selfless avatars of the Most High. Listen to this: the thought is close-packed, but I think you will follow it: —

"The true Sage rejects all distinctions of this and that," that is to say, of subjective, or that which one perceives within one's own mind and consciousness, and objective, or that which is perceived as existing outside of them; — he does not look upon the mountain or the daffodil as things different or apart from his own conscious being. "He takes his refuge in Tao, and places himself in subjective relations with all things"; he keeps

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the mountain within him; the scent of the daffodil, and her yellow candle-flame of beauty, are within the sphere and circle of himself;

"the little wave of Breffny goes stumbling through his soul."

"Hence it is said"—this is Chwangtse again — "that there is nothing like the light of Nature.

"Only the truly intelligent understand this principle of the identity of things. They do not view things as apprehended by themselves, but transfer themselves into the position of the things viewed." — And there, I may say, you have it: that last is the secret of the wonder-light in all Far Eastern Poetry and Art; more, it is the explanation of all poetry everywhere. It is the doctrine, the archeus, the *Open Sesame*, the thyme- and lavender- and sweetwilliam-breathed Secret Garden of this old wizardly Science of Song; — who would go in there, and have the dark and bright blossoms for his companions, let him understand this. For Poetry is the revelation of the Great Life beyond the little life of this human personality; to tap it, you must evict yourself from the personal self; "transfer yourself into the position of the things viewed," and not see, but *be*, the little stumbling wave or the spray of plum-blossom, thinking its thoughts. — "Viewing things thus," continues our Chwangtse, "you are able to comprehend and master them. So it is that to place oneself in inner relation with externals, without consciousness of their objectivity,— this is Tao. But to wear out one's intellect in an obstinate adherence to the objectivity — the apartness — of things, not recognising that they are all one — this is called *Three in the Morning*. — 'What do you mean by *Three in the Morning*?' asked Tse Yu. — 'A keeper of monkeys,' Tse Chi replied, 'said with regard to their daily ration of chestnuts that each monkey should have three in the morning and four at night. At this the monkeys were very angry; so he said that they might have four in the morning and three at night; whereat they were well pleased. The number of nuts was the same; but there was an adaptation to the feelings of those concerned.' " — Which, again, means simply that to follow Tao and dodge until it is altogether sloughed off the sense of separateness, is to follow the lines of least resistance.

All these ideas are a natural growth from the teachings of Laotse; but Butterfly Chwang, in working them out and stating them so brilliantly, did an inestimable service to the ages that were to come.



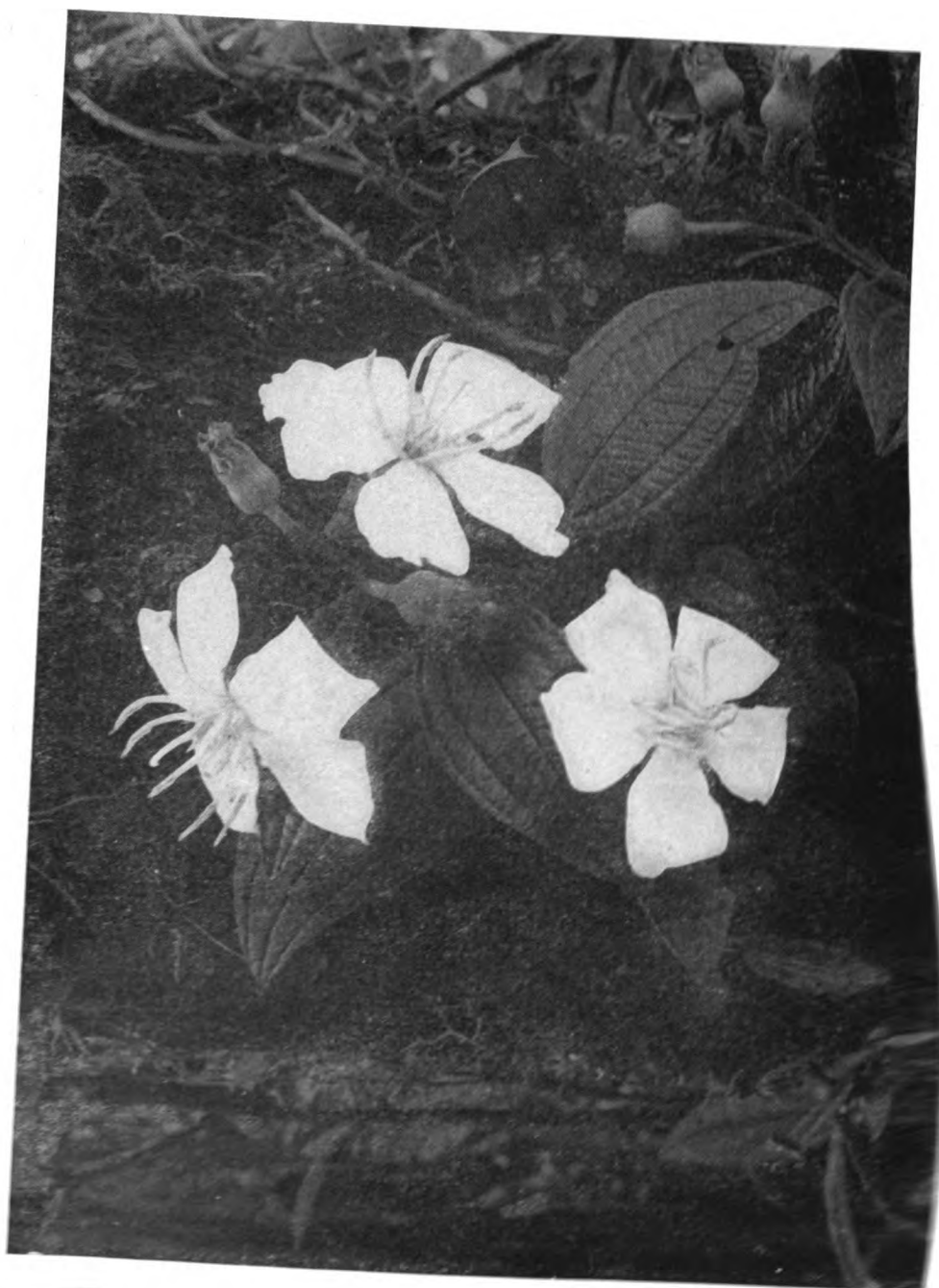
WOMEN MAKING CIGARS AT ALHAMBRA FACTORY, MANILA, P. I.

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

A YOUNG COCONUT TREE WITH MANY FRUITS,  
MAGDALENA, LAGUNA PROVINCE, P. I.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MELASTONIA POLYANTHUS, FROM TOP OF  
TNT MAQUILING, P. I.



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

GENERAL VIEW OF TAAL VOLCANO IN 1907, BATANGAS PROVINCE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



## JEREMY TAYLOR AT GOLDEN GROVE

KENNETH MORRIS

BISHOP, of golden speech divine,  
You for the flat Communion Wine,  
Sipped sometime pagan Hippocrene  
That fired the world to a druid sheen  
For you, and made your words to be  
All sunrise-strewn with druidry!

I love to think you used to rove  
About the woods of Golden Grove,  
(My Golden Grove!) and watched the sun  
Rise o'er my Meusyddhirion  
To gild the eastern hills with light,  
And make your sermons golden bright.

I love to think your lark uprose  
From fields wherethrough my Cennen flows,  
And sang Welsh music o'er the vales  
To flood your prose with the Soul of Wales;  
And that you heard, at eventide,  
Welsh fairies sing by Tywi side.

— By Tywi side, 'neath Dynefawr,  
I think your rosebud came to flower,  
And drew unusual sweetness there  
From the rain-washed Llandeilo air,  
All to perfume the language of  
You, Golden-mouthed of Golden Grove!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## THE HIGHER SELF

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

**R**ESORT to an interior source of power and comfort — this may be described as a sort of new gospel that is arising in our midst today. It is quite characteristic of the times in which we live: we meet it everywhere, now under one form, now under another. But in whatever form, the one principle is always the same — that there is a fount of power within us, back of our mind, a kind of superior self; and that we can learn to invoke this power, to tap this source, so as to secure increased strength and comfort. This description will probably be sufficient to enable the reader to identify the kind of schools of thought to which we are referring, without our having to be more particular; all searchers for truth must have come in contact with some one or more of such cults. And as this is such a marked sign of the times, it behooves us to take it into consideration and inquire as to its value and significance.

One very common criticism of this phase of thought is that it lacks the lofty enthusiasm, the moral idealism, the selfless devotion, so characteristic of all great religious movements. Its ideals, quite frankly proclaimed, are of a sort that has usually been considered quite inferior. Are they those of impersonal devotion to the cause of human welfare? Are they those of an arduous and unsparing quest for moral and spiritual perfection and the attainment of purity? Do its devotees set before themselves and preach to their followers a life of self-abnegation, or of charity, or of enthusiastic service? On the contrary, it must be confessed that the attainment of personal power and comfort is the great sheet-anchor, the very reason for existence, of these cults and schools; and the only distinction that can be made is between such as thinly disguise this fact and such as do not seem to consider any disguise necessary at all.

We have said that this is a sign of the times; but the times repeat themselves. A knowledge of history would prove that the same kind of thing has happened before. Our civilization has grown fat in material resources. It has lost faith in its own religion. It has come in contact, through conquest and travel, with older cultures. It has borrowed ideas from those older cultures. It has converted these borrowed ideas into a sort of dress for its own materialistic and pleasure-worshipping ideals. The ancient Romans grew fat in their own materialistic civilization. They came in contact with more ancient cultures. They borrowed the eastern gods and adapted the eastern cults to suit their own materialistic notions. Thus there were cults of Astarte, Isis, and many other names,

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shamefully desecrated from their original pure and lofty signification. What is the present movement but a revival of this old cycle?

Study the history of religions; you will find that a time always comes when a compromise is made between heaven and earth, between God and devil, between the spirit and the flesh. A complete somersault is often thrown. Christianity was once, we understand, a doctrine of resigning worldly possessions, a life of poverty and hardship, opposed to all material affluence and ostentation. Later on it became the very tabernacle and sacred banner of middle-class prosperity, and could in no wise be distinguished, by the unsophisticated foreign barbarian, from the materialistic and acquisitive civilization of which it was the emblem. This religion, carried to the heathen, brought with it the sword and strong drink. It was death to the natives. We had dethroned our original god from his seat in the temple and put in his place some other god, whose name was a good deal more like Mammon; and him we were blindly worshipping with the same rites as of yore.

Every movement in favor of light and truth is subject to two kinds of obstruction: direct opposition, and perversion. When direct opposition fails, then spurious imitations begin to appear. These imitations are of the nature of compromises between the spirit and the flesh. For the pure and lofty ideals of the original cult they substitute something 'easier,' something less exacting, something that will flatter the narrower and more sordid yearnings of our nature. Hence the meaning of all these present-day cults of comfort, of 'spiritual' consolation, of an interior source of power that can bestow personal graces or material prosperity or physical well-being or a complacent state of mind. It is not darkness that is the only enemy of light; there is also such a thing as moonlight, delusive and apt to be mistaken for sunlight by those who have never seen the latter.

All is not gold that glitters; nor is all sacred and beneficent that lies beyond the confines of our ordinary consciousness. If we are to go digging for latent powers and subconscious faculties beyond the mind, we may find other things in those mines besides the precious metal. Beyond the physical lies the psychic, but it is like an unknown sea to the unwary mariner who, leaving the shore, ventures upon it without a compass. Selfish desire is the great deluder of man; and if he is enthroned in the physical life, he is even more surely enthroned in the psychic, which is his very home. What guarantee is there that one who ventures into the psychic will escape the clutches of the enchantress? None, but on the contrary an assurance that he will be the more exposed to her wiles.

It may be futile to issue such words of warning to many people who have not yet had enough experience of life to have found out that the

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path of self-seeking is a path of woe and delusion. But there are other classes of people to whom our words will be useful. There are those who, seeking light with worthy motives, have never been attracted by the false lights and misrepresentations. These, when they hear what Theosophy really is, find what they want. But there are still others who, seeking light with worthy motives, have been misled into the blind-alleys, and into following will-o'-the-wisps, for want of knowing that there was anything else; and to these Theosophy, in its true and original form, is doubly welcome as an escape from the false and a finding of the true.

What the earnest truth-seeker wants is an escape from self, not an intensification of self. The ancient allegory narrates how Narcissus, stooping over a river, fell in love with his own image in the water. This seems an apt picture of the attitude of many of these schools of self-culture and metaphysics. They tell us to create in the mirror of our imagination a beautiful image of ourself, and to worship it, to fall in love with it. It is vanity in its real and essential character; it is self-love undiluted. How the Nymphs mourned for the deluded Narcissus, who had thus turned away to fall in love with — Narcissus!

The mind of man is indeed like one of those mythical heroes, hovering between the pure goddess of truth and the wiles of enchantresses. The mind of man is a prisoner, longing for truth and release, but always plagued by the importunate voices and caresses of a thousand attractions. What the light-seeker wants is to find a way of escape from this. Instead he is often offered a way of compounding with the enemy. It is the old mistake of trying to get rid of desire by satisfying it; a quest as vain as that of trying to put out a fire by feeding it.

We often hear it said of these cults that "they really do seem to have got hold of something, but what I can't swallow is their absurd teachings." The explanation of this is very simple: it is merely that, since what the cults have got hold of is a perversion, it requires a perverted philosophy to sustain it. It cannot stand the light. But contrast with this the teachings of Theosophy, and all is clear and consistent. Theosophy is one consistent whole, and there is no obscuration and strained logic, but plain common-sense and reason.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, taught the ancient truth of the Higher Self within man. This was travestied into all the multifarious teachings about an inner self that gives material prosperity and comfort. In other words, for the real Higher Self was substituted the lower self, the personality in a new and attractive dress. The devotee is looking down, not up; and seeing his own image in the water. She taught the true and time-honored path of liberation, which consists in freeing the mind from its delusions created by constant yield-

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ing to the attractions of desire. She explained the real nature of man, showing the relations between his various natures, physical, psychic, mental, and spiritual. She emphasized the distinction between spiritual and psychic. This distinction is entirely ignored by the cults.

Theosophy — the true and original Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky — does not inculcate any doctrine of self-gratification; does not flatter vanity by the promise of extraordinary powers; does not attract a crowd of ignorant, half-educated, and foolish people by weird and fantastic teachings and imaginary “Masters” and “Teachers” and “Christs.” Any reasonable person will see that all this is the mere dust thrown up around Theosophy by the force of its impact with the world; and such a person will insist upon knowing the original teachings. Theosophy does teach that there is a Higher Self; but that Higher Self is the center of all that is pure and unselfish in man. No ray of light from that Higher Self can feed our vanity or indulge our personal cravings in any way. If a man prays to God with a selfish desire in his heart, his prayer is answered (if at all) by the Tempter. For prayer is an invocation, and it goes to the place whither it is directed. If it is a selfish prayer, it goes no further than to the source of selfish desires in our nature; that is, it simply whips up the latent forces of desire; and, though it may bring results, these results are no more worthy and no more efficacious than the grasping of goods by any other means.

A real prayer, a pure invocation of the Light within, will bring spiritual help, not personal benefit. It will give the man strength to ease himself of some of the burden of his selfishness; it will send bright thoughts into his mind, that will enable him to make good resolves, and will dispel his illusions and make the path clearer before him.

It may be assumed that there are many people who have been taught by experience that the personality is not a thing to be worshiped and fallen in love with, but a great obstacle which they have gradually created in their path. We have our real life in association with others; the growth of personality tends to separate us and shut us up in a world of our own. This in time would become utterly unbearable. Theosophy can hold a man from falling in love with his own reflexion, and can help him to set his affections on something more worthy of his adoration.

Theosophy has been well described as sublimated common-sense, and there is nothing weird or fantastic about it. It inculcates a healthy and well-balanced life. Abnormal developments are an obstacle and may have to be got rid of before real progress can be made; and this is to be done by healthy outdoor work and occupation of the mind with simple duties, until the foundation is laid for a normal and well-balanced development.

## A TALE OF CATHAY---THE TERRACE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

H. T. PATTERSON

**I**N the days when Cathay was young and strife and ill-will were not amongst men, there dwelt in Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, that is a great province and good, an illiterate man, a cobbler, of the name of Wang Chuh. Spoken of was he, by his neighbors and by those others who knew him, as "poor Wang Chuh." Now be it known that Wang Chuh was not poor, but it were as if others, those who labored with their hands, were poor; for he was a good workman; honest was all the work that he did, good was the grass of which his shoes were made, good was the wood of the soles thereof, tightly drawn were the threads and firmly knotted were the ends of them. Therefore was his handicraft highly prized, and, therefore, never did he want for work, nor for the due wages thereof.

Wang Chuh was, withal, a modest man. Not greatly did he prize himself nor that which he did. Generous was he and freely gave of that which he had. He who came to his door an-hungered went not away unfilled. He who came shelterless went not away without a roof over his head for the night. Therefore did it come to pass, for this and on account of his great kindness and his unselfish virtues — ever forgetful of self, — and in that he esteemed others more highly than himself, and did rate their merit and their well-doing beyond their real value, and that his garments were forworn, that neighbors and other folk, those of them who knew him, spake of him, though in kindness, yet with depreciation, though they meant no discourtesy thereby, as "poor Wang Chuh."

When Wang Chuh was still young it did hap that there came to Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, a rumor of 'The Terrace of Enlightenment,' and of the many and wondrous things thereon. By whom that rumor came did no one know, nor yet did they wit where that delectable land might be. But that it was a land of delight, delectable above all other lands, and hard withal to reach, was gainsaid by none. Some did aver that it was a place found in dreams; others, that it could be reached only after the body was laid in the tomb with the revered ancestors and the spirit had won to the home of them, and that it was in that land that 'The Terrace of Enlightenment' was to be found; still others declared that it was on the thither side of the great range, and that the way thereto was fell and beset with dangers. Thus did many contend, the one with the other, each intent only to show the correctness of his view and unheeding what others might vouch for.

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To all these herebefore spoken-of assertions "poor Wang Chuh" listened with humble respect. He wondered within himself where the so delectable abode might be, but hoped not to ever win thereto, being, as herebefore said, modest and prizing not at all his own worth. His heart was filled with sorrow for those who longed to reach that delectable habitation, yet he wist not whither to direct them. Moved by extreme pity and compassion, to whomsoever he did meet, after due salutation, taking the right hand of that one in his own right hand and respectfully placing it to his forehead, he spake reverently, saying, "Worshipful sir, you are on the road to 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.'"

Now did the kindly folk of Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, look wistfully upon their neighbor "poor Wang Chuh," for they did say, the one to the other, "Of a surety, in the night time, when the soul was away, perchance on the celestial lake in the far-off kingdom of Amittâbha, has some spirit possessed 'poor Wang Chuh.'"

That which they said Wang Chuh heeded not, but ever went on his way, respectfully saluting, as aforesaid, all with whom he might meet, saying to each, "Worshipful sir, you are on the road to 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.'"


Though all did smile at this, and though many, as aforesaid, did look wistfully upon "poor Wang Chuh," yet were they helped by the honorable salutation and the words spoken to them, either in their moments of despondency, or in their moments of levity when they heeded not the welfare of their own souls, or when anger was in their hearts and they were disposed to indulge in unkindly thought towards those against whom they were at outs. But those who selfishly sought to find the way, either by acting according to the books of the astronomers and in the planetary hours, or by making incantations, or by gathering charm-bearing herbs and, magically, making therewith philters by boiling in a cauldron of false fancies, were not helped.

In Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, the years moved onward, as do years move onward in all lands, and in all times, so that Wang Chuh's hair grew white and his limbs lost their strength, until, at the last, he was borne to the tomb of his revered ancestors, and his honorable bones were laid therein, in the ancient sepulcher forby the honorable bones of those his revered ancestors. Sweet and peaceful was the smile on his face, noble the expression thereof, noble as it had ever been in life, albeit, when he still lived, was the nobility thereof not noticed, but it were by the few. Then was it known of all that he who had helped others on the way by his kindly words and his modest salutations, had preceded them and now awaited them on 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.' There does he still remain, until this day, lovingly calling, in a soft and low voice, for all to follow him to the blessed abode.

## AUTUMN LEAVES

R. MACHELL

### CHAPTER I

HARLES APPLEBY sat alone in the luxurious library at Thorneycroft Abbey looking out over the well-kept lawn where old Watson the gardener was at work, as he had been for well-nigh half a century. And as he watched the old man among the rose-trees he almost envied him, wondering vaguely why he himself could find so little happiness in life.

Assuredly his lines were cast in pleasant places, and he was in no wise ungrateful; but a mild sense of gratitude to an unknown impersonal Providence is but a poor substitute for happiness. As a child he had accepted the joy of life just as he accepted the free use of the air he breathed: and even now he was inclined to look on happiness as a natural right of which he had been despoiled by destiny; but why?

He had been taught that happiness is the reward of virtue, and that unhappiness comes as a punishment for sin, but his experience had not confirmed this teaching, and he dismissed it, while looking elsewhere for a solution to the problem.

Fatalism had tempted him for a while until he fell to wondering who or what Fate might be. Was it a god? a devil? or a 'state of things'? The last seemed probable to him, for he was becoming pessimistic. But then he asked himself, "If Fate can arbitrarily interfere in my affairs to give me happiness, or to withhold it, how does it differ from the ordinary personal God, which the religious sects provide for their own justification and for the damnation of the rest?"

He found no answer to this question. Such a Deity was not acceptable to his reason; yet his imagination demanded some intelligent power pervading the universe, and whose will must be identical with law—neither the maker nor the slave of law, but Law itself. Yet he saw plainly that such an Intelligence must be beyond the comprehension of his intellect if it was to satisfy the demands of his imagination.

Fate was a name he gave to some other influence of a lower order, more intimately associated with mankind. It was, in fact, a kind of mental 'exit in case of emergency,' convenient upon occasion, but which, as a solution of the problem, was not one step in advance of the ordinary 'God-idea.' Some unknown power had placed him in the world with opportunities for enjoying life within his grasp, and with a craving for



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happiness in his heart that was not to be satisfied with luxury or mere material enjoyments.

Sometimes it seemed to him as if the ruling powers in the universe were malice and stupidity: and yet it was incredible that the whole world should be a stupid bungle and its Supreme Intelligence no better than a lunatic. Then he would grow impatient with the results of his own reasoning, and say, "Bah! I hate paradoxes," a conclusion that stamped him as a very poor philosopher.

To break the thread of such unpleasant speculations he rose and filled a pipe in an absent-minded manner. The match-box was empty: he tossed it in the wastepaper basket and looked for another. Not finding one he rang the bell. As it was not answered immediately he put down the pipe and picked up the book he had been reading, but found it as uninteresting as the empty match-box and tossed it aside. It was another disappointment. For consolation he went to the bookshelves and took down a volume of Shakespeare, saying to himself, "Old friends are best." Then he laughed sardonically. "Another paradox. We turn to the unknown in hope of finding satisfaction, and return to the well-known to find compensation for our disappointment."

He had not been reading long when the door opened and a servant appeared. "Did you ring, Sir?"

"No. Never mind. I have found what I wanted, thank you."

The servant withdrew, muttering to herself, "That's just like him, to call me from my dinner for nothing at all." But she smiled as she grumbled, for Master Charles, as they all called him behind his back, was very popular with his servants, even if he did sometimes ring the bell at inconvenient hours.

The pipe remained unlighted and unnoticed. Had he thought there were no matches within call, his need of a smoke would have seemed imperative, and he would perhaps have driven over to Easterby on purpose to get matches, and probably would have forgotten what it was he went for and would have returned quite contented without them; yet he believed that tobacco was necessary to the enjoyment of life. As it was, he sat reading till the bell rang for luncheon. Then he looked at the clock to see that the bell was punctual, and having satisfied himself that his housekeeper was attending to her duties, he turned again to his Shakespeare, and half an hour later sauntered out into the garden to see what old Watson was doing.

The gardener was smoking an after-dinner pipe, but put it in his pocket when the master came in sight, and made some show of sweeping up a few leaves that had fallen on the path. He gave no other sign of having seen anyone till he was accosted with the question, "Have you

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got a match, Watson?" He touched his cap, made a show of hunting in his pockets doubtfully for a stray match, and in due time produced one, lighted it by rubbing it in his usual manner upon his nether garment (it was before the day of matches which light only on the box) and offered the light discreetly shielded in the hollow of a horny hand.

Master Charles lit his pipe, and in return offered his pouch to the gardener, who however politely declined it. He only smoked black shag, and never that in the presence of his master. But he took the offer as an invitation to talk, and talk was dearer to him than tobacco.

"Them roses is not adoin' as well as they'd ought to," he said.

"Things never do," answered his master absently.

"Watson, why is it that we never get what we want in life, and never want what we get? Yet we hold on to what we have, and grab for more. I can't understand it."

"There's a deal of folks, Sir, as never gets within sight of what they want, and them as does holds on so tight to it, they get no pleasure of it. 'What's the use,' I says to 'em at times, 'of holding on so tight to what is made for passing round?'

Now there's old Dick Blatherby, who scrapes and saves, and pinches, to put money in the bank, and leaves his sister's childer without shoes and stockings to their feet —"

"Well, but," interrupted the other, "he does get enjoyment out of it, or he would not do it, would he?"

"Maybe not, Sir, but what's the good of it?"

"If it makes him happy —"

"Happy! Begging your pardon, Sir, it does not make him happy. That's just what I says to him. 'Dick,' I says, 'what's the use — ?' "

"And then," cut in the master, "those children are happy in their own way. What do they care for shoes and stockings? Would they be



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any happier if they were cleaned and dressed up and sent to school, and taught good manners? They are happier, as far as I can see, than any of the children in the village. Perhaps old Dick knows best after all. But he himself is certainly not a good specimen of happiness, if one may judge by appearances. Yet there are plenty of people who would like to get his money; no, I do not think old Dick is happy."

"Why, Master Charles, how can he be, living for nothing but to get money that he cannot or will not spend. A man that does not spend his money might as well not have it: not that he does have it neither, for the bank has it, or maybe the bank has not got it: banks do go broke at times, and then where are you? But when the money's spent, why then a man has had some use of it, and now some other man can have a chance to get some use of it and pass it round. There's sense in that. I says to him but yesterday, says I, 'Dick,' I says —"

Master Charles liked to hear the old man talk, but he always cut in when he saw a long story coming. There were flashes of wisdom in the gardener's conversation, but he was mostly unconscious of it; he prided himself upon his gift of narrative, which in itself was something miraculous, but was wholly devoid of those illuminating flashes of intuition that were so fascinating to Charles Appleby. So now he brought the orator back to the argument by saying, "But if the only happiness that money can buy is bought in the spending of it, why are not spendthrifts the happiest of men? yet they end miserably."

"That is because they waste. Wasting is not spending. That's what I says to my son James, I says —"

"Perhaps you're right. There surely is a right use and a wrong, for everything. I suppose there is a right way and a wrong for doing most things: and that means there is law and order in the universe. But how did it get there? And if it is there, why is there so much misery in the world? If there is a right way of doing things, it must be the natural way; and if so, why do we all do wrong instead of right, and do it as if it were natural? That is what I was asking: Why do we want the wrong things; or, if the things that come to us are natural and right, why are we not content? Watson, do you believe there is such a thing as happiness?"

The gardener took off his cap and twirled it slowly in his hands as he thoughtfully suggested, "They say there is happiness in heaven."

"Oh yes, I know," said Appleby impatiently, "in heaven; and where is that?"

"Why, Sir, I reckon it's where happiness is, in a man's heart: he can't be happy anywhere else. Heaven is maybe not so far away as parson thinks, nor hell neither, for that matter; and we don't have to

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die to get there neither. But there's a sight of folks as don't know whether they be in heaven or hell, and won't know when they die."

"Then what are they living for?" asked Appleby.

The old man looked round to see that no one else was within earshot and then answered solemnly, "Maybe they're not living; maybe it's all a dream to them. I think it is with most a good part of the time."

There was a moment's silence and the master looked up at the sky in a dreamy way as he asked half to himself, "And the awakening? What is the awakening? If life is all a dream, and death but a continuation of the dream, or perhaps a kind of nightmare, what is the waking state? When does a man awake? He must come to himself some time."

"I reckon you've spoke the word yourself, Sir. When a man comes to himself he's awake, and not till then."

Appleby laughed to himself and muttered, "The old story. 'Man, know thyself!'" Then aloud he said, "Watson, you are an old pagan: that's what you are: I shall report you to Mr. Mason and get him to ask for the prayers of the congregation on your behalf. Why, there he is. Shall I tell him what you were saying?"

"You'll do as you've a mind to, Sir. Maybe he can give a better answer nor I can. He's a man o' l'arning."

"By Jove! I've a great mind to try him. Hello Mason, glad to see you. How are you?"

They shook hands cordially and strolled back to the house together, leaving the gardener to his meditations and his work, if one could use the term for the light occupation he allowed himself when not superintending the under-gardeners at their labor.

The master of Thorneycroft and the vicar of Easterby were good friends, although they disagreed on almost every subject that they touched upon. The sight of the parson suggested entertainment, and Appleby asked, "Have you had luncheon? No? No more have I, now I think of it. Come in and we will see if the servants have cleared the things away yet."

Mr. Mason sincerely hoped they had not, for he knew that, if they had, his host was quite capable of forgetting to have the table laid again. But his fears were allayed when they reached the dining-room; and he did full (very full) justice to the excellent luncheon they found waiting for them. Cold grouse had a particular fascination for the reverend gentleman; and his friend enjoyed the keen appetite of his guest, though eating scarcely anything himself.

When at length the visitor reluctantly decided to put some restraint upon his appetite, the two men adjourned to the library to smoke, and

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the parson remembered the object of his call. "Appleby," he began rather pompously, "I want to ask your advice upon a rather delicate matter."

There was a pause while the visitor puffed nervously at his cigar and his host blew smoke-rings, wondering the while what kind of delicate subject was this matter. The parson plunged into his subject so suddenly as to make his friend start.

"Marriage is a serious matter," he said; and then paused again, but getting no help from his listener, he asked, "Have you ever realized how solemn a step it is?"

His host replied sententiously, "They say that 'Marriages are made in Heaven.'"

"Yes, doubtless; but their consummation is here on earth."

"And," added Appleby with something like a sneer, "their dissolution is in the divorce court. Eh?"

The parson suddenly remembered his 'cloth' and said with some austerity, "That which God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

To which the other replied in the same scoffing tone as before, "But that which man hath joined is apt to fall asunder of its own accord or disaccord, without the help or hindrance of God, as far as I can see. But no matter; you were saying —?"

Mr. Mason became confidential. "I wished to consult you upon a delicate matter. You know that I have some respect for your judgment, and really I am in considerable embarrassment as to what I ought to do."

Charles Appleby dropped his sardonic smile and became serious. He said nothing, but he wondered what kind of a tangle the good man had got into with his love affairs, which were as numerous as they were innocent and evanescent. The parson fidgeted uneasily in his chair, and said, "It is strange that you should have alluded to divorce."

"Why so?" asked Appleby. "You spoke of marriage, which is a necessary preliminary to divorce. My mind merely jumped to the second chapter of the story: why not? One ought to look ahead and be prepared, you know, for the inevitable."

Mr. Mason did not smile, but took up the point quite seriously. "In this case the inevitable, I mean the divorce, is not ahead but in the past."

"I see. Well, the divorce is in the past. Keep it there. The trouble is in the future; why not keep that there too?"

"Please be serious, and let me explain," pleaded the parson in a tone of evident distress.

Appleby laughed a little bitterly as he said, "I am more serious than you think. Well, never mind, old man, go ahead. I'm listening."

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Mr. Mason sat up and made a fresh start. "You know Mrs. Mathers who is living at Framley Chase?"

Appleby started slightly, and said indifferently, "Oh yes, I know Mrs. Mathers of Framley. Of course. She is well known — though, as you are aware, I generally avoid society as far as possible."

"Exactly. She is well known, and much admired, and I feel sure she deserves the admiration she receives: though I am afraid there is a prejudice against her in some quarters. She is a remarkable woman."

"Yes. She is certainly remarkable," said Appleby dryly; but Mr. Mason did not notice the tone in which the remark was made; he was too full of his subject, and went on with more decision:

"When she came to live at the Chase, of course I called on her, and have continued to do so ever since, though she did not come to church at Easterby. I fear that people have made remarks. That is natural in the country; it is impossible to escape gossip, and perhaps the purity of my intentions may have led me to disregard public opinion more than was wise for a man in my position. I took her for a widow. I understood her to be so; but she was always reticent about herself and never alluded to her family. No one seemed to know her history. Now I find that she is a divorced woman."

He paused dramatically as if he had announced the unveiling of some mysterious secret of the deepest interest; but his hearer made no observation and showed no surprise. So the narrator continued impressively: "The discovery was naturally very distressing, though I would not have you suppose that she deceived me at all intentionally. The mistake was entirely my own; and she was most frank in her explanation, when I ventured to question her quite delicately upon the matter. She made no concealment of the fact."

He looked at Appleby for some expression of his approval of such remarkable candor, but his host merely uttered the one word, interrogatively, "Indeed?"

Had the parson been less absorbed in his topic he must have noticed the sardonic expression of his friend's face and tone of voice, but he neither saw nor heard subtleties of the kind.

"I was interested in her," he explained, "but was really not curious about her past history, even when — when we became better acquainted. She is very entertaining, and I should say she must have a wide experience of life to be such a good judge of character — generally speaking —"

The hesitation was due to a sudden recollection that Mrs. Mathers had listened coldly to his rather enthusiastic praise of his friend, the master of Thorneycroft, whom she almost seemed to dislike, though they had so seldom met and were indeed hardly acquainted, so far as

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he knew. He concealed his embarrassment as well as he could, and continued in a more judicial tone: "Now whatever one's private opinion on the question of divorce may be, one cannot deny that a divorced woman in England is in a peculiar position, socially; and one could not blame her if she should try to establish herself upon a better footing, and make a respectable home for her daughter — she has a daughter, you know."

Appleby was listening intently now, and when his visitor paused, he asked, "Do you mean that she proposes to marry again?"

The clergyman was uneasy and answered indirectly, "Would you think it unnatural under the circumstances?"

"On the contrary," said Appleby, "I should think it most natural under the circumstances. But —"

He hesitated, and the parson answered what he supposed to be in the other's mind. "I think that women are sometimes too severely judged. Even if they have been driven to the very serious alternative of the divorce court, surely they should not be entirely condemned."

Appleby protested, "I am condemning no one. I would be the last to refuse any man or woman another chance, but it must not be at the expense of someone else."

"You mean the man? But men are generally supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves in such matters, are they not?"

"If they know all the facts, perhaps, yes; but —" Again he hesitated, and the parson helped him out with a suggestion.

"You think the man ought to be warned? A delicate task. But tell me, as a man of the world, what would you say to such a man in such a case?"

There was no hesitation in Appleby's tone as he answered: "I should say 'Don't!' emphatically, 'don't!' "

"Ah yes," sighed the kindly little clergyman. "I suppose that is what the average man of the world would say. Men are very hard on women."

"Hard?" answered Appleby bitterly. "It would be better for both sides if men were harder in the first instance. Then perhaps divorces would not be necessary. But a divorced woman—one that has been divorced I mean—carries a warning with her; and the man who would disregard it is beyond the reach of good advice. Well, he must learn his lesson for himself; he must gain his own experience, just as he must eat his own dinner for himself; no one can do it for him. Then if he eats too much, he will have the gout, and his children after him, according to the comforting assurance of the Bible."

The little parson drew himself up as well as he was able without actually leaving his comfortable armchair, and answered severely: "Ir-

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reverence is not wit. We all have our weaknesses, and a certain amount of charity to our neighbors is necessary if we are to make life easier for others, instead of sitting in judgment on those weaker than ourselves."

Appleby jumped up impetuously to apologize, saying in quite a different tone:

"Forgive me, my dear fellow, I forgot myself. I am ashamed: upon my word, I am ashamed. You know I am a bear, not fit for human intercourse. That is why I keep away from people and avoid society. Besides, marriage is a sore subject with me. I have seen some miserable samples, and now I hate to see a good man running his ship on the rocks deliberately. How can I help swearing at him? My profanity may be objectionable, but my motives are not ungenerous."

"I know it," answered the good-hearted parson, softened by his friend's evident sincerity. "I know your heart is pure gold, if your speech is sometimes very base metal. That is why I came to you for your advice, and that is why I venture to pursue the matter further, even though I see the subject is distasteful to you."

"Please do not think of that, my dear fellow; go ahead: but you must not expect me to accept Mrs. Mathers quite at your valuation, for I warn you I am prejudiced in that direction. Still if I can help you in any way, I shall be more than glad."

"Thank you, thank you. As to Mrs. Mathers, indeed I am sorry to find you prejudiced against her, because, between ourselves, your attitude seems to confirm some misgivings in my own mind."

"What?" cried his host, turning upon him in surprise. "You — ?"

"Yes. To speak plainly, I almost fear that she is not a woman to make a good man happy: but that is not quite the point. You see she is almost a parishioner. I really know nothing of her character; I have been received in her house most hospitably —"

The master of Thorneycroft smiled maliciously, as he interjected: "Yes! I have heard she has an excellent cook."

Mr. Mason blushed slightly at this direct reference to his besetting sin; but he continued as if he had not heard it. "She is very charitable to the poor. She really could be most useful in the parish. And now that she has asked me to marry her, I hardly know how to refuse. You see, she was married in America, and divorced there; and the whole affair is so unusual that I hardly know where I stand, although in any ordinary case my course would be quite clear."

Appleby sat staring at his visitor in amazement. "She asked you to marry her, and you would consent, although you have no confidence in her sincerity? Have you thought of the scandal it will create?"

"Have I thought of it? I was awake a great part of the night thinking



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of it, and now I am come to you in despair, for I am really worried about it. I never had such an experience before, and I sincerely hope it will not occur again."

"Occur again?" gasped Appleby. "Are you crazy? or am I mad? You who speak of marriage as an inviolable sacrament, propose to marry a divorced woman, and already contemplate a recurrence of the event. It is unbelievable."

"It is true," said the clergyman mildly. "My views are considered old-fashioned by some people. I do regard marriage as inviolable, and I cannot approve of divorce, though I may pity those who are driven to seek the dissolution of a bond that they no longer can believe sanctioned by a God of love. You said just now in jest, that marriages are made in Heaven, but I say in all solemnity, I verily believe that many of them are made in Hell. I know you will be shocked to hear a clergyman say such a thing, but I have seen such marriages, when I was a curate in London, as even Hell would not tolerate or condone. How can one think that they are blest by God? And yet I shrink from the divorce court, merciful as it may be at times. A vow can never be recalled. And yet — oh when I think of these things life seems unbearable. I am a simple man. I cannot grapple with great problems. These questions are beyond my grasp. I try to live my life honorably according to the canon of the Church and the dictates of my conscience, in charity to my neighbors. Why should I be placed in such a predicament? I think I should refuse. There really is no reason why they should be married here in the country, where people make so much talk about anything unusual. After all, she is not a parishioner of Easterby, and her intended is a Londoner. Why should they want to upset us all here, when it could be done in London without exciting comment or causing inconvenience to anyone? Do you not think I might refuse to officiate? Could I not honestly advise them to be married in London?"


Charles Appleby had fallen back limply in his chair and now was struggling with a fit of suppressed laughter that was fast getting beyond control. He managed to ejaculate a few words as he fled from the room, "Certainly. London: by all means. Most appropriate."

Closing the double-doors behind him he exploded in a fit of hysterical mirth that startled a housemaid in the hall and made her wonder if the master had been drinking again.

He quickly recovered himself, exclaiming, "What an ass I am! And yet that woman is capable of anything. Well, I am glad it is not Mason; he is too good for such a fate. How could I have believed it of him?"

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### CHAPTER II

HARLES Appleby did not laugh, however, as he sat thinking over the interview that for a moment had seemed so ridiculous. His face was cold and hard, and there was an unpleasant sneer on his lip, which relaxed somewhat as a line he had been reading jumped into his mind. "Ye Gods, what fools these mortals be!" To which he added a commentary addressed to himself:

"Well, it seems there are more fools than you, Charles Appleby, in this world of rogues and imbeciles. Lawyers are usually more rogues than fools. I wonder 'what kind does this cock come of.' A lawyer, who cannot keep out of the trap of matrimony baited by a woman's beauty. A retired lawyer — a mitigated rogue, perhaps, turned fool. Well, what is it to me? Let him marry her and learn his lesson. It is never too late to learn; and he will learn, unless time has worked miracles.

"Why did she come down here to live? and why does she want to be married here? She is no fool: what was in her brain to come and settle within a few miles of me? Yes! — she is clever . . . she knows that she will be safer here than anywhere, because I shall not speak, and if anyone else should try to expose her she would calculate on my denying everything to protect myself from scandal. Yes, she is clever in her way; and I am but a fool. I always was. What a fool I was! How I loved her! and how I hated her! I could have killed her then — it did not seem as if it would be murder to strangle a soulless thing like that. But it goes against one's instinct to hurt a woman; and she had at least the form of a woman. Well, I am glad I let her live. What had she but life to live for, being without a soul? She dragged me down to hell, and I, poor fool, was out of my element and suffered there. Hellions no doubt are at home in their own element, and are presumably happy in hell.

"It may well be that hell is their 'land of heart's desire,' just as paradise is to a saint. There is an analogy between the two. They both are states of bliss: in the one there is the calm of absolute self-satisfaction, or satiety; and in the other the unending intoxication of insatiable desire — the positive and negative poles of ecstasy. I wonder which is worse. Bah! one is as bad as the other, and both are dreams. Perhaps old Watson is right, and heaven and hell are in the heart. Hell is, at any rate. I can testify to that, and Heaven may be there too, for aught I know, but I have not found it yet."

He rose and went to the window, which was still open; the sun was almost down, and the air was heavy with the perfume of syringa drawn out by the sun and still left floating in the damp air. Its sweetness almost nauseated him, and he closed the window in disgust, as if he

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would shut out some evil influence that was trying to creep in upon him. His mind gave him no rest, his thoughts ran on in the same strain.

"So! She will marry again; and this time she must have the blessing of the church upon her nuptials. Why not indeed? The blessings of the Church are marketable commodities, and she will pay the fees. If there were a God, I wonder what he would think of his church. . . . Poor Mason, with his tender conscience and his ecclesiastical scruples, he is too good to be a parson; and poor Charles Appleby, with his maudlin sarcasm, who is too foolish to be able to forget a dream of happiness, and hell."

His ruminations were interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel of the drive, followed by a ring at the front door-bell.

A caller? so late! He did not trouble to wonder who it could be. The servants had their orders, and all uninvited visitors met the same formal answer: "Not at home." This one, however, seemed to be stopping to leave a message, for no sound of retiring wheels reached the master of the house who was "not at home" in the library. But another sound did reach his ears, a voice, the sound of which sent the blood rushing to his head; a musical voice with a peculiar inflexion in it, that some people found irresistible. Apparently the servant had done so, to let a lady in upon her master against his orders, and so late in the afternoon.

The library door opened and the offending housemaid announced:

"If you please, Sir, Mrs. Mathers is in the drawing room." Then, scared at the expression on her master's face, she fled precipitately.

For a moment Charles Appleby stood as if doubting his hearing, then slowly sauntered out of the room as if it were the usual thing for him to receive callers who were not specially invited; but the look in his eyes spoke little welcome for the woman who was waiting in the drawing room.

She did not rise when he entered, nor did she show any surprise at the coldness of his manner, but smiled serenely as if she were receiving a visitor in her own house. Her smile made him furious, and he feared his temper would betray him into some regrettable speech, so he deliberately left the door open as a reminder to himself to control his tongue.

Stopping in the middle of the room he looked her up and down with a cold curiosity that got beneath the surface of her affectation of serenity and stung her like a whip-lash.

She dropped the mask, and said sharply, but in a low tone, "Shut the door! I want to talk to you."

He ignored the order and merely answered languidly: "So I suppose. Well?"

"Do you want the servants to hear?" she asked in the same low tone.

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"I have nothing to say that I am ashamed of," he answered in a lazy drawl that contrasted sharply with the expression of his eyes.

"Fool!" she muttered, as she rose, swept across the room, closed the door, and faced him. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, did you say? I am more careful of your reputation than you are; or is it possible that you have forgotten California, and all that happened there?"

"No, I have forgotten nothing. I am not built that way. Were you afraid I might forget you and the hell you drew me into? What do you want? money?"

"Charles!"

There was a touch of dignity in her tone that carried the reproach home, and brought a quick apology.

"I beg your pardon," he said more gently. Then again with bitterness: "Why have you come? What have I to do with you? Have you not done enough to spoil my life? Have I interfered with you or breathed a word about your past to hurt your new-made reputation."

She put up her hand as if to shield off a blow and said hurriedly: "No, no. Stop! Let me speak. I come to you for help. I am in trouble."

"And you come to me. You! — you come to me? That is more honor than I feel entitled to — or perhaps — you know me better than I do myself."

"Let me tell you. Sit down. I cannot talk while you stand there like that. You frighten me."

He laughed skeptically. "Have you grown timid? That would be something new. You must be hard pressed to come to me for help. Even you must have some sense of shame."

She waived off his words, and repeated entreatingly: "Please sit down."

He obeyed, and waited for her to begin. Speaking in the same subdued tone as before, she said abruptly: "Vauclerc has turned up again."

Appleby sat up stiffly in his chair, and ejaculated: "Vauclerc! I thought he was dead."

"Most people did. It was reported so: that was his doing; he fooled me: but actually he is alive and has found me out again. Now he threatens an exposure. He is desperate and knows I dare not turn on him and show him in his true colors. He can ruin all my plans and he knows it."

Appleby shrugged his shoulders, and asked impatiently: "What have I to do with your plans? Why come to me?"

"Whom else can I go to? There is no one else. You know all, and, yes, — I know you. I wronged you, and you turned me off, but you never tried to be revenged. You are generous, and I am — well — no matter. I know that you will help me. You must! Listen! You wonder why I came down here to make a home, so near to you. I will tell you.

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It was because I knew that you would not betray me; and because it was just the last place anyone who knew us in the old days would look for me, except perhaps Vauclerc, and I thought him dead. Marie is growing up, and I meant to make a home for her, where she would never meet anyone who would tell her the story of her mother's past. I knew that you would never speak of it, and I felt safer here. I wanted to protect my child from all that I went through and give her a fair start in life. Was that wrong? It was the same instinct that made me think of marrying again to hide myself behind the reputation of a man whose age and general respectability would be a sort of guarantee for all of us. These country people are suspicious of a single woman whose past history is not open to inspection. No doubt your friend Mr. Mason has told you of my intended marriage with Mr. Charlton. He was my late husband's executor, a retired lawyer; who, by the way, was brother to a very different person, whom you knew under the name of Withington, and who died at New Orleans. Mr. Charlton was with him when he died, so I know that he at least is actually dead; and his brother never knew what kind of a reputation Withington had made for himself."

"Mr. Charlton is fortunate in that at least," said Appleby dryly, and regretted the remark as soon as made, for Mrs. Mathers winced; but she went on more hurriedly:

"Well, now just when it seemed as if I could at last look forward to a little peace, this man turns up again to spoil my work, and throw me back on all that I had left behind for good. No! He shall not do that. I will not go back with him to the old life. He thinks he has a hold on me that I dare not break, but I will dare more than that for Marie's sake. She is my child. I love her. Do you understand?"

Appleby was more touched than he cared to show, and asked bluntly: "What does he want, money?"

"As usual. Oh, he says he wants me to go back with him, but it is my money that he wants, and I have learned the utter uselessness of paying blackmail to such a creature. It is simply to tie a rope round one's own neck and put the other end into the hands of a lunatic. That is what he is. But how can I get rid of him? I must, or he will talk. What can I do?"

"And so you come to me to help you?"

The question was asked in a tone of wonder. She looked at him eagerly, and held out her two hands with an impulsive gesture, from which he shrank as from a painful memory.

"You are the only one who can," she said. "He was always afraid of you — yes! — in spite of all . . . I come to you—you will help me."

There was a pause; Appleby was looking straight at her, but as if

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seeing something beyond, a memory perhaps. The impersonality of his gaze fascinated and almost paralysed her. At last he seemed to wake up from a dream, and asked: "Where is he?"

"At Framley. He came today, and I must do something at once. I cannot have him there, and he refuses to go without money. But I will not be weak enough to pay blackmail as I did before; it would be worse than useless. I told him I had no money in the house, and must apply to a friend to help me out. He was suspicious, of course; but I think he will not make trouble so long as he thinks he can get what he wants by threats. He has always succeeded hitherto, but I will not give him a fresh hold on me. I too am desperate. That is why I come to you to help me to get rid of this creature. You will help me — for Marie's sake."

Appleby had sat gazing at the floor for some time, but at the name of Marie he made an impatient gesture as he exclaimed:

"For Marie's sake? your daughter? and what is she to me? . . . No, not for her sake, but because . . . you are what you are; and more than that, because you would be that which you have not been — yes — I will help you. I will see the man, and if I am not mistaken he will listen to me. I think that he will listen to me. I will come."

So saying he rose and rang the bell. Mrs. Mathers rose too and walked over to the window, where she stood looking out while the servant was in the room.

"Jane," said the master, "tell Steven to put the mare in the dog-cart and to follow me to Framley Chase. He can wait there for me to bring me home."

The maid had brought in a tea-tray, but the visitor declined the offer, saying she must be going; and the servant withdrew. When Charles Appleby turned to look at the woman who had thrown herself on his mercy, he saw a glimmer in her eyes, that in another woman would have meant tears.

The bitterness had left his face, but he was not aware of it; he was thinking of the things that will not die, and of the dead who will not stay dead.

The drive to Framley was accomplished in silence, but the atmosphere was vibrant with memories whose vividness made speech seem strangely inadequate. That silent drive was the most painful interview that either of the occupants of the carriage had ever experienced, and both were thankful when it was over.

Vauclerc was waiting eagerly for the return of his hostess, but was unprepared to find her accompanied by the man of all others he least desired to meet. The recognition was immediate on both sides, and there

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was no need of introductions. Charles Appleby spoke first and turned his back on the unwelcome guest as he did so, saying with formal politeness: "Mrs. Mathers, will you allow me to speak to Mr. Vauclerc alone?"

"No need for that," interjected Vauclerc. "We are all friends, *n'est-ce pas?* Pray do not leave us, Madame."

But Mrs. Mathers was already at the door, which Appleby was holding open for her. He closed it as she went out, and came back quietly to the table on the other side of which stood the man Vauclerc.

He was changed, but not improved by time and a life of adventure. Well dressed as ever, he might have passed muster as a gentleman in a crowd, but here in this dignified old house he seemed strangely out of place. The expression on the face of his opponent was hardly calculated to put him at his ease. It was so calmly contemptuous, so suggestive of conscious advantage and intimate knowledge of the weak places in his armor, that he felt almost ashamed of his errand, if such a sentiment as shame could be attributed to a man such as Vauclerc had proved himself to be. He was irritated, and showed it weakly, as he asked almost querulously:

"What do you want here? This is no business of yours, Charles Appleby. You have meddled in my affairs before, but I will not allow it now. You were always in my way, and you paid for it more than once. I would advise you to profit by experience, for I tell you straight that you will smart for it if you spoil my hand this time."

"I do not doubt it," answered the other quietly. "I know your venomous tongue: but for all that you will leave this house just as you entered it: and I think that perhaps you will be glad of the opportunity before I have done with you; I know your errand here. I know your character and a good part of your record; and you know me."

Vauclerc laughed sarcastically as he sneered: "Know you? Oh yes, I know you. We are old companions, if not exactly old friends. I know you; men who have worn stripes together do generally know each other's weaknesses, though I have held my tongue about all that — so far —"

Appleby showed no emotion at the unpleasant reference to his past life, but went on quietly: "Since those days you have done many things to bring you within the clutches of the law, if they were known to the authorities as they are known to me. I am not vindictive, but I owe you nothing, and I tell you seriously that if you persist in your attempt to blackmail Mrs. Mathers . . ."

"Mrs. Mathers, ah ha! you mean . . ." began Vauclerc, but he was cut short peremptorily:

"I mean Mrs. Mathers."

This was said quietly but so firmly that the weaker man was momen-

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tarily impressed and silenced. Appleby continued in the same measured tone with his eye fixed on the vacillating countenance of the man before him.

"She has appealed to me to help her, and I tell you I will hand you over to the police unless you agree to leave the house at once and the country as soon as possible. Your crimes are mostly beyond the jurisdiction of the British courts, I know: most of them, but not all. Your name and several of your aliases are known at Scotland Yard, and there are things that I could tell that would make the remainder of your life monotonous even if it were not cut short unpleasantly. Have you forgotten Joe Dixon who was shot and robbed at — ah! I see there is no need for me to go into details. Your memory has not begun to fail you yet. Yes! he is dead of course, but his widow is alive and in this country; you did not know that. Would you like to meet her? I could arrange it. No? I suppose not. Then there is a man living near here, who used to be in Arizona. He told me of a man de Leuville who robbed his ranch and shot one of his men down near the Mexican border, not so very long ago. A small affair no doubt, and one that would hardly interest the police in this country, but for an incident connected with it. Among the money taken from the ranch was a check book on a London bank with one blank form left in it. That check was filled out by de Leuville and made payable to one Maurice Vauclerc, who cashed it personally and actually indorsed it. The bank hearing the report of Vauclerc's death suspended search for him, but they are still looking for de Leuville. I know the manager of that bank. I know the man whose name was forged, and you and I both know the forger. Would you care to have me bring those gentlemen together? There are others, I fancy, who are quite anxious to meet Monsieur de Leuville. Shall I present you to them? They would be grateful for the introduction."

Vauclerc had been listening attentively, trying to assure himself that all this was bluff: but as the story went on he grew uneasy, and now he stood staring at the table undecided which way to turn. He looked up furtively to find the unrelenting eyes still fixed upon him; then shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands, as if to admit that he was in a tight place; but there was no submission in his voice as he said sneeringly:

"The story is well put together, and does credit to your imagination; you think you have me cornered; and I must say I admire your courage; for you know me well enough to know that I will make it interesting for the man that dares to tell that story to any other ears than mine. You know that I too could tell a story, that would bring your respectability tumbling about your ears like a house of cards; for, as you said, my memory has not begun to fail me yet. You have an enviable position



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here; but what would it be worth to you if that story were once told as I could tell it? You know I have been a journalist in my day, and I could still do justice to a spicy theme like that. How would it read in the columns of your local paper, do you think? Have you thought of that? You certainly could make it hot for me, I see that: but is it worth your while to do it for the satisfaction of a woman who has given you no cause to bless her memory, I imagine? Oh, as to that, no doubt you know best; but is it worth your while to pay the price? And what good will it do her to have her history published? Do you imagine she will be grateful to you for that when all is said and done? The gratitude of women is an uncertain proposition at the best. Now I am not malicious. I have no wish to injure you, or her either for that matter, but I must have money. The luck has been against me lately, and I am hard pressed. I cannot and will not starve; I never have, and I do not propose to start now at my time of life. I am not asking anything from you. Why should you interfere? I have the right to make her contribute a trifle towards my support. Now I will keep my mouth shut as far as you are concerned if you will just go home and leave me to explain matters to your Mrs. Mathers. You do not expect me to starve while she lives here in luxury. I will not do it. Do you understand?"

Charles Appleby nodded his head slowly and answered quietly and deliberately. "I understand you perfectly; but I see no reason for a man with your talents to talk of starvation. Go back to America; you are at home there: but there is no room here for you with your record in a country as well policed as this. Believe me, it is not healthy for you here. You have shown your hand, and you have seen some of my cards, but not all. I warn you mine is the stronger hand, and I will play it. A woman has appealed to me to help her; I have given my word, and you know me well enough to understand that I will keep my promise. I tell you the game is up. You have one chance. You may go back to America with your mouth closed, or else . . . Well, will you go?"

Vauclerc hesitated, shifted his position, then snapped out: "Go back? How can I? I tell you I am broke."

"Oh, as to that, your passage will be paid, and you shall have what is necessary for the journey and something more. I am not looking for revenge, or even for justice, or anything of that kind, but you must go away and stay away. I am not sitting in judgment on you; but I have promised to help this woman, who is trying to start a new life for her daughter's sake. She is entitled to a chance as well as anyone else, and you shall not rob her of it. See! I am offering you another chance. Will you take it?"

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Vauclerc looked down at his patent-leather shoes, and when he raised his eyes there was a sort of puzzled look in his face as he searched his antagonist for signs of weakness. At last he spoke, and in a new tone.

"I almost believe you are a good man, though I took you for a fool, Charles Appleby. Yes! you hold a strong hand: it is stronger than mine, because you are not afraid to face the consequences of your own acts. I have been a coward all my life. I have stolen for fear of want; I have killed for fear of being caught. It has been a losing game all through for me. I never got a chance to start fair again. And now I am beat by a fool; for after all a man must be a fool to risk his own good name to give another chance to such a woman. She is not worth it; and I think you are an ass when all is said and done, Charles Appleby. But you are no coward, and you have the stronger hand. Well, I will go. And I will keep my mouth shut — she shall have another chance. I will not spoil it —"

He held out his hand in token of agreement, and Appleby took it, saying simply: "Thank you. I think that you will not regret it. Come."

The dog-cart was at the door and the two men got in, the groom jumped up behind, and they were soon spinning down the drive at a brisk pace. At the gate they stayed to light cigars, and then smoked in silence till they reached Easterby station, where Charles Appleby took tickets for Liverpool, and sent word back to Thorneycroft that he would be away for a few days. The groom was accustomed to his master's erratic ways, and saw nothing remarkable about this sudden journey, except the companion, who in the servant's eyes hardly came up to the standard of the men who were usually made welcome at the Abbey.

*(To be continued)*



## FROM CHIEH-SHIH INN

After Ch'en Tzu-ang

KENNETH MORRIS

OVER the trees from Chieh-shih Inn  
I saw far off the Yellow Tower.  
There once in flaming pomp and power  
A Great King dreamed of endless fame.

O'er the mute streets where once his din  
Of triumphs rolled, huge red blooms flower  
Flaunting, their one sole splendid hour.—  
I have forgotten that King's name.

And where his ladies used to spin  
Huge spiders spin; in the queens' bower  
The jungle beasts their prey devour.—  
'Twas there love set his heart aflame.

Only the forest birds may win  
To know where those strewn ruins cower;  
There is no path from Chieh-shih Inn  
To that far faint Pagoda Tower.—  
I rode away the way I came.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

[Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, Santiago de Cuba, February 25, 1920]

### HOMAGE TO MADAME TINGLEY

BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATION AT SAN JUAN. SPEECHES AND MESSAGES OF GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION FOR THE NOBLE AMERICAN THINKER AND BENEFACTRESS, THE FRIEND OF CUBA AND OF HUMANITY

THE reception given to their illustrious teacher Madame Katherine Tingley last Sunday morning, the 22nd, at San Juan, by some of the former students of the Râja-Yoga Schools in Santiago and at Point Loma (California), was a brilliant success.

The program bore on its cover the following dedication:

"TO MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY:

"When the people of Santiago were afflicted with hunger, in the days following the War of Independence, you and your workers came and brought us food, which we ate with avidity.

"Later you took a large number of children to the paradise of Point Loma, to teach them to live like men and to love Cuba.

"At the same time you generously founded in this city a school, and you urged us to apply ourselves and to love our neighbor as ourselves.

"These pupils, who have now grown to be worthy men and women, cannot neglect the occasion of your being a guest of Santiago, and they offer you this day a nosegay of flowers.

"Santiago de Cuba, Feb. 22, 1920."

The program was as follows:

<i>Welcome</i> .....	<i>By several little children</i>
<i>String Sextet</i> .....	<i>Misses de Moya and Planos,</i>
	<i>Messrs. Planos, Millares, Morales</i>
	<i>and Berenguer</i>
<i>Brief Words</i> .....	<i>Miss Emilia de Moya</i>
<i>Violin Solo</i> .....	<i>Miss Angelita Planos</i>
<i>String Sextet</i> .....	<i>As above</i>
<i>Address</i> .....	<i>Mr. Emilio Bacardí</i>

## HOMAGE TO MADAME TINGLEY

<i>Violin Duet</i> .....	<i>Misses Planos and de Moya, Mr. Planos</i>
<i>String Sextet</i> .....	<i>As above</i>

The Committee in charge of this reception extends sincere thanks to Messrs. Bacardí, Planos, Morales and Figueroa, for their excellent assistance.

The 'Welcome' consisted of seven large letters in flowers, W-E-L-C-O-M-E, carried by seven little children, while the string sextet played a delightful overture.

Thereupon Mr. Manuel Planos, who spent many years at Point Loma and is now with J. Cendoya Sons and Company, presented to Mme Tingley a beautiful hand-painted scroll, in English, which reads as follows:

"We, your former Râja-Yoga pupils, wish to extend to you our heartiest welcome and express our gratitude for all you have done for us and Cuba. May your splendid efforts in our behalf ever live in the hearts of the Cuban people. We assure you of our faithful co-operation in the event of your establishing again a Râja-Yoga School in Cuba."

This scroll speaks for over a thousand students who attended the Râja-Yoga Schools here and at Point Loma, some for a short time, others for many years.

Miss Emilia de Moya, who was an exemplary pupil in the Râja-Yoga Academy here at Cuabitas and also at Point Loma, and who has made a splendid record at the Normal School here in Santiago, delivered her 'Brief Words' in English, her accent being pronounced perfect. She said:

"Dear Madame Tingley: It is a great privilege and joy for us to have you here in Santiago again. The gratitude of the Cubans toward you lives in our hearts and increases more and more as we realize the benefits that we have received from you and the Râja-Yoga Institution.

"We can never forget that you have always been a true and loyal friend to Cuba, ever since the time of the War of Independence, when you first lent aid in the way of food and clothing to our poor, suffering people, and later, when you undertook the education of so many of us by establishing Râja-Yoga Schools over the Island and admitting many of us to that great and wonderful center at Point Loma.

"We have been your pupils, and we are glad to say that the teachings that we have received from you and your system of education have better fitted us to meet the problems of life; and so we have gathered here to offer you this small reception as a demonstration of the gratitude and love that there is always in our hearts for you.

"We know many parents would be rejoiced to have another Râja-Yoga School established here where their children could receive the benefits we have had, and we Râja-Yoga students join them in their wishes and hope to see in the near future this beautiful place of San Juan turned into another Lomaland."

Sr. Pedro Luís Boudet, an officer of the National Bank of Cuba, who

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has been named by Madame Tingley as President of the 'Sobrado' Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Cuban Center No. 1, in Havana, read the following telegrams from his fellow-members in Havana:

"To Mme Katherine Tingley: As our liberty was born in Oriente, so we hope that a new Point Loma on the historic hill of San Juan will radiate a light as strong as the sun for all Cuba, that will give us spiritual liberty, and that, like a beacon-fire, will point out new horizons of peace and brotherhood. (Signed) Gustavo Porta."

"To Mme Katherine Tingley: We congratulate you on this grand reception in your honor. Your Râja-Yoga pupils of Pinar del Río and Havana join in the splendid idea. (Signed) Sobrado Branch."

"To Mme Katherine Tingley: Our sincerest allegiance and hopes for the future of Cuba and all humanity are with you.  
(Signed) Emiliano Lago."

All the musical numbers were well rendered and roundly applauded. In addition to those named on the program, Dr. Pedro Yodú volunteered a rendition of the lovely song of Tosti's, *Non è ver*, which received an ovation.

Our illustrious patriot Sr. Emilio Bacardí Moreau delivered a short address teeming with his usual eloquence and high philosophy. He recounted the history of Mme Tingley's work for Cuba: How first she came to Santiago, after the War of Independence, with food, clothing, medicines and other material assistance; how she realized that the future of any country depends upon right education, and so followed up her work of material assistance with her Râja-Yoga Schools and Academies in Cuba and took many Cuban children to Point Loma to be educated; that she had pursued the ideal path of education, which lies not only in giving scholastic training but in inculcating high moral principles, in teaching the art of noble living, and in making practicable the Brotherhood of Man.

Sr. Bacardí said that, like every great effort in history, Mme Tingley's had met with opposition, with abuse, and with persecution from some ignorant people in our country; but that now all was changed, now peace reigned, and the seeds she had sown were beginning to fructify in the hearts, not only of her pupils, but of the grateful people of Cuba; and that they would continue to fructify more and more as time went on. He expressed his hope that there would soon be erected on the historic hill of San Juan a Râja-Yoga School and College, where Cuban fathers and mothers could send their children in the full confidence that here they would be rightly educated.

Madame Tingley responded in English. A synopsis of her address was given in Spanish by Señorita Rosa Bustillos, who won a very warm place in Mme Tingley's heart by her splendid record while at the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma, California. Mme Tingley's address was delivered extemporaneously, and as soon as it has been transcribed, Sr. Enrique I. Porro will translate it for the readers of *El Cubano Libre*.

## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ADDRESS AT SAN JUAN HILL

Refreshments were served to the assembled guests by the former Râja-Yoga students.

[The address follows:]

## KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ADDRESS AT SAN JUAN HILL

MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY'S EXTEMPORANEOUS ADDRESS AT THE RECEPTION EXTENDED TO HER BY FORMER RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS, SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1920, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES CONCERNING HER PLANS FOR FUTURE WORK IN CUBA.

My dear Cuban Friends, and beloved Râja-Yoga Students:

Permit me to express my deepest gratitude for this charming reception you have afforded myself and Comrades. The sentiments of your hearts have touched me very deeply. The excellent music, the words of welcome, the beautiful oratory of our respected Sr. Bacardí, and the lovely little tribute of flowers and thoughts by some of the little Cuban children call for more gratitude than I have words to express.

To those present who have rendered such excellent music, I wish to give my special thanks. It is a great thing for you to realize that Music is one of the most potent factors in the building-up of the home and national life. May your power increase and may you find yourselves in added numbers in your musical efforts, when I come back to Cuba again; for music is the voice of the soul, and tired humanity needs its message.

I wish also to thank particularly the dear Râja-Yogas who prepared this charming reception. You represent over a thousand Cuban students who passed through our Râja-Yoga Schools at Santiago and Point Loma, and you also represent many from our former schools at Santa Clara and Pinar del Río. I feel that they are all here in spirit. I remember you and them at this moment in a new way, just as I remember dear Sr. Bacardí and all who have worked unselfishly for the advancement of this country.

You have for many years been held in my heart most affectionately. I have never forgotten you. You have become a part of what we call at Point Loma our Theosophical family — the Brotherhood family, which is united in heart and mind for the purpose of making the world better. When we have this feeling in our hearts, we shall find within ourselves the Kingdom of Heaven; for without love for one another, without charity for one another, without a disposition to lift the whole world by the lofty purposes of education and moral example, we can never advance as a race, as a people, as families, or as individuals.

We must have a foundation of grand purposes in our minds, if we are to work out the great design of humanity, the plan of the "Great Architect of the Universe." Man is immortal; he is a soul; he lives on through many lives and schools of experience; he possesses within his nature that life which is eternal. And with this knowledge, with this consciousness, man can easily hold the key to all the situations in life; he can readily solve life's problems;

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he can become a potent force in dispelling the dark shadows of sin and vice and selfishness and greed and brutality, and go forward in the knowledge of his divinity.

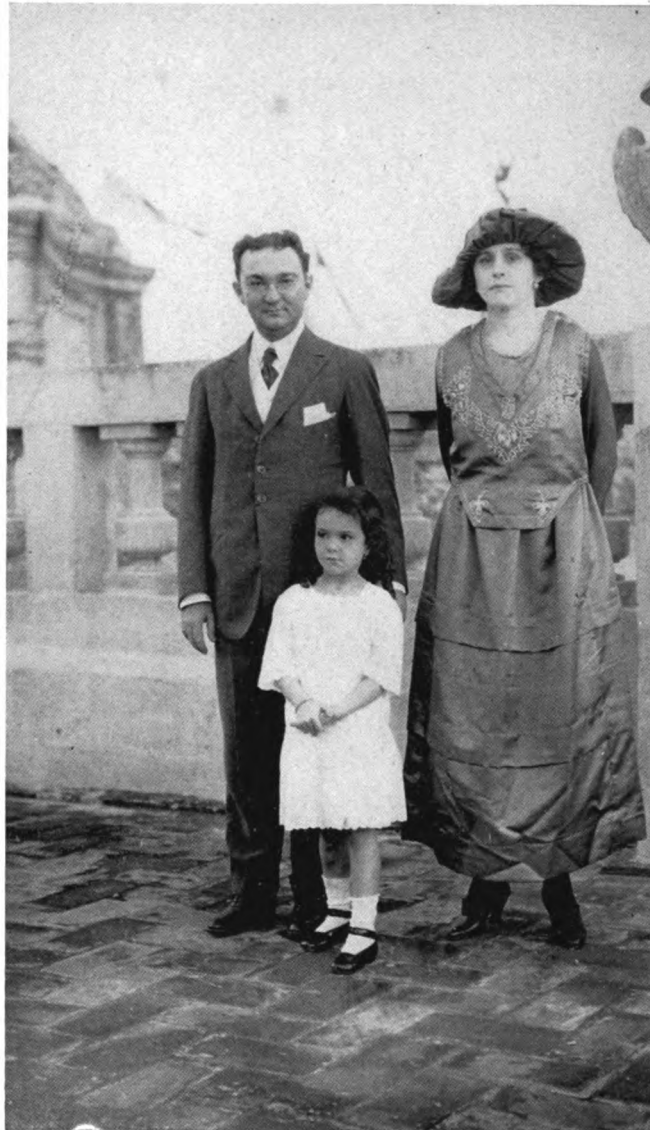
When the sorrow and the horror of war was upon Cuba, I in America suffered much, as though it were my own country; as though the Cubans were my people; and night after night I walked my room without sleep, wondering what I could do. I was at the head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, with branches all over the world. To most of the members my word was their pleasure. So in less than two weeks, all through America, from almost every city, the members of the Theosophical Society began to pour into our Headquarters at New York their contributions of money, of food, of clothing, and medicine; and with my staff-workers, several doctors and nurses, I came here to Cuba with my heart attuned to the sorrow and the persecution that Cuba had suffered. President McKinley and the U. S. Secretary of War rendered me valuable assistance in carrying on my relief work here at that time.

I could do little more than cheer the minds and feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and give necessary medical attention, then. And this was done to hundreds day after day for many weeks. Never, in all my humanitarian work here and in the educational work of the Râja-Yoga Schools, did I introduce the teachings of Theosophy. I never tried to teach these doctrines to sorrow-stricken Cuba, but intentionally held them back; because I felt that on account of the confused state of the country and the suffering, the people needed immediate encouragement and material assistance; and that some day those who had received my help and the help of my workers, would be led into a new line of thought, in questioning as to the spiritual life of those who helped them; and that they would then realize that Cuba needed something more than food and clothing, something more than riches, something more than material prosperity, indeed, something more than mere scholastic education; that it needed the light of Theosophy, which is the power that can unite the people of Cuba in one common purpose for its advancement, so that hereafter there may be no war. In thus cultivating the true spirit of brotherhood, every Cuban will find his life ennobled by following the teachings of Jesus, when he said, "Love ye one another," and "Thou shalt not kill."

Dear Friends, to me this hour seems a sacred, grand occasion, which must mark the history of Cuba in taking a step forward on a new and higher line, on a more progressive and permanent line for character-building on the basis of self-knowledge, in order that the great spiritual message of Theosophy, that is waiting for all mankind, may strike Cuba with such tremendous force that the whole country shall be awakened to its greatest needs, and particularly to the need of spiritual resuscitation or spiritual reconstruction for this beautiful Island.

Cuba has wonderful possibilities for material advancement; your country has rich natural resources; you have your bright intellects and your schools,





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE PRESIDENT AND FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT  
OF THE SOBRADO BRANCH, UNIVERSAL  
BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,  
CUBAN CENTER NO. 1, HAVANA**

Sr. Pedro L. Boudet and his wife, Sra. Octavia Franco de Boudet, and their little daughter, Carmelina — the first 'Lotus Bud.' Sr. Boudet is Assistant Auditor of El Banco Nacional de Cuba. Sra. Boudet was educated at the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma.

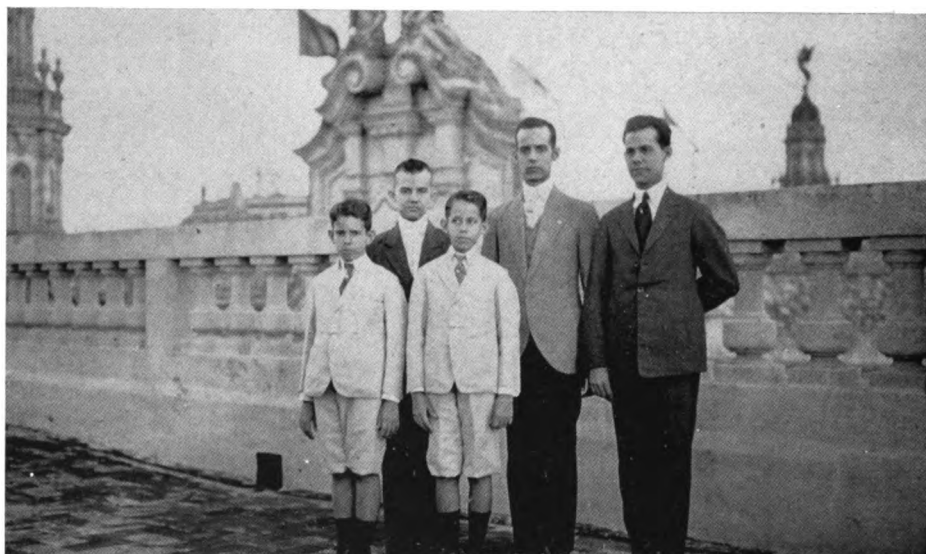


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(ABOVE) SR. AND SRA. GUSTAVO A. PORTA

Sr. Porta was educated at the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma. He is now a successful lawyer of Havana and a prominent business man. His father is a Cuban Senator, and he is a candidate for the Cuban House of Representatives from Pinar del Río. Sr. Porta has been named by Mme Tingley as Treasurer of Sobrado Branch, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Cuban Center No. 1, Havana.

(BELOW) IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN, MARIANAO, NEAR HAVANA



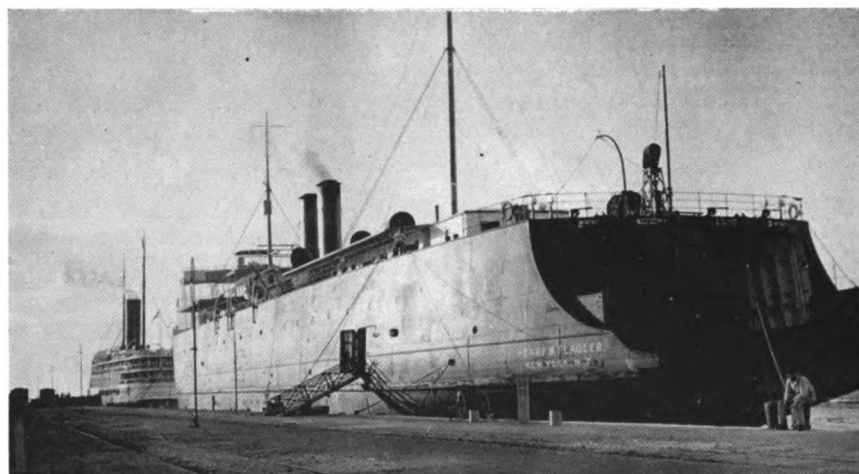
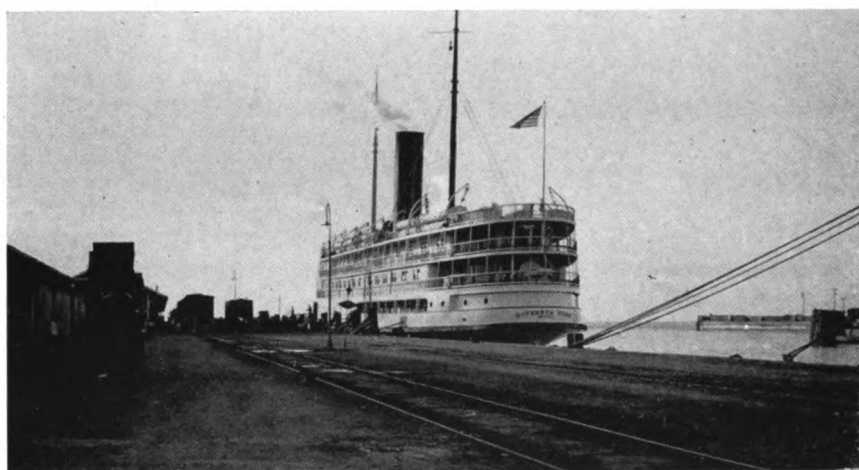
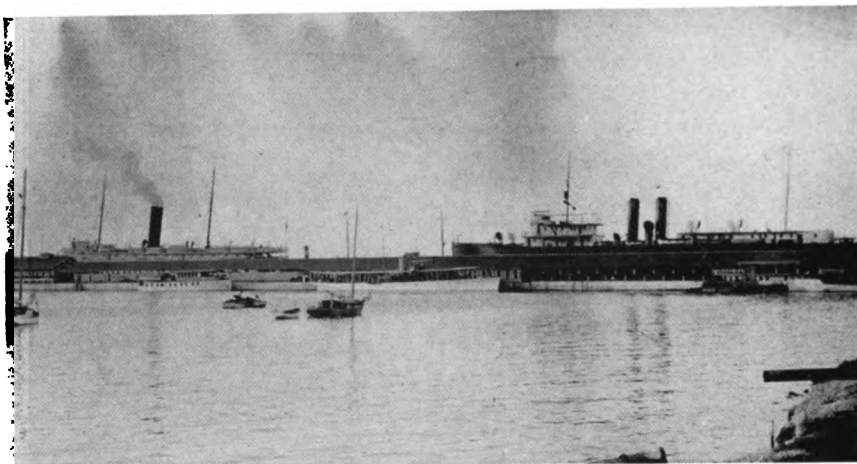
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(ABOVE) MME KATHERINE TINGLEY, MRS. EMILY LEMKE-NERESHEIMER, SR. AND SRA. PEDRO L. BOUDET AND THEIR DAUGHTER, AND THE NEPHEWS OF THE LATE GOVERNOR SOBRADO OF PINAR DEL RÍO

Taken at the Hotel Inglaterra, Havana, February 1, 1920, on the occasion of the founding of Sobrado Branch, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

(BELOW) NEPHEWS OF GOVERNOR INDALECIO SOBRADO OF PINAR DEL RÍO — A TRUE FRIEND TO CUBA, TO THEOSOPHY, AND TO HUMANITY

The two young men on the right, Emiliano Lago Sobrado and Fidelio Lago, were educated at the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### VIEWS OF THE DOCK AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA

(At top) General View; (center) Passenger Steamship 'Governor Cobb' plying between Key West and Havana; (bottom) Ferryboat 'Henry M. Flagler,' which transports freight trains.

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and you have many advantages. But the one thing that you must have before Cuba can shine out in all its glory and splendor as a nation, is the spirit of brotherhood cultivated in the life of each. It must be so much a part of your daily lives, that everyone shall feel its beneficent touch. Even silent nature, the birds and the flowers, may catch the music of your thoughts; even the caressing breezes that come from over the distant mountains can carry a silent song of joy to dispel the ignorance, despair, and restlessness that are at the present time so accentuated in all countries.

So in thanking you for your dear, generous, gracious welcome, for your delightful music, for the beautiful sentiments of your hearts expressed here, for the inspiring welcome tendered by the little children, my one message to you today is to beg of you to believe in me sufficiently to realize that I am your friend, and to know that my love for you could never have brought me here in the early days of your struggles, if it had not been for the teachings of Theosophy. My love for Cuba would never have grown in my heart and blossomed like the flowers if it had not been for my trust in these teachings.

And so I come here now when your country is at peace, and I urge, I plead, I implore, that each and all of you may evolve in your own natures, in your own hearts, in your daily thoughts, an inspiring touch of true brotherhood, so that you will have the disposition to try to understand something that you at present know nothing of. Take up the study of Theosophy, for it is the key to the real upbuilding of your own characters, of your children's, of your country, and of humanity.

Many of you have children. It is your duty not only to give them your fullest devotion, but to enwrap them in the mantle of spiritual knowledge — the knowledge of the Higher and Universal Law, which breathes the spirit of divine kinship and brotherhood in everything. My hope is that from this sacred moment, from this delightful hour, from this sweet companionship, I may find sufficient aspiration in your hearts to respond to my pleading; so that with your good will, your energy, your interest and your encouragement, you will give your full support to the Center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Santiago, which is to be formed. Thus you will become a living branch of the great tree of knowledge, whose roots are the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy.

I now come to a word of warning, which is very important to you all. In Europe and America we hear from noted scientists, and we read in books and newspapers, and we find in family circles, much discussion in reference to the question: "Do our loved ones return to earth to communicate with us?" Now Theosophy declares that love is immortal; and that we shall meet our loved ones again. But it will not be in the way that the spiritualists or spiritists say; because if an immortal soul has gone out of the body and is evolving somewhere beyond the strain of material life, it should not be called back to the life it has just left, to cater to our moods and our heart-aches and our questionings. It should be free as the birds, just as the Divine Law intended it to be. It should go on in its spiritual evolution, until the

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time comes for it to return fully prepared to take up life's battles again in another body in a new incarnation, when it will continue the thread of experience it began in its previous existence. According to the teachings of Theosophy, some day, somewhere, somehow, under the merciful Divine Laws which control the life of man, we shall be again grouped with those whom we so love. But let us unselfishly forget the sorrow their absence has caused, and let us follow them in thought in their new life as they move on in peace and silent aspiration.

There are many good people interested in spiritism; but they are on the wrong track. They have no knowledge of the sublime and comforting teachings of Theosophy. They have not read Madame Blavatsky's wonderfully clear and scientific explanation of death, rebirth, and reincarnation. They have not discovered that, once the soul throws off its tired burden of flesh and moves out into the larger life, it goes onward and upward, ever forward, and never drops to the level of communicating through mediums or giving messages through psychic manifestations.

More beautiful and rational than any other explanations that have been given to the question, "Shall we meet our loved ones again?" is the Theosophical teaching that, in the essence of our spiritual natures, in the silence of our hearts, in the deepest and most tender memories of the absent ones, there is communication; but not by words, not by table-rappings, not by visions, not by preaching. The real communion is with the inner heart-life, in which the tender memories play such a potent part.

With all due respect to the people who are sincerely interested in spiritism, for whom I have no criticism, I say that, as I was a friend to Cuba when it was suffering for material things, now I wish to continue to be its friend when it is in need of spiritual help. I do not wish Cuba to be misled in its spiritual efforts. But I do most truly wish that the scientific explanations which Theosophy offers of life and death, of the soul's evolution, may be universally understood. If you have time to read the current literature of the day, to meet in groups at your banquets and other transient pleasures, you should at least feel it your duty to give some of that time to the study of Theosophy, which will, with consistent application, answer your questions concerning spiritualistic phenomena. There is grave danger in dabbling in these psychic practices; for when a man fails to work harmoniously with the Higher Laws of life, the effort creates reaction; and confusion, unrest, disease, and often insanity follow.

My advice to the sad-hearted and questioning mourners is to realize that there are many things yet to be learned, and that if the eternal verities are to be known, they must be sought for in a rational way and on a middle-line, common-sense basis.

Then too, it is important that those who are seeking the truth should know that the false interpretations of true religion present themselves in many forms and are really great stumbling-blocks along the path of spiritual endeavor. Just as there is in this world counterfeit money, there are counter-

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feits of sincerity, of justice, and I may just as well tell you, there are also counterfeits of Theosophy.

Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, insisted that if the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, were to be of any practical help to humanity, they must be accentuated and followed in all their purity and simplicity. She gave force to this position by her own daily unselfish, practical, inspiring Theosophical life. Before she passed away, she named William Q. Judge of New York City as her successor, as Leader of the Theosophical Society, to carry on the work and protect the teachings from errors of limited human opinions, politics, misinterpretations, and selfishness, which might pollute the original teachings and mislead honest searchers for the truth. H. P. Blavatsky clearly pointed to the dangers of psychic practices and warned her students against pursuing them. She also spoke very forcefully against sectarianism and dogmatism. If she were living today, she would surely rebuke, in no mild terms, those who are using Theosophy contrary to the plans of the Great Teachers. Brotherhood, Peace, and love for one another were the predominant notes of her great mantram. She declared that to preach the doctrines of Theosophy was one thing; but to live the Theosophical life was quite another; and that no member of the Theosophical Society, of which she was the inspiring Leader and Teacher, could really be in good standing unless his life conformed to his professions. The following is from an ancient book of precepts quoted by H. P. Blavatsky for students of Theosophy:

*"Behold the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in, and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom."*

Some years ago the revolutions in your country, and more recently the Great War, which affected the whole world, were great obstructions to my carrying out my original plan of building a Râja-Yoga School here on the historic San Juan Hill. I purchased this estate years ago with the hope of establishing in Cuba a branch of the famous Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California.

I have not abandoned my plan of building a Râja-Yoga School and College here. Although I am disposing of a certain part of this property facing Vista Alegre, which is not needed for my school purposes, I intend to preserve ample grounds and the best resources of San Juan Hill for our future Râja-Yoga education of the youth.

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After my visit here, I shall be better able to adapt myself to the present condition of Cuba in building. I have my plans ready; and while I have hesitated to do any building until I felt reasonably assured that there would be no more revolutions here, yet I am at present held back from beginning to build immediately by the enormous cost of construction, which I should have to meet if I began the work now. It would be an extravagant waste of money to erect first-class buildings at present prices. I feel that ere long this obstruction will be removed from my path; and when that happens, you will see that I have not forgotten the children of Cuba, and that I purpose to carry out all the best plans that I can introduce for the reconstruction of your fair land, through the rational and ennobling system of Râja-Yoga education.

This system was inaugurated by me twenty years ago at Point Loma, California. The educational work at Point Loma is an acknowledged success throughout the world; and we are turning applicants away constantly, because we cannot build fast enough to meet the demands. Already we have over twenty-six nations represented there. The future Râja-Yoga College at San Juan, I intend shall be not only for the children of Cuba, but for the whole of Latin America.

I am soon to erect a large building for educational purposes at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.; and in this building, which will be of unique character, there will be a Memorial Hall and also memorial class-rooms and laboratories. My idea is this: that as certain persons have expressed a desire to spread the Râja-Yoga system of higher education by donating a certain amount of money in memory of their loved ones who have passed away, thus they will have an opportunity to pay them a beautiful and living tribute; for in the great Memorial Hall there will be hung paintings or photographs of those who have passed away, with their names inscribed.

Now this plan I propose to bring out here in Cuba also; and any of Cuba's citizens who feel the need of higher education for the youth and who wish to pay tribute to their loved ones or the martyred heroes of the Republic, can communicate with me as to details. I have asked Mr. Pedro L. Boudet, Auditor of the National Bank of Cuba, Havana, to act as Treasurer for this Cuban Memorial Fund, to receive such donations. Under no circumstances should funds for this purpose be given to anyone except Mr. Boudet. The money derived from these donations can be placed at interest in the National Bank of Cuba, and will be ready to facilitate the early building of the Râja-Yoga College at San Juan.

Let those who might hesitate in contributing to the advancement of this educational work for Cuba, and who might feel that they should throw their donations in another direction, remember that the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and myself have in past years spent over \$300,000.00 for the advancement of our educational work in Cuba; and that not one of our Theosophical workers has ever expected or accepted



## SUNDAY SERVICES IN THE ISIS THEATER

a cent of remuneration for his services, and never will do so; and that the principal teachers in the future Râja-Yoga School at San Juan will be unsalaried volunteer Theosophical workers, trained at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma under my personal supervision. This work will be continued after I am gone by my Successor, who will be appointed by me as Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society for life. Thus will the Râja-Yoga System of Education be perpetuated.

It is my intention to establish a Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in this city for the benefit of old and young. This has been brought about by the request of a number of your best citizens, who have realized the need in Cuba of a better understanding of life and its responsibilities. In this way I feel encouraged to believe that when I return to Cuba to begin digging the ground for setting up a Râja-Yoga College on our beautiful San Juan Hill, I shall find a united and active body of Theosophists to co-operate with me in my new effort.

When this has been done, you can be assured that Cuba will receive a new and lasting influence and impetus for its spiritual advancement; that it will have gained a new victory, and that all who become members of this Society will have realized, at least to a degree, the power of their divine natures, and they will be ready to go forward unafraid and work courageously, determinedly, and affectionately for the advancement of Cuba's highest and most permanent interests.

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**J**OSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on Feb. 15th upon 'A Sound Working Philosophy — a Vital Need in the World Today.' Mr. Fussell said in part:

"Back of all manifested existence, according to the most ancient Scriptures, is the Divine Mind, and could we see the plan of the Divine Mind and know its workings, we should have a philosophy of the universe. Back of all human conduct is human thought, human ideation, and if we are to make a change in human conduct, it must be through human thought."

Referring to the so-called philosophy of 'individualism,' or rather 'personalism,' or the accentuation of the personality, the speaker declared it to

<b>Individualism</b>	be the philosophy of selfishness, saying:
<b>means Good-bye</b>	"This has been particularly accentuated during the
<b>to Civilization</b>	last and the present generation. It is a working
	philosophy, in a way, but is it a sound philosophy?

When it is 'each man for himself,' it is good-bye to civilization, and that is what we have very nearly come to, considering the terrible conditions in Europe and the selfishness on all sides.

"If we are to formulate a sound working philosophy, we must know

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something about human nature. We must decide which part of our nature we wish to cultivate, the physical-emotional, the intellectual, or the Spiritual, — the Divine. Next we must consider the meaning and purpose of life. What are we here for? Theosophy says not for ourselves but for humanity, and that the purpose of life is to bring happiness to all mankind. Then, further, as we study life and come to understand its meaning, we shall come to understand the reign of law.

"One of the most pitiable things of the present day is the lack of true family-life. Katherine Tingley has said: 'To reconstruct the nation we must begin in the home, and we cannot do this unless there is an understanding of the Self. There must be self-adjustment, self-improvement, self-endeavor, and self-directed evolution.' Before we set out to formulate a sound working philosophy we must write that one word 'sincerity.' It is sincerity that makes the enlightened man; and if we have enlightenment, we shall have a sound working philosophy of life."

Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on Feb. 29th upon 'Reincarnation Necessary to Progress.' The lecturer opened with a brief historical résumé of the subject, tracing the belief down through India, Egypt, the Orient and Greece, and

**What is the  
Real Purpose  
of Life?**

disclosing Reincarnation as the belief of the mystics, philosophers, and spiritual teachers of all ages, the general conviction of cultured antiquity, as well as of many of the greatest minds of the present. Said the speaker, in part:

"It is said that history repeats itself, and I believe this. We have only to study history to see how nation after nation has risen to great heights, then declined and died. There are individual differences, certainly, in the histories of different nations, but the great fundamental principle is always the same. How would progress be possible if a new humanity came with each period and took up the work laid down by others, separate from themselves? What is the purpose of life? Is it not to gain experience, knowledge, wisdom, by which we mean the wisdom of the soul? We hold that the real purpose of life is to gain self-knowledge, and if you will carefully examine the meaning of this term you will see that it includes all knowledge. Man will never know God until he finds God within his own heart. He will never be able to appreciate the works of God until he finds the God within. Did not Jesus say, 'The kingdom of God is within you'?

"Life has been compared to a school, and it is probably the best comparison that could be made. When a child goes to school it does not stay a single day only, but comes back again and again. Only so can it learn the

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lessons of that school; and so with life, for a life is but one day in the long journey of the soul.

"A study of the teaching of Reincarnation will bring you to a realization of the necessity of living the heart life, because we shall all come back again, and again be friends or enemies, according to the seeds we are sowing now. And so it will be until all humanity is at one, until the purpose of life is fulfilled. No nation, no individual, ever lost by being truly magnanimous, truly generous, or by truly living the heart life, for we have too much of the head life, too much of the intellectual and too little of the life of the heart."

'What is Theosophy?' was the subject of an address on March 7th by R. W. Machell, Director of the Art Department of the Râja-Yoga College and a member of the literary staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters. Mr. Machell has studied Theosophy under all three Leaders of

**Theosophists are** the Theosophical Movement, Madame Blavatsky,  
**Students, and not** William Q. Judge and Madame Katherine Tingley.  
**Dogmatists** He said in part:

"Theosophy is the fundamental philosophy of life from which spring all religions and all philosophies, all true arts and sciences, all civilizations, together with the vital energizing principle that transforms these, and in time transmutes them, eternally renewing the form that man's mind invents for the expression of the yearning and aspiration of the soul. No true Theosophist would try to bind men's minds by any creed or final formula. Theosophy being, as its name implies, Divine Wisdom, is necessarily beyond the scope and limitations of a creed. The Theosophist is always open to more light from the source of wisdom. He is a learner, a student, not a dogmatist. Therefore Theosophy is unsectarian; and though all the great religions of the world may have sprung from various aspects of Theosophy, yet that great parent of all philosophies, religions and true sciences is not itself a religion, for it has no creed.

"In founding the Theosophical Society in 1875, Madame Blavatsky gave it the subtitle of Universal Brotherhood, and membership in the Society involved the acceptance of this great ideal. When the third Leader of the Theosophical Movement, Katherine Tingley, took control of the organization, she formulated a constitution in which it was declared that one of the objects of the organization was to 'demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in nature,' and acceptance of this ideal is a prerequisite to membership in the Society today. But the acceptance of an ideal is not the same as the enforcement of a creed, for tolerance of the beliefs of others is also a principle of the Theosophical constitution. The man who asks 'What is Theosophy?' will have to do his own thinking, his own reading and his own living. There are many

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things a man must do for himself, and traveling along the path of wisdom is one."

### PROGRAM GIVEN AT LOMALAND FOR JAPANESE CADETS

L OMALAND students and pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy entertained about fifty of the young cadets from the Japanese armored cruiser *Yakumo* at their Lomaland home on Monday afternoon. The *Yakumo* is just in port from a long cruise in Central American and Mexican waters, and the cadets are being trained in naval engineering, under Commander Usugawa and his officers, two of whom accompanied them to Lomaland. All of them are former pupils of Prof. Edward Stephenson of the Imperial Naval College at Yokosuka, Japan, who is an old member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and director of the work of the Society for Madame Katherine Tingley in Japan.

The young guests were greeted by the Râja-Yoga College Band and stood at 'attention' while their national air, *Kimi ga yo*, was being played, after which they were ushered into the Temple. At the entrance they were met by a group of little boys who presented each with a bouquet of freesias to which was attached a handsomely-printed card bearing a Theosophical quotation. They broke into enthusiastic applause upon hearing an address of welcome in their native tongue, given by Tetsuo Stephenson, who came to Lomaland from Tokio some twelve years ago and is now finishing his course in the Râja-Yoga College. In addition to a musical program by the young ladies' string orchestra, the young ladies' chorus, and violin, 'cello and harp *ensemble*, the little children sang a group of bewitching songs and gave their symposium, 'The Little Philosophers.' The afternoon closed with a visit to the Greek Theater and other points of interest on the Headquarters grounds. The cadets were presented with souvenirs of their visit, upon leaving.

— San Diego *Evening Tribune*, March 2, 1920

### STUDENTS GIVE FINE PROGRAM OF MUSIC

S TUDENTS of the Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma gave a program of unusual excellence and charm last evening in the spacious Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga College, in honor of a number of visiting guests who were friends or relatives of Lomaland residents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Underwood and Mrs. R. D. Underwood of Lake City and Point Loma, entertained Dr. and Mrs. Cobb of Marion Center, Minn., and their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wells; Dr. and Mrs. William Selden Peirce of Warren, Pa., were the guests of Mrs. Jessie D. McAlpin; and Miss Julia Hecht, a member of the faculty of the Isis Conser-

## STUDENTS GIVE PROGRAM

vatory of Music, entertained Mrs. Mary E. Fanning of Denver, Colo., formerly of Chicago. Miss Jean McIlwraith of Quebec and New York City, who has been spending the past month in Southern California and will shortly leave for the east, was present as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oluf Tyberg, as was also Miss McIlwraith's friend, Miss Helen F. Service of Detroit, Mich. Dr. Hummel, recently of the faculty of the Medical College of Tulane University, La., and one of the most famous neurologists in America, was present as the guest of J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Dr. Hummel is at present taking an extended vacation in Southern California.

The program included the difficult Liszt Transcription of Paganini's Étude, *La Campanella*, for piano; the First and Third Movements of the Sibelius orchestral suite, *Péléas et Mélisande*; a harp solo by the harpist of the now well-known trio for violin, 'cello and harp; some charming songs by the little children; two new numbers by the Râja-Yoga mixed chorus, *In These Delightful Groves* by Purcell, a 16th-century composition; Taneyef's *Alps*; and an odd bit of musical impressionism well interpreted by Montague Machell on the 'cello, Paul Dupin's *Songerie*.

— San Diego *Evening Tribune*, March 2, 1920

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### Theosophical University Meteorological Station

#### Point Loma, California

#### Summary for February, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	59.93	Number hours actual sunshine	161.10
Mean lowest	50.69	Number hours possible	319.00
Mean	55.31	Percentage of possible	50.00
Highest	73.00	Average number hours per day	5.55
Lowest	43.00	WIND	
Greatest daily range	18.00		
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3260.00
Inches	2.19	Average hourly velocity	4.68
Total from July 1, 1919	7.45	Maximum velocity	22.00

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California



# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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VOL. XVIII NO. 5

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

MAY 1920

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."





# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE philosophy that teaches selflessness contains the balm for the pain and suffering of today. False ideas, false ambitions, inharmonious methods of living, selfishness, and an unbrotherly spirit, are accountable for the unhappiness and dissatisfaction. . . .

Humanity has long wandered through the dark valley of bitter experiences; but the mountain heights are again seen, suffused with the glow of dawn and the promise of a new Golden Age, and a pathway is once more shown to that realm where the gods still abide.

— *Katherine Tingley*

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*  
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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE SQUARE AND CHURCH OF S. MARCO, VENICE  
(Of the tenth to the fifteenth century.)

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 5

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*"Our philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and act should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead."*

— WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

## THE SIGNS OF THIS CYCLE

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

**M**EN of all nations for many years in all parts of the world have been expecting something they know not what, but of a grave nature, to happen in the affairs of the world. The dogmatic and literal Christians, following the vague prophecies of Daniel, look every few years for their millennium. This has not come, though predicted for almost every even year, and especially for such as 1000, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, and now for the year 2000. The Red Indians also had their ghost dances not long ago in anticipation of their Messiah's coming. [See Note at end.]

The Theosophists too, arguing with the ancients and relying somewhat on the words of H. P. Blavatsky, have not been backward in respect to the signs of the times.

But the Theosophical notions about the matter are based on something more definite than a vague Jewish priest's vaticinations. We believe in cycles and in their sway over the affairs of men. The cyclic law, we think, has been inquired into and observations recorded by the ancients during many ages; and arguing from daily experience where cycles are seen to recur over and over again, believing also in Reincarnation as the absolute law of life, we feel somewhat sure of our ground.

This cycle is known as the dark one; in Sanskrit, Kali-Yuga, or the black age. It is dark because spirituality is almost obscured by materiality and pure intellectualism. Revolving in the depths of material things and governed chiefly by the mind apart from spirit, its characteristic gain is physical and material progress, its distinguishing loss is in spirituality. In this sense it is the Kali-Yuga. For the Theosophist in all ages has regarded loss of spirituality as equivalent to the state of death or



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

darkness; and mere material progress in itself is not a sign of real advancement, but may have in it the elements for its own stoppage and destruction. Pre-eminently this age has all these characteristics in the Western civilizations. We have very great progress to note in conquests of nature, in mechanical arts, in the ability to pander to love of luxury, in immense advancements with wonderful precision and power in the weapons made for destroying life. But side by side with these we have wretchedness, squalor, discontent, and crime; very great wealth in the hands of the few, and very grinding poverty overcoming the many.

As intellectualism is the ruler over this progress in material things, we must next consider the common people, so called, who have escaped from the chains which bound them so long. They are not exempt from the general law, and hence, having been freed, they feel more keenly the grinding of the chains of circumstance, and therefore the next characteristic of the cycle — among human beings — is *unrest*. This was pointed out in THE PATH in Vol. I, p. 57, April, 1886, in these words:

"The second prophecy is nearer our day and may be interesting; it is based upon cyclic changes. This is a period of such a change. . . . This glorious country, free as it is, will not long be calm; *unrest is the word for this cycle*. . . . The statesman who can see might take measures to counteract. But all your measures cannot turn back the Karmic wheel. . . . Let those whose ears can hear the whispers and the noise of the gathering clouds of the future take notice; let them read, if they know how, the physiognomy of the United States whereon the mighty hand of Nature has traced the furrows to indicate the character of the moral storms that will pursue their course no matter what the legislation may be."

. . . We are not dealing with the rights or the wrongs of either side in these struggles, but only referring to the facts. They are some of the moral signs of our cycle, and they go to prove the prognostications of the Theosophist about the moral, mental, and physical unrest. The earth herself has been showing signs of disturbance. . . . All these are signs. The cycle is closing, and everywhere unrest will prevail. As lands will disappear or be changed, so in like manner ideas will alter among men. And, as our civilization is based on force and devoid of a true philosophical basis, the newest race — in America — will more quickly than any other show the effect of false teachings and corrupted religion.

But out of anger and disturbance will arise a new and better time; yet not without the pain which accompanies every new birth.

—From THE PATH, October, 1892

NOTE: A safe rule will be that those who say they are Jesus or the equivalent of Christ, are not so, and instead of either following them or looking about for wonderful beings we will follow the ancient saying: "Man, know thyself."

—From article, 'Claiming to be Jesus,' by William Brehon (William Q. Judge), in THE PATH, 1895

## THE HEART DOCTRINE

LEONARD LESTER



THE spirit of discontent with his earthly lot which has overshadowed man's life from time immemorial has today reached a climax more intense and far-reaching than any which history records. Its voice, raised intermittently in protest or questioning down all the past ages, has grown to a chorus whose deep undertone is heard in every quarter of the globe. And within it is a new note — peremptory and unmistakable, as of great events impending, — and there is no human heart but feels the stress of change and the disruption of the old order even within the limits of his own familiar environment.

If Theosophists had only the outer phase of life to look upon, if their Leader had not, years ago, given the Watchword of a New Order of Ages, and already fashioned in the world of the actual a living symbol of its reality, they might well be appalled by the hopelessness of the ideals which the world's life, lived for its own sake, has to offer. For the Teachings of Theosophy, which inspire the Higher Optimism and point out the Path of Light and True Liberation for all Humanity, at the same time rend the veil from many a cherished illusion and show the barrenness of many a hope which still beguiles the minds of men. If there be a true and a false optimism, the same may be said of pessimism. The pessimistic attitude of mind, be it granted, is wrong, but one may justly feel pessimistic over that which, though inherently possessing no basis of hope or inspiration, yet masquerades as the true, flaunting the colors of optimism, and followed by deluded millions. The true Optimism is based on that which endures; it justifies itself continually by its inherent vitality, its fortitude under trial, and by an infinite trust in the Cause which inspires it, albeit unknown, ignored, or even despised by the world's elect, and unattended by applauding multitudes. The Teachings of Theosophy alone have this power to awake in man that which truly lives, which has always lived, but has slept for long ages; they open the fount of inspiration which flows from the Living Rock of Truth, that which alone can survive the rudest shocks of Time, when the sand-founded towers and palaces of this world's life with its pageantries of desire and ambition shall have been swept into oblivion.

To assimilate even in a small degree the Teachings of Theosophy is to see the world with new eyes, to feel the spirit of a deeper sympathy of heart and understanding. The conception of Human Nature and its

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

vast evolution and destiny which it evokes is profound and illuminating; it brings a majestic symmetry and beauty into the confused and fragmentary picture which materialized versions of Religion and Science have left colorless and devoid of true grandeur of design. It opens a new horizon to the imagination and summons man as a Soul to fields of enterprise worthy of his innate divinity. It is not to be compared with any brain-mind philosophy wrought out laboriously in the shadows of intellectual speculation. For Theosophy is born of the Light, it is Spiritual Truth, and is to the mind as light is to the eye. It is the heritage of Man as a Soul, and is of an order of Wisdom which lies beyond the power of the supremest efforts or the profoundest researches of learning and intellect alone, either to create or destroy.

It is this essential light-bringing message of Theosophy that makes it a living power to touch and awaken the nobler part of human nature, just as it is the intuitive spark of man's own Higher Self which, anticipating and responding to the rays of Divine Truth, proves its innate kinship therewith and opens a channel through which that living, transmuting power may illumine the consciousness, and find vital expression in actual daily life. The boundless vistas which gradually unfold before the mind as the beautiful and profound concepts of Theosophy are assimilated by it, offer inexhaustible scope for intellectual study, but its essential appeal is to the Heart, its essential spirit is kindled in the pure fire of Devotion. In this intimate inner cognisance it becomes a Heart Doctrine, and it is by this name that it is known. For to approach and study Theosophy through the intellect alone with the heart-motives unresponsive to its transmuting power, is to miss its vital message and inspiration. Such is "the Eye Doctrine" — "Head-learning without Soul-Wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

To seek the Light of Truth for the personal acquisition of knowledge and power is but a form of spiritual selfishness. Theosophy teaches us that True Wisdom is not found on that path. And why? Because to those unwilling to surrender the personal viewpoint it is obscured by the delusion of separateness; its followers would appropriate knowledge for themselves alone,— would seek a private salvation. True, Universal Wisdom exists for all men as an impersonal possession, and can be acquired only by those who work impersonally for universal ends. The Path to Enlightenment is within, and is a path of right motive — of Duty, of Compassion. Just as with the mind, the thought-life is colored and modified by the nature of the ideas it contemplates: so with the Heart, it is according to the motives which a man allows to animate his actions, mental and physical — the treasure upon which the heart is set — that the vital current which enters it flows beneficent and clear or turbid



## THE HEART DOCTRINE

and corrupt. And how can it be otherwise? Upon what terms can Wisdom be expected to reveal itself except through an inner communion with, and an actual living of, its principles? Theory is incomplete and misleading if not balanced by practice. The essential light of wisdom cannot be put into words, although words may be a means of invoking it. The written wisdom of books — of the world's scriptures — lives only through its power to evoke the Light within the human heart and bear spiritual fruit. For true Wisdom is spiritual and "is from above," as is clearly stated in the Bible,— in the Book of Job, by St. Paul, and in the Epistle of St. James, where it is contrasted with the lower, terrestrial wisdom which is "earthly, sensual, devilish." This duality of Wisdom\* corresponds with the dual nature of Man — the higher and lower Mind — as taught by Theosophy. The True Wisdom is a radiation from the Impersonal Higher Self, while the lower is a reflexion of the unilluminated brain-mind,— illusory and false. Spiritual teaching, intellectualized only, and not realized in the life, becomes materialized into dogma. Of such 'wisdom' the world has had more than enough; it has burdened the moral and mental atmosphere of humanity for ages, obscuring the true light, perpetuating errors which lead only to confusion and despair. Born of the lower mind, of selfish motives, such teachings have yielded abundant fruit after their kind; they have fostered religious controversies and wars, dividing instead of uniting mankind; they have choked the good seed with the thorns of ignorance and poisoned the pure wells of Truth.

How different is the quickening power of true Theosophy,— the Heart Doctrine, which demands of us that these great principles shall become living realities! For it is only then that the essential light of Wisdom can shine; it is ours in so far as we create within ourselves the conditions natural to its reception. Man is a creator and can mold his destiny: he has power to choose the path he will follow. Here, at their source, he has control of the causes which shape his future environment. Through the Will, which is Spirit in action, he may elect the nature of that force which shall ensoul him. This effort is comprehended in the attitude of heart and mind which he adopts, and demands a frank facing of his own dual nature, a voluntary surrender of the lower in order to become the higher. For every adoption of this right attitude is, in reality, an inner call upon the divine within himself, an intuitive expression of that Faith and Trust which is the soul's natural endowment. And in thus rising superior to the dominion of the old anchorage we find that the act of surrender is but a giving up of that with which we had falsely identified ourselves, and is, in reality, a coming to our own.

\*For a comprehensive study of the above subject the reader is referred to H. P. Blavatsky's 'The Dual Aspect of Wisdom,' *Studies in Occultism*, No. IV.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Thus the Heart Doctrine is as a light upon that inner shrine where Conscience dwells; it sets a watch upon those hidden springs of motive which make or mar our lives. It invokes the aid of the Spiritual Will, that Power of Choice, the Warrior Christos, who daily descends to drive out the money-changers who defile the Temple, and stills to a divine silence the chattering voices of the market-place. And although the brain-mind, like the chief-priests and scribes — true emblems of spiritual blindness — may lie in wait to entrap the Christos with its familiar "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" yet, of the light that kindles devotion is also born a Trust which no doubt can disturb, and a power of discrimination undeluded by the subtlest wiles of argument. And in this light of self-knowledge and true self-control the intellect, no longer blinded by a false sense of separateness, finds its true subordinate relationship, and as a sane ally of the heart becomes vitalized and illumined by spiritual intuitions.

That there does exist a True Path of Life for Humanity; that the great ideal of Human Perfectibility — of the Soul's immortality — is no illusion, has been voiced by the great Spiritual Teachers in all ages. All religions in their first pure forms of expression were witnesses to it, not as special revelations or as resting upon individual authority, but because their teachings were based upon the eternal principles, the Laws of Being. And because of this and because human nature is essentially divine, the human heart is the inner witness and prophet of this greater Life which beckons it. Towards the portals of this inner Path all the devious ways of human experience are tending. All men may feel at times the pulsations of a deeper being that enspheres them, of which their own inner lives are a part and to which their own hearts may throb responsive. The conviction that this earth-life of ours, its varied experiences, objects, environments, exist not for themselves but for vast, far-reaching ends with which, sooner or later, by our very natures, we must consciously co-operate,— this conviction is ever waiting on the threshold of our minds to discount the petty triumphs of personal aims and ambitions and appraise all our acts by a juster and grander standard of proportion. And surely there was never a time when the need for an inner readjustment of our lives was greater than it is now,— when it is daily becoming more evident that the material interests which have so exclusively engrossed our civilization cannot support great ideals, and are an unworthy expression of the greater soul-life which is normal to man as a spiritual being. There was never a time when Man was more forcefully challenged to face his own nature, to recognise his duality; when current events forced into clearer relief the tragic contrasts of that duality. The enormous material wealth of our civilization is offset by moral and

## THE HEART DOCTRINE

spiritual bankruptcy. Our control and conquest of material forces is in glaring contrast with our lack of moral self-control and self-conquest. With all our heritage of intellectual treasures, of scholarship and scientific knowledge, we are still devoid of true self-knowledge and the wisdom to use our knowledge aright. Our religion with its churches, its ecclesiasticism, devitalized of essential truth,—put to proof, has failed to enlighten and guide humanity in the hour of greatest need. And while our civilization can buttress itself materially with every engine of military resource, and worship the Almighty in sumptuous cathedrals, where is its *inner Moral Stronghold and its Temple of Spiritual Light?*

That the energies of the race have been overwhelmingly turned into material channels, that these life-absorbing, deadening, worldly interests are of the lower, animal, perishable side of our nature, and can never satisfy the Real Man — this great truth is being voiced in a language that none can mistake or ignore. For the very forces which our civilization has evolved in its creation are arming themselves for its destruction, at the same time revealing the spiritual blindness, the paralysis of true discrimination which this abandonment to the life of sensation has produced. The events of the past few years still shed their lurid light to show how near our boasted march of civilization has been skirting the abyss of barbarism. For the lower, animal nature of man, lacking higher guidance, is ever a barbarian at heart, selfishness incarnate, although disguised with the gloss of culture, endowed with giant intellect, and equipped with every weapon that science can bring to the art of destruction in its mastery of earth, air, and sea; and, as a barbarian, will at last reveal itself when the tide of an exhausted civilization ebbs to its decline. For its blighting presence in human life,—Theosophy shows us — every man is responsible, for all in the past or present, by thought or deed, have contributed to its disruptive elements of lust and strife.

To expect a solution of the world's problems through an adjustment of outer conditions without an inner readjustment of human nature, is vain. A first essential is a deeper understanding of man's nature, an influx of the higher wisdom. And to this self-knowledge, the basis of all spiritual adjustment, Theosophy holds the key. Men strive to effect permanent reforms through schemes of social and industrial economy,—by politics, legislation, diplomacy, or force,—seeking to change surface conditions, conceiving of life as though its great character-evolving drama were but a puppet-show to be worked by a mechanical pulling of the strings; as though the plastic form and character of material conditions could ever rise above the moral level of the motive forces which animate them, or take on shapes of beauty and power until vitalized by an inner reality of being; and forgetting that the human Spiritual Temple cannot

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

attain its true symmetry and proportions lacking the Master Craftsman's larger vision and creative ideal to guide its evolution. Such efforts are a result of the materialistic conceptions of the age with its superficial reading of cause and effect; for although we know that the condition of matter is that of constant change, we persistently treat it as though it were the Real — the only reality,— and have so far cultivated our life in matter that our conscious world of mind is overpopulated with its denizens of sensation, emotion, and impulse. Madame Blavatsky, in a letter to the American Convention of the Theosophical Society, held in Chicago in 1888, wrote the following significant words, which, like all from the pen of the great Founder of modern Theosophy, passing years have served but to vivify and illumine:

The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards a development of those qualities which conduce to the success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence. Theosophy seeks to develop the human nature in man in addition to the animal, and *at the sacrifice of the superfluous animality which modern life and materialistic teachings have developed to a degree which is abnormal for the human being at this stage of his progress.*" [Italics ours.]

Of the dual forces which ensoul man, it is the Spiritual that is the true *re-former*,— the molder and transmuter. The words of the Bible, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," are but an echo of what the Wise in all ages have taught,— that the constantly changing life around us is but the expression of man's inner nature, that within man's Heart-life is that dynamic urge that is molding human destiny, and that the spontaneous utterance of its purified wisdom is the vital source of all reform and spiritual reconstruction.

It is constantly assumed that man is the victim of his material environment; he feels self-justified in striving forcibly to change it, evade it, or even to destroy it, as was the half-wisdom of Omar, voicing the ever-restless, never-satisfied longing of desire,— uttered in our own day in wilder forms of suicidal mania and brutal destruction.

" . . . . could thou and I with fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Should we not dash it to the earth, and then  
Remold it nearer to our heart's desire?"

But what is man's real environment, and what determines its character? We habitually think of it as pertaining only to those material circumstances and surroundings into which we have been born, and judge of them as favorable or unfavorable from the personal standpoint of this one physical life. Taking for granted that our physical environment does play a most important, although secondary, part in molding character, yet from the higher standpoint of the Immortal Man, the reincarnating Ego, which on its own plane of loftier vision comprehends the ingathered

## THE HEART DOCTRINE

experience of aeons and looks across the ages, down the corridors of a vast perspective of incarnations as but incidents in its pilgrimage through matter — from this higher standpoint of the Human Soul, for whose experience and perfection the universe exists,—its true environment must include also the instrumental equipment, so to speak, which it uses to gain this experience, comprehending not merely the physical body, which is but its outermost sheath, but other more subtle vestures of its inner constitution,— the mysterious warp and woof of temperament and character of the evolving individuality. As a crude illustration we may conceive of this inner constitution as a sphere of interblended spiritual and material forces, agencies, and elements, epitomizing the whole compass of evolutionary life from the lowest up to the most subtle material elements, and ensouled by the indwelling spiritual principles; — a copy in miniature of the sphere of the universe and, like it, containing within itself the same contending elements of chaos and cosmos, out of which it is gradually evolving harmony. Of this human sphere, the physical body, contacting through the senses the outer world of matter (what we commonly call environment), is the material extreme; and within, at the center, shedding its radiance through the intermediate centers of mental and psychic vestures, is the Spiritual Heart, endowing the mind with Conscience and with that sense of self-conscious, permanent identity which differentiates man the thinker from the lower animals. It is this Spiritual or Higher Self which reincarnates, and in its descent into matter reclothes itself with new vestures, woven on the warp that its former lives have framed for it, being guided by unerring laws of affinity to the physical body with the particular hereditary equipment, together with the terrestrial field of action, corresponding to its evolutionary needs and just deserts.

Thus man's true field of reform, as a soul, is this inner potential environment. Here he stands at the dividing line between the dual forces which contend in him for mastery. Within this body, marvelously built to be the Temple of the Holy Spirit,— until dominated by that Spirit,— he finds entrenched his arch enemy; for it is true of man, individually as it is of the history of every Spiritual Movement where the forces of Light and Darkness are seen in direct conflict, that a man's enemies are those of his own household. With either one or the other of these opposing currents he must consciously identify himself, instead of wavering impulse-driven between the two. In this inner domain of causes — the seed-ground of future harvests — he holds the keys to outer environment and may wield the powers of a god by the nature of the forces he energizes through his conscious will. The choice of his environment was not and is not the choice of the personality, but of the Great Law with which the

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soul is co-operating, and for the soul's ends. The heroic soul desires no favors for itself, but, feeling its unity with all other souls, desires impartial justice — the only kind of justice. It accepts unconditionally the karmic environment the Law brings, knowing that its own thoughts and acts in past lives have set in motion the causes of which the conditions of the present life are the corresponding effects — this forming not only the just and natural sequence of its larger life, but affording the opportunities to overcome those difficulties and weaknesses of the lower nature which bar its progress. Maintaining this soul-attitude which accepts trustingly even an apparently harsh environment, its very difficulties, resolutely faced, may become agents which yield the beneficent lessons of self-directed evolution. And thus attuning the inner heart-keyboard to the ends of the soul, the whole life may grow vocal to the breath of the Universal Life, a part of the grander harmony.

When the great Theosophical doctrines of Reincarnation, Karma and the Duality of human nature are accepted as keys to the right understanding of himself and his destiny, man may confront life squarely from the stronghold of his True Self, finding within himself the soul's weapons and armor, and the higher discrimination to give right emphasis to the energies of his nature, realizing that nothing short of Self-Conquest — transmutation of the lower animal man in himself by the Divine in himself — can bring the Peace and the Power of victory. For it is the need for Self-Conquest that Humanity is facing today. Beneath all the turmoil and discontent with outer conditions lurks the fact that mankind, *within*, stands self-convicted, conscience-burdened; his world-wide discontent is rooted in discontent with himself. The bitter harvest he is reaping is of his own sowing. If the human man persists in playing the part of the animal man, he must, because of his essential divinity — voiced by inner conscience, — inevitably submit to the scourge of sorrow and affliction. For Man, the Thinker, endowed with Mind, but impelled by selfish desire, has energized matter and the subtler elements of Nature with disruptive forces — disturbing nature's equilibrium and hindering evolutionary progress. Is it not, therefore, a just law of conservation which ordains that the effects of this misuse of energy should recoil upon man as their generator? But is it not also a tribute to his creative power, this recognition by the Law of man's responsibility as an evolutionary agent? The fact that man can suffer and rise purified by suffering proves his god-like power of co-operation with Karmic Law, which, behind its sternest chastenings, is at heart the Law of Compassion.

Madame Blavatsky's statement, made over forty years ago, that the present is a turning-point in the history of the world, and that changes of epoch-making importance would take place, has already had ample

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confirmation. She said that the present is a time of transition, of moral and spiritual readjustment, when the Nemesis of violated Truth and Justice is visiting upon mankind a long-accumulated heritage of retribution. And yet this Karma-Nemesis — the sifting process of the Heart Doctrine,— rightly interpreted, is but as though the regenerative powers of the Great Law, stern yet beneficent, had gone out into the very high-ways and byways of the world's life to *compel* men to come in. Again Humanity is being called to face the ancient conflict which must be fought out and won individually in the human heart ere its victories can be gained outwardly.

In the broader view of human history made possible in the light of the Teachings of Reincarnation and Karma, which an intelligent conception of man as a Soul demands, the events as recorded by historians are recognised as but the outer shaping of inner conditions and not the causative agents of human progress. And the real significance of events is to be sought in the nature of the hidden forces, moral and spiritual, that ensouled them. Therefore all externally inspired efforts at reform, impelled as they are by other motives than the deep heart-urge for Truth and Justice, being but the result of external stimuli, must lack the vital power of *inner reality*. Cunningly devised pacts,— schemes of the brain-mind to restrain the barbarian in human nature — how can such self-interested bargainings in the name of high principle become beneficent agents for the healing of the nations, while it is but the disturbing effects of barbarism that we would avoid, continuing meanwhile to nourish it at the roots? Is it reasonable to expect that new arrangements of world-legislation can inaugurate a new era, if the old motives of national aggrandisement and selfish interests still dominate the world? All such superficial attempts to reform human life are but expressions of the letter of the law, and are on a par with dogmatic religion, which after twenty centuries of trial has left Humanity groaning under the burden of the greatest war in history. It is the pharisees, chief-priests, and scribes of Law and Religion who foster such schemes. The true world-saviors and reformers have ever repudiated them.

The millennial prophecy that Satan is to be bound for a thousand years may be figuratively true if the chain that binds him be forged in the fire that has tried human hearts. Humanity must arise to assert itself no longer the thrall of its lower instincts controlled by material ends. A new heart-attitude is imperative, at least from some,— the heroism which fears not to seek an inner Self-Conquest and scorns to evade a struggle which is inevitable from the fact that man is born man.

And as there can be no true conquest without a corresponding surrender of the usurping lower nature — which must precede attainment —

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so this very surrender quickens the power to perceive the true motives at work within and around us. Wherever we look are dual forces at work — dual motives and tendencies; — duality in religion, in politics, in law, in education, in national and individual customs and habits, in commerce and industry, in science, literature, and the arts. They are as symbols written out large of our own dual handiwork, and in the transformations which they are daily undergoing we may trace the infinite workings of Karmic Law; tested by the law of a higher utility, they reflect in themselves the conflict of man's dual nature, and in their noisy world-arena react upon him as the benign or malignant agents of his self-woven destiny.

With an awakened perception of this pervading duality, there is prefigured a coming Choice for Humanity which awaits to challenge each heart individually — a dual Path opening for all — one leading down to the shadows of oblivion, the other upward to the Heights of Light.

To those who are seeking Light, Theosophy makes an irresistible appeal. For every awakened soul is at heart a Theosophist, and to these it calls to enlist in a Great Cause worthy of Man's inherent divinity — for it is of the Eternal and appeals for co-operation to the Eternal in ourselves.

How-like a call from the Heights are the words of William Quan Judge:

*"There is a Great Cause — in the sense of an enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family and is a possibility because sublimity in perfection and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing."*

That such a Cause does actually exist is a fact that calls into play the noblest powers of heart and mind. The awakened soul stands in continual expectation of such a Quest and hails it gladly as the impelling duty whose call transcends the cries of all lesser aims, claiming again eternal allegiance to the divine comradeship of souls.

To realize the sublimity of this Cause of Universal Brotherhood the mind must abandon the false and sentimental associations which have clung to the idea; nor is it to be known through the analytic brain-mind whose materialistic conceptions of brotherhood belong to a lower order of thought.

The Heart Doctrine is the path to this realization of Human Brotherhood; the Heart and Higher Mind alone are native to the world of larger ideas whose grand proportions frame the portals of that Path. Already those portals, rising in clear-cut symmetry, are lit by the sunrise of Truth!

Without the larger light of Theosophy — the fundamental teachings of Reincarnation, Karma, and the Divinity of Man — no true conception of Brotherhood is possible. For it is all-embracing and vast. It seems



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to need the imperial eloquence of music, some universal heart-speech, to awaken the deeper soul-harmonies.

And as such, indeed, to the inner heart-life of humanity, its message has gone out into the world. Down from the luminous heights to the gloomy ravines and desert wastes of the world's life, over populous plains, across war-devastated lands, "over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways," its pure tones have floated, undulating round the world, binding the far-sundered, war-scarred nations in a zone of light. Its echoes are heard by wearied pilgrims in the shadowy valleys, lost chords of the ancient sphere-music are blended with the choral harmonies of the nations, and each in his homely marching-songs may catch some strain of the universal symphony to lighten the heart and stir vague soul-memories of the ancient Quest and Kinship.

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



AMONG all those human institutions which Theosophy aims to preserve, to sanctify, and to reinstate, there is none more sacred, more dear to the human heart than that denoted by these two words. Home and Family may fitly be described as the heart of human social life, that vital point upon whose integrity and purity the whole organism depends. A family is society in miniature, in the atom, in the pattern; and the welfare of the whole will be as is the welfare of the part; the germ will determine the nature of the growth.

Times of decadence in civilizations have always been characterized by a breaking up of family life, by a relaxation of the sacred obligations of wedlock, by a loss of filial respect from the children and of control by their parents, and by a general dispersal of the members of the family from the desecrated and desolated hearth to seek distraction in the tawdry allurements of fashionable street-life.

The efforts of wise statesmen in such crises have been directed to attempts to stem this current; and we read of their enactments against divorce, their subsidizing of large families, and other such expedients; — vain, however, so long as the spirit of decadence continues to reign unchecked among men. The civilizations which have the longest endured have been those which set the most value on the maintenance of family life in its integrity and sacredness.

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The decay of family life, the increase of divorce, the hastiness and levity with which marital obligations are contracted, the growing loss of respect in children towards their parents, and of control by parents, are symptoms causing grave concern to thoughtful observers of our life today. Of what are they the symptom?

It is clear that, if civilization is to be saved from impending catastrophe or destruction, the condition of family life must be among the first matters to receive attention; and it will not be surprising to learn that this is indeed one of the chief concerns of Theosophy.

In speaking of Theosophy, we must here assign special importance to its practical aspect; for as long as Theosophy should remain a mere body of intellectual conceptions and nothing else, it could have little value for the world. Such barren beliefs are in fact another characteristic of a declining age; and history furnishes us with the examples of such prevalence of philosophies and cults in a decadent society. But Theosophy was never intended to add one more to the list of profitless intellectual pastimes; its teachings are all preliminary to practical results; and such results we now see being unfolded by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as the fulfilment of the original plan of the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky.

It will be seen from the writings and public utterances of Katherine Tingley, the present Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, that she attaches the greatest importance to the maintenance of purity and ideal conditions of harmony in the home and family life; and the activities of the Society, as carried on under her leadership, illustrate the practical side of the matter. Lomaland — the International Headquarters of the Society — being a place where students of Theosophy have the opportunity of putting into practice their ideals, we shall find there many examples of family life in which parents and children are successfully realizing these ideals.

It has been said that marriages are made in heaven; and, if this be so, it would seem to supply a definition of marriage that would exclude from the category many unions that go by that name. The saying evidently means that marriage in the true sense implies a deeper and truer union than in many cases actually exists; a union which can be realized if both parties are sincere in their aspiration to govern their lives on principles of harmony and purity. If worldly interests or fleeting passion be the sole basis of union, there can be no true comradeship such as springs up when the twain are united in their common loyalty to high ideals of duty and conduct.

Many parents in Lomaland have their children in the Râja-Yoga College and Academy there; and other parents, who live elsewhere, in

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America or other parts of the world, have sent their children to live under the care of the teachers and directors of the school. In every case the result is to produce between parents and children a mutual relation of greater harmony and understanding than is otherwise attainable. And the reason is simply the fact that the noble principles of Theosophy are made the directing force throughout.

It is impossible to imagine a better opportunity for realizing in practice the meaning of harmony and concord than is afforded by the mutual relations of man and wife. All life consists in a harmonizing of contraries and in a resolution of discords in a sublime concord; it consists in studying the relation between personal wishes and social obligations, between "the many and the one." And in this case the conflicts that would arise if each party followed desire are obviated by the fact that both are pursuing the same impersonal ideals. Common loyalty to high ideals brings about the true love and harmony between comrades, a love that is free from sentimentality or any other unreliable element; and the practical working out of this is manifest in the relations that ensue between man and wife and between parents and children.

To find the source of marriage troubles we must not consider particular details but seek the root causes. These are, first a lack of understanding of the real meaning and purpose of life in general, and second a lack of understanding of the import of wedlock in particular. Theosophy reveals the meaning of life and inspires the liver with renewed purpose; and marriage appears as one way of realizing the objects for which man is here on earth. A common ideal is the true source of unity; and if that ideal is a high one, it will tend to progressive elevation of those who entertain it. Thus marriage is not so much a loyalty to one another — though that is implied — as a common loyalty to the high ideal.

The disruption of families forms a sad and ominous feature of modern life, especially in the United States; and Theosophy is peculiarly adapted to the prevention of such disasters and to the restoration of union and harmony where the upstarting of selfish interests has already begun or menaced disruption.

✽

"WITH that absolute knowledge that *all* your limitations are due to Karma, past or in this life, and with a firm reliance ever now upon Karma as the only judge, . . . you can stand anything that may happen and feel serene despite the occasional despondencies which all feel, but which the light of Truth always dispels."— *William Quan Judge*

## IN A LOMALAND VALLEY

KENNETH MORRIS

A LONE little red star of blossom in the sun-rich quiet, as it were  
forlorn in  
This gray-green vale of Spring-sweet sage-brush: overhead a  
buzzard wanders,  
Slant-winged, slow-winged, peering down: the sea whispers. . . . And  
then, borne in  
On the first slow wind of the morning, comes the news the morning  
ponders.

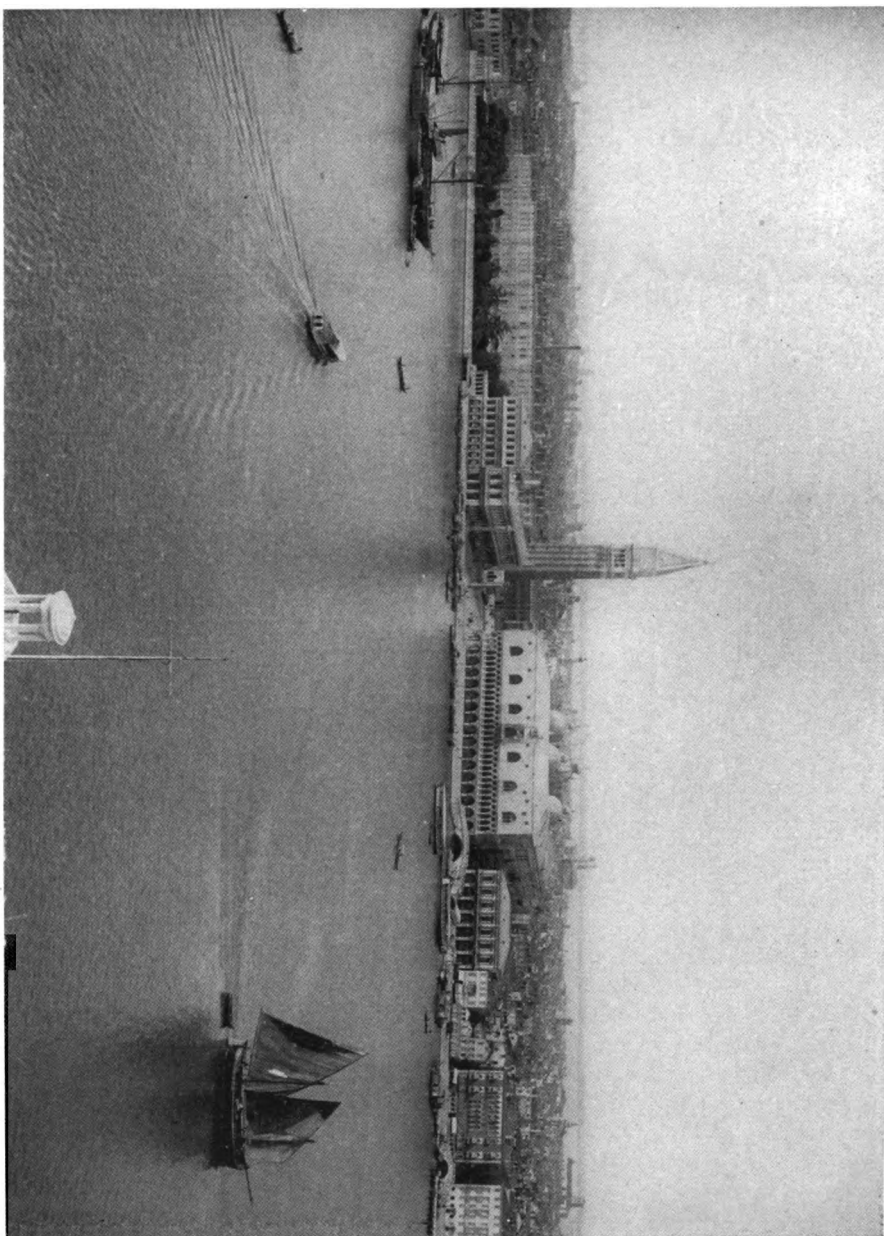
Only a moment ago I was watching the sea and the sky and the valley,  
unseeing;  
Then the wind stole tiptoe o'er the chaparral, shaking out wormwood  
and sage aroma;  
And 'neath the dark green manzanita I saw this bloom; — and the Heart of  
Being  
Fierily took possession of the morning, and there was a new heaven  
above Point Loma.

All this world is a little foam, translucent, a glamour like the bow of  
Iris:  
Silver and mauve and green and lavender; — sapphire, tourmaline,  
— air and ocean,  
Men and cities,— they glimmer and pass; but behind them the Hidden  
Heart of Fire is,  
Whence the beauty that thrills them through with endless quivering  
gleam and motion.

Rippling, changing, melting, vanishing,— Earth and her sons and civiliza-  
tions,  
And the glory of the hills and seas, and all that the eye of man o'er-  
rangeth,—  
They are as the shadow of wings on the hillside, as the sun on the sea-breast's  
scintillations;  
And the secret of our lives is hid in the Everlasting, in the Beauty  
that waneth not nor changeth.

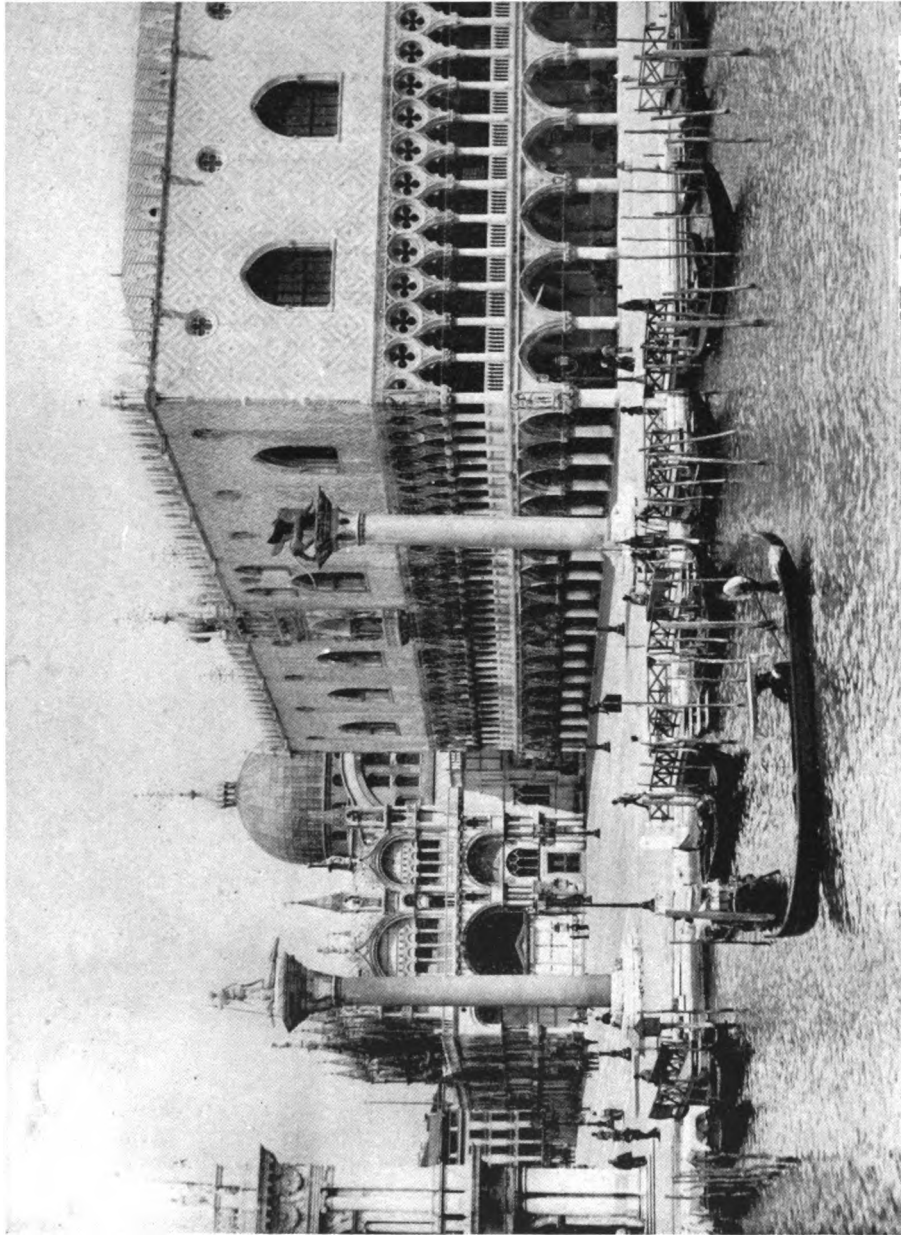
Sometimes it is a thought in the heart; or a word on lips, or an eye's shining;  
Sometimes it is a flower in the valley is stirred with a breath from the  
Worlds Supernal,  
And lets the Marvel glimmer through, and sets our little minds divining  
'Neath these selves of us exiled here, Selves archangelic, remote,  
eternal.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



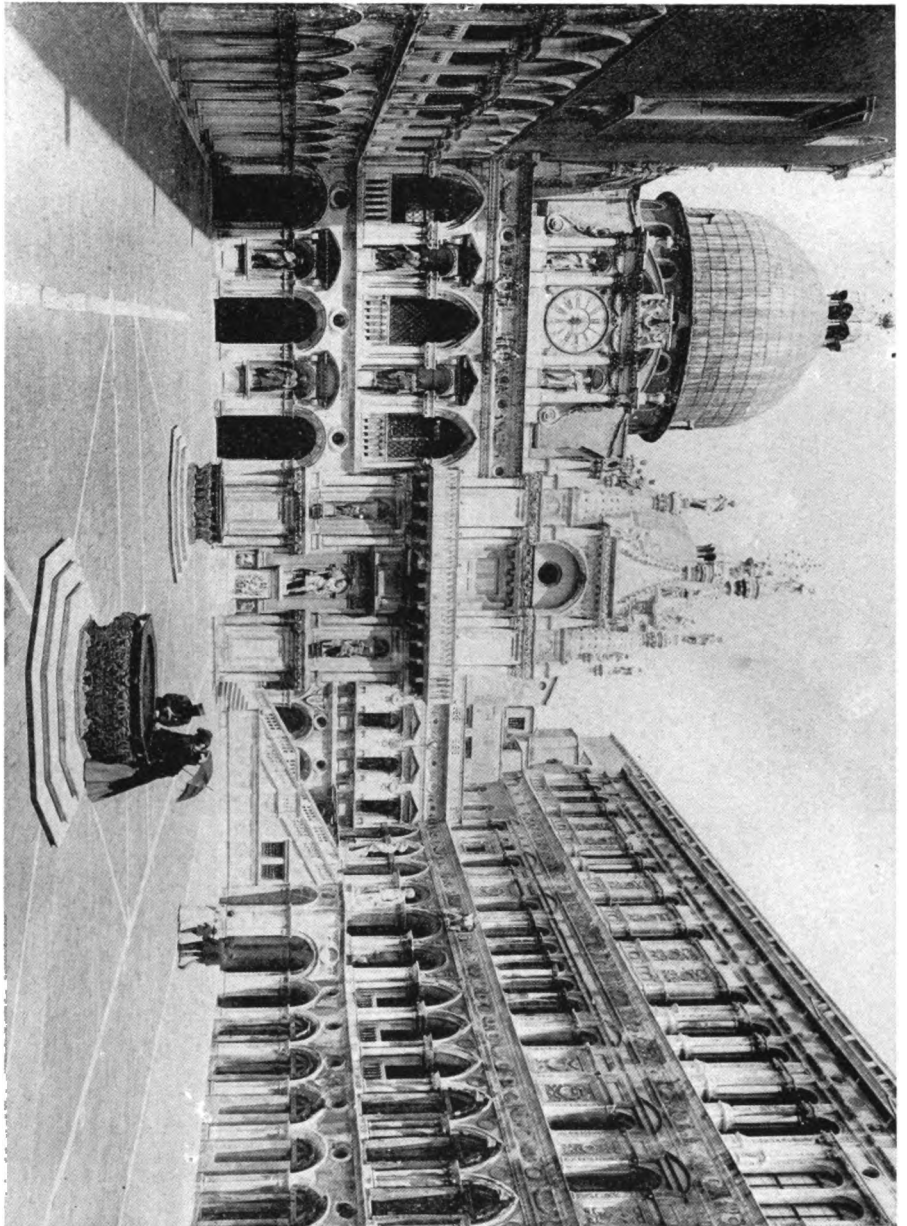
PANORAMA OF VENICE AS SEEN FROM THE ISLE OF SAN GIORGIO

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**COURT OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE**

The court shows various styles, 1423-1604.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE 'GRAND CANAL,' FROM THE FOSCARI PALAZZO  
LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIALTO, VENICE



# EVOLUTIONARY MAN: A STUDY IN RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES AND CONCLUSIONS IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

## PART IV

C. J. RYAN

**W**E must now continue the study of the Table of Periods and Types, which, for convenience, is repeated on page 434. Leaving the Vero and other American remains for later consideration, two famous relics — the imperfect skeleton of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java, and the Heidelberg mandible — demand attention. The former, found in a stratum which it is difficult to place in exact correspondence with European time-periods, but which is generally supposed to be about as old as or perhaps somewhat older than the Galley Hill man (whose skull, as reconstructed logically by Dr. Keith, is quite modern in size and general appearance), possessed a very low cranium, little more than half that of modern civilized man or of most of the ancient Stone-age skulls. The capacity of the Java cranium is reported to be about 850 cubic centimeters; the average of modern human skulls varies between 1300 c.c. and 1500 c.c., but native Australian women have been found with only 930 c.c., though the Australian female average is about 1100 c.c.

In estimating the amount of mental ability possible with a low brain-capacity it is worth noting that native Australian children in modern schools have taken high rank at examinations. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in a lecture on 'Human Development,' reported in *The English Mechanic* for October 7, 1910, said:

"It was very questionable whether in pure intellect we had any advantage over races which we were accustomed to consider quite inferior . . . even the aborigines of Australia showed similar capacity, for in Victoria the Aboriginal School for three years running stood highest of all the State schools in examination results."

As the *Pithecanthropus* was little inferior to the lowest Australian in brain capacity, he may not have been so much lower in intellectual possibilities! When, however, his fragmentary remains were discovered, a loud paean of joy was raised, "The missing link at last!" But *Pithecanthropus* has been dethroned from that eminence and he is now supposed, by one school, to be the lingering representative of a far earlier race, a very primitive one — *but quite unknown and purely hypothetical* — and, by another, to be nothing but a little twig on the tree of evolution which

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TABLE OF TERTIARY AND QUATERNARY PERIODS

Formation	Remains of Man	Approximate date, beginning of each period
<b>EOCENE</b>		
PALAEOCENE, London Clay (Engl.) OLIGOCENE	(?)  Eolithic stone implements made by man	7,870,000
<b>MIOCENE</b>	(? "Eagle-beak" implements) <i>Primitive</i> anthropoid apes found in Miocene period	3,670,000
<b>PLIOCENE</b> Coralline Crag Red Crag (Eng.)  Blue clay (Italy)  Gold-bearing sands (California) ? (Australia)	"Eagle-beak" implements, scrapers, axes, hammers, etc. Not <i>later</i> than this and possibly much earlier. (England) Castenedolo skeletons (Italy) Piltdown skull and eolithic implements (England) Calaveras skull, stone mortars, pestles, spearheads, etc. (America) Talgai man's skull, and bones of dog (Australia) This specimen may be a little later in date	1,870,000
<b>PLEISTOCENE</b>	<i>Pithecanthropus erectus</i> (possibly late Pliocene)	870,000
1st Glacial Period	(Java) Bones	
2nd " "	Heidelberg jaw (Germany) Vero (Florida) bones and pottery, Nampa (Calif.) clay image etc., Charleston (S. Carolina) pottery	726,000
	Chellean { Galley Hill bones (England) Acheulean { Bury St. Edmunds skull (England) Denise, Moulin Quignon, bones (France)	
3rd " "	La Quina, La Chapelle (France) Mousterian { Spy (Belgium) skulls Gibraltar, skull NEANDERTHAL (Germany) skulls, bones	402,000
4th " "	Aurignacian Combe-Capelle, Grimaldi, Cro-Magnon, etc. (France)	222,000
End of Glacial Periods	Solutrean Magdalenean	
<b>RECENT</b>	Neolithic. Western Europe, America, etc.	?
	Modern	10,000

degenerated into the gibbon type of ape and there ended. Professor Buttel-Reepen wrote in 1914:

" . . . Until now the scientific world has accepted the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the ape-man found some years ago on the Island of Java, whose remains were supposed to furnish the 'missing link,' as the original ancestor of man. He was nothing of the kind. He was a freak. He could not and did not develop into man. He lived awhile and died — just as a sucker emerges from the trunk of a tree, to wither at last away without getting anywhere."

And, as was mentioned in the preceding article, *Pithecanthropus* gives no comfort to those who look for an intermediate type half-way between walking man and climbing ape. *Pithecanthropus* was, of course, exactly what Professor Buttel-Reepen and most of the modern school declare it to be, a minor twig thrown off from the main stem. It is, therefore,

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unnecessary to dwell further on a subject in which there is no serious diversity of opinion.

The Heidelberg relic consists of nothing but a very massive and clumsy jawbone with quite human teeth; it belongs to the second Ice-age in Europe, a very early stage of the Pleistocene period. We have now reached a period of enormous antiquity. According to various authorities the Pleistocene age lasted from half a million to a million and a half years, and the succeeding periods to the present day must have been very long too. What does this Heidelberg jaw, which lived more than a million years ago, tell us? Dr. Keith says:

"How much can be inferred concerning *Homo Heidelbergensis*, seeing that we know only his lower jaw and his lower teeth? In the first place, the characters of the teeth leave us no doubt as to his race: he represents, beyond all question, a variety — a primitive variety — of the Neanderthal man. It is strange that we have not found a single trace of this race since we parted from the deposits of the Mousterian until now. The pre-Mousterian strata have only yielded us men of a more modern type. Here, however, we come across Neanderthal man of a more primitive type than any yet found in the Mousterian deposits. The teeth show those peculiar features which differentiate them from those of men of the modern type. . . . These are not primitive or simian features, but the reverse; they are modifications confined, so far as we have yet discovered, to this peculiar variety of species of man, *Homo neanderthalensis*. . . . In the Heidelberg mandible we find the usual Neanderthal features of the chin, only they are more primitive."— *Antiquity of Man*, pp. 237-244

The most surprising thing about the dentition of the Heidelberg jaw is that the canine teeth are less apelike than those of modern man. Dr. Keith says:

"One other feature of the Heidelberg dentition impresses the anatomist. At such an early date as the beginning of the Pleistocene period he was prepared to find in the canine or eye teeth some resemblance to the pointed canine teeth of apes. This expectation was founded on the form of the canine teeth of modern man and the peculiar manner of their eruption. In the Heidelberg dentition the canines are even less ape-like than in modern man — they have subsided into the ranks of the ordinary teeth. In this we find a second point which bears on the antiquity of man. In an early species of man the canine teeth had assumed the 'human' form by the commencement of the Pleistocene period."— *Ibid.*, p. 237

This famous mandible proves, then, that there lived at the beginning of the Glacial period a primitive form of Neanderthal man, who, we have seen, had a large brain, and who, though brutal enough in many points of structure, was perfectly human, and whose peculiarities of skull have been found to exist in a few highly-intelligent persons of our own time. But we must not forget that the entire Neanderthal race disappeared and that the Heidelberg man is not on the line of our ancestry, however brutal and 'primitive' he may be.

Is the Heidelberg man the earliest human being of whom we have record? Or is there a more intelligent-looking type of man as early or earlier than he? Certainly there is, and the most celebrated specimen is the Piltdown man, *Eoanthropus Dawsoni*, discovered in 1912 in Sussex,

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England, who has already given occasion for endless controversy. As Dr. Keith's examination of the skull is highly exhaustive and recent (it takes about 200 pages of his book) and as that eminent anatomist and anthropologist exhibits a truly unprejudiced attitude (a mind keenly open to every scrap of evidence) and, most markedly, a willingness to modify his views for cause shown, we cannot do better than attach great weight to his conclusions, which seem far more logical than those of his opponents. After quoting Dr. Smith Woodward to the effect that the Piltdown remains "are almost (if not absolutely) of the same age" as the Heidelberg mandible, he says:

"When, therefore, Dr. Woodward assigns the Piltdown remains to an early phase of the Pleistocene epoch, we may, in the present state of our knowledge, suppose him to refer the Piltdown race to a time which is removed about half a million years from the present."

— *Ibid.*, p. 308

But other authorities, including Dr. Keith himself, are convinced that Piltdown man is a good deal older than the Pleistocene, that he really belongs to the much earlier age, the Pliocene, *which antedates the first Glacial period*. Dr. Keith points out with some humor that those who refuse to admit that Piltdown man dates from the Pliocene are not consistent:

"When Professor Boyd Dawkins found the remains of (Pliocene) Mastodon in the Dove-holes cave in Derbyshire in 1903, unaccompanied by human remains, he unhesitatingly assigned the contents of that cave to the Pliocene period; but when the same remains are found in Sussex, accompanied by human remains, the deposit in his opinion should be referred to a much later date."— *Ibid.*, p. 309

Such is the effect of preconceived opinions. The reason why many representatives of official science hesitate in face of new discoveries to admit fully-developed man at such an immensely ancient period as the Pliocene is, of course, because it is almost impossible to find time for the enormous changes necessary to evolve man from the anthropoid ape, for the ape cannot be traced much farther back. We shall see, also, that evidences of man are found far earlier than even the Piltdown man of the Pliocene. Professor Keith and his school contend that the Pliocene age of the Piltdown man must be admitted, at whatever cost to the theories. The more advanced school have accepted, for several years, the existence of the chipped-flint implement industry in the Pliocene in England, which proves that some kind of intelligent man existed then, but the man himself was unknown till Mr. Dawson brought the Piltdown man to light.

An extraordinary thing about the Piltdown discovery is that although the remains of the skull as reconstructed by Dr. Keith show a well-developed head with a large brain and a generally more advanced appearance than the far-later Neanderthals, yet nearby, in the same Pliocene

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stratum and accompanied by rudely-worked flint implements (eoliths) and extinct animals' teeth (such as those of *Stegodon*, a form of elephant found in Pliocene deposits in India but never before in western Europe), an incomplete jawbone strongly resembling that of a chimpanzee and a disconnected apelike canine tooth were found. Controversy has raged as to whether the jawbone and separate tooth belonged to the skull or only happened to have drifted into the group of animal and human fossils. Though Dr. Keith, after a most exhaustive examination of the jaw, believes they probably belonged to the skull, he has his doubts, especially in consideration of the inconsistency of such an apelike jaw being associated with a purely human skull. In this case it is very singular that several of the features which distinguish human from chimpanzee jaws are missing in the Piltdown mandible. There are also no remains at all of the upper jaw, teeth, and face, by which the missing characteristics of the lower jaw could be approximately restored. The single large and apelike canine found in the same stratum as the skull and animal remains is believed by a large number of authorities to belong (like the jaw) to an early form of chimpanzee, and not to the man's skull. It is true that no chimpanzee is known in Europe at that period, but neither had remains of the Indian elephant, *Stegodon*, been found in western Europe until fragments of its teeth were unearthed from the same Piltdown bed.

With reference to the missing condyle of the jaw, Dr. Keith admits that there are great difficulties in reconstructing one which would fit into the socket in the skull: a condyle which would harmonize with what remains of the jaw — a distinctly chimpanzee condyle — would not fit. The subject is highly technical, and as even Dr. Keith admits "a certain degree of doubt" that the jaw could possibly belong to the skull, and as an important school of anthropologists, including the Americans, repudiate the humanity of both jaw and tooth, it is plain that there is not sufficient evidence strongly to suggest, much less to prove, that it has anything to do with the skull. The opinion adverse to the humanity of the jaw and tooth has become so strong lately that Dr. G. S. Miller of the Smithsonian Institution has just published a monograph to establish an early species of chimpanzee by means of these fragments alone, which he calls *Pan Vetus*. We may safely disregard the jaw and tooth fragments and learn from Dr. Keith that the skull itself is perfectly human; he says:

"... the comparison of the fragments of the skull with corresponding parts of modern skulls, convince students of anatomy that in general conformation, in actual dimensions, and in brain capacity, the head of the Piltdown race was remarkably similar to that of modern races. [*Ibid.*, p. 375] ... The characters which mark Neanderthal skulls are all absent. [p. 396] ... We have here — in the discovery at Piltdown — the certain assurance that one race of

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mankind had reached, so far as the mass of brain is concerned, a modern human standard at the beginning of the Pleistocene period. All the essential features of the brain of modern man are to be seen in the Piltdown brain-cast. . . . A few minor alterations would make it in all essentials a modern brain. . . . We may rest assured that a brain which was shaped in a mold so similar to our own was one which responded to the outside world as ours does. Piltdown man saw, heard, felt, thought, and dreamt much as we do still. . . . [p. 420] The brain capacity of the Piltdown skull is thus above that of the average modern Englishwoman, and below that of the modern Englishman . . . the skull . . . may be safely calculated as reaching 1400 c.c., an amount equal to the average capacity of modern Europeans. If Dr. Smith Woodward and I are right as regards sex, then in the male of the Piltdown race we may expect to find a brain capacity of at least 1550 c.c."—*Ibid.*, p. 390

We have lingered so long over the Piltdown skull because of the importance of fully realizing its entire humanity in view of its enormous age, and because so many misleading things have been foisted upon the public as to its being the most brutal relic of humanity yet discovered. It was not specially brutal, even in comparison with high modern races, and the far later Neanderthals were much more gorilla-like. The Piltdown case well illustrates the difficulties which beset scientific researchers, who have only a few broken bones and a few flint implements to depend upon in order to settle the profoundest problems of prehistoric history. From the Theosophical standpoint Piltdown man *might* have had a human skull and an apelike jaw, though there is no valid reason to suppose his jaw was not as human as his brain. If it were not, though, the curious combination would place him among the anthropoids or other degraded offshoots, the product of Atlantean bestiality, who broke off from the true line of human evolution and mostly perished.

Referring once more to our Table, we shall notice that skeletons have been found in Italy in Pliocene strata. The Castenedolo remains have been the subject of prolonged controversy, though, to the student of Theosophy who has learned that intelligent man lived long before the Pliocene, there seems no cause for dispute.

Sixty years ago Professor Ragazzoni, an expert geologist of the Technical Institute, Brescia, Italy, discovered human remains in a coralline stratum at Castenedolo, near Brescia. This stratum was laid down when a Pliocene sea washed the southern flanks of the Alps, which had not been raised very long at that epoch. The bed is older, probably a great deal older, than the stratum from which the Piltdown skull comes; it belongs to the more ancient Pliocene formation. Ragazzoni minutely examined the strata overlying the bones, but found no signs of disturbance indicating that a grave had been dug through them. Twenty years later more bones were found near by, the overlying strata being also intact. Professor Sergi, one of the most eminent European anthropologists, then examined the bones and the place where they had been unearthed, and gave it as his opinion, expressed in many writings and often repeated since,

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that there was no doubt that the remains came from the ancient and undisturbed Pliocene bed. Leading anthropologists differ widely as to how the bones got there, but Professor Sergi and others have never seen the slightest reason to doubt that they were laid there at the time the ancient stratum was in process of formation. Why should there be any hesitation in accepting this natural explanation? Because, in Dr. Keith's words, which are worth careful reflexion:

"the student of prehistoric man . . . cannot reject the discovery as false without doing an injury to his sense of truth, and he cannot accept it as a fact without shattering his accepted beliefs."— *Ibid.*, p. 245

What is the specially remarkable character of the Castenedolo discovery and what are the beliefs which it shatters? The reason which makes it so hard to harmonize with the Darwinian theory of man's evolution from an anthropoid ape in the middle Tertiary is, according to Dr. Keith, that:

"the remains were those of people of the modern type . . . only the skull of the woman was complete enough for reconstruction. . . . The brain capacity must have been about 1340 cubic centimeters — the average for modern European women. . . . It is a long narrow skull, with not a single character that we can identify as primitive. Indeed, if tested side by side with the skulls of modern women belonging to primitive races, we should select the Castenedolo skull as representing the more highly evolved example of the modern type." — *Ibid.*, pp. 247-9

It is extremely interesting to notice that the lower jaw is small, delicate, and pointed, "the angle between the ascending ramus and body very obtuse ( $130^{\circ}$ ) as in women with long narrow, oval faces"! Such pointed chins, though a little less so, are also found in the Galley Hill and other Pleistocene skulls; the Neanderthals, of course, had large, coarse, brutal jaws with apelike receding chins, though not apelike teeth; but they were certainly not on our ancestral line.

The belief that Dr. Keith says is imperiled is that man was extremely brutal in mind and body — emerging from the pure animal by extremely slow degrees — not much earlier, if any, than the Castenedolo age. It is imperiled, as he says, because of the lack of time for the ape to have evolved into man, if any modern type of man, anything but the most simian type, existed in the Pliocene, for anthropoid apes have not been found in the early Tertiary. Considering the minute amount of change, if any, that has occurred in man's structure since even the Aurignacian age (disregarding the Galley Hill, Piltdown, etc., for the moment), what enormous ages would it not have required to evolve, by Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, a pure brute animal with a small brain, hand-like feet, etc., into the early Pleistocene or the Pliocene types with perfectly human bodies and modern-sized brains! So if Castenedolo is a true discovery, the time required for the evolution of highly-developed man from the ape is out of all proportion to the amount provided by the

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testimony of the anthropoid fossils. Yet we shall find that stone tools, worked by man, are found in periods hundreds of thousands if not millions of years earlier than Piltdown or Castenedolo.

The question of the age of the Castenedolo race is of great importance; it seems strange that further explorations have not been made at that spot, for, as Dr. Keith says, "our difficulties increase as we go back," *i. e.*, the Darwinian difficulties. While he cannot accept, however open-minded, the existence of modern types of man in the older Pliocene, he "grants the possibility"; but he thinks the skeletons may somehow have been buried at a later date, though he gives no explanation of the striking and conclusive fact that the overlying joints of the strata show no sign of disturbance, which should be seen if a grave had been dug through them. From the Theosophical standpoint the discovery at Castenedolo is not surprising. At that early Pliocene date there were men and their congeners in various stages of development and degradation, from the highly-cultured to the brutal savage and the anthropoid and half-anthropoid — the offspring of miscegenation as before-mentioned. Professor Sergi and those who have no doubt about the mid-Pliocene era of the Castenedolo people are right in believing that some advanced types lived then, and subsequent discoveries of flint implements, made at a far earlier period, add greatly to the strength of their position.

For many years the reports of curious flint implements found in caves by careful anthropologists were totally ignored, and the few audacious persons who persisted in believing them to be the relics of prehistoric man were abused or ridiculed and the subject looked upon as a joke or worse. Theological bias was mainly responsible for this, but not entirely. About 1858 the orthodox scientific attitude changed, and now the implements are indispensable to anthropology. It is generally believed that there are stages of culture which can be traced by the rudeness or finish of the stone tools, and the ages are more or less clearly defined as Palaeolithic (Ancient Stone-age), Neolithic (Newer Stone-age), and so forth. We must not forget that though we live in the Age of Metals, yet the Stone-age persists today in many savage localities, and we do not really know how far back the use of metals goes. Iron may have been in use in some places when savages in other localities were chipping the most primitive forms of flints — the eoliths. Iron very quickly oxidizes and disappears when not protected, as we all know.

The eoliths — only recently discovered — have had a hard fight for recognition, mainly because they prove that men of sufficient intelligence to make tools existed long before it seemed probable according to the Darwinian hypothesis; but there are few, if any, anthropologists who now deny their human origin. These extremely rudely-chipped flints are



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found in company with the Piltdown man, but they occur at a much earlier date, even as far back as the *Oligocene division of the Eocene*, when the mammalian age was beginning to develop the great types which in succeeding ages evolved into the modern species. A special kind of eoliths, called from their leading characteristic in form 'eagle-beak' or *rostro-carinata* implements, prove the existence of intelligent man in the Pliocene. Sir Ray Lankester, F. R. S., says of these:

"The implements are not at all like those previously known. They are not flattened, almond-shaped or kite-like, as are the large Palaeolithic implements (the Chellean, Acheulean, and Mousterian) hitherto known. But they are shaped like the beak of an eagle, compressed from side to side with a keel or ridge extending from the front point backwards. . . . These implements are in fact beaked hammer-heads. With these were found a few other large and heavy sculptured flints of very curious shape (like picks and axes) unlike any hitherto known, but certainly and without the least doubt chipped into shape by man."

— *London Daily News*, November 20, 1911

The learned anthropologist then speaks of the time when these peculiar implements reached the place in the Tertiary strata where they are now found, beneath the 'Red Crag' deposit. At the close of the Secondary period the chalk rock which forms the south-west portion of England was elevated and the Eocene 'London Clay,' the first English Tertiary formation, was deposited in the shallows and along the shores of the new land. The London Clay was elevated in its turn and became dry land. As Professor Lankester says:

"But suddenly, almost violently, the great barrier across the North Sea from England to Norway was finally washed away. [No doubt this was caused by one of the convulsions which were gradually destroying Atlantis.] The cold Arctic waters streamed down into the German Ocean, the beautiful southern shell-fish died, great banks of finely-broken shell were piled up by cold currents over the low-lying land surface of the Suffolk coastline. This was the beginning of the Red Crag deposit, and not only that, it was the beginning of that period of great cold . . . which constitutes what we call 'the glacial period.' The flint implements — our eagle's beaks made by man in the relatively warm Coralline Crag days — were actually carried off the land by an ice-sheet and deposited in the earliest layers of the Red Crag deposit. The irrefragable proof of this is that very many of the eagle's-beak flints are scratched and scored on their smooth surface by those peculiar cross-running grooves which we find on a pebble from a glacier's 'moraine' or stone-heap. . . . In any case Mr. Moir's flint implements are pre-Crag; they were made before the glacial conditions set in."— *Ibid.*

The special interest to us in this is that the Coralline Crag, which is *later* than the implements, is at least as old as the middle Pliocene; how much older the implements are who can say, for the land surface on which their makers lived had been exposed for an immense time.

The simpler eoliths are also convincing evidence of man's existence in the early part of the Tertiary, earlier than the Pliocene, or even the Miocene, the period when anthropoid apes first appear. H. P. Blavatsky says:

"The *pure* Atlantean stocks — of which the tall Quaternary cave-men were, in part, the

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direct descendants — immigrated into Europe long prior to the Glacial period; in fact as far back as the Pliocene and Miocene times in the Tertiary. *The worked Miocene flints of Thenay, and the traces of Pliocene men discovered by Professor Capellini in Italy, are witnesses to the fact.* These colonists were portions of the once glorious Race whose cycle from the Eocene downwards had been running down the scale."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 740

We do not look for human evidences in Europe until the later Eocene, for H. P. Blavatsky says:

"All the articles which geologists now excavate in Europe can certainly never date earlier than from the close of the Eocene age, since the lands of Europe were not even above water before that period."— *Ibid.*, II, 723

Dr. Osborn, speaking of the first appearance of the larger apes, says:

"As early as Oligocene times a forerunner of the great apes (*Propliopithecus*) appears in the desert bordering the Fayum in northern Egypt. Early in Miocene times true tree-living gibbons found their way into Europe. . . . In the Pliocene of the Siwalik Hills of Asia is found *Palaeopithecus*, a generalized form which is believed to be related to the chimpanzee, the gorilla, and the gibbon; the upper premolars resemble those of man.

"None of these fossil anthropoids either of Europe or of Asia can be regarded as ancestral to man. . . .

"Among these fossil anthropoids, as well as among the four living forms, we discover no evidence of direct relationship to man but very strong evidence of descent from the same ancestral stock."— *Men of the Old Stone Age*, p. 49

Yet in the Oligocene, when only the *forerunner of the great apes*, *Propliopithecus*, was wandering in the Fayum, man possessing sufficient intelligence to manufacture stone tools was living in parts of Europe that had risen from the ocean. Again, we may ask, where is the enormous period of time required to transform the tree-living anthropoid ape into walking, intelligent man?

Dr. McCurdy, in *Records of the Past* for January-February, 1909, says:

"The eolithic industry . . . is found not only in the lower Quaternary [Pleistocene] but also in the Miocene and even in the Oligocene at Boncelles, a station recently explored by Rutot. From the Oligocene and Miocene up to and into the lower Quaternary the industry remained practically at a standstill, representing one and the same grade of intelligence."

How many millions of years does this represent! During those ages, according to Theosophy, the heavy karma of Atlantean spiritual wickedness was holding down the majority of mankind in the lower arc of a cycle, while the new Fifth Race (Aryan we may call it) was gradually forming in Central Asia out of the small nucleus of civilization that had been saved from Atlantis. The Cro-Magnons and their kin, and then the Neolithics, were the pioneers of the new cycle of civilization in Europe. The hard fight the more liberal anthropologists had to get the human origin of the eoliths accepted is shown by a critical remark made a few years ago by Professor Duckworth of Cambridge University, England:

"The years that have elapsed since the commencement of the Oligocene period must be numbered by millions. The human type would be shown thus [if it existed then] not merely

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to have survived the Hipparion, Mastodon, and Deinotherium, but to have witnessed their evolution and the parental forms whence they arose. . . . Eoliths carry man too far back."  
— *Prehistoric Man*

Possibly man not only "witnessed" but helped in the evolution of Hipparion into the modern type of horse. The above remark by Professor Duckworth was published in 1912 and, notwithstanding the inconvenient inconsistency of the eoliths with the ape-ancestry theory, the artificial nature of the rude stone implements has been widely accepted since then.

We may now glance at some of the puzzling problems which have faced Darwinism in America. We shall find relics of men of apparently modern Red Indian type reported as existing in strata so enormously old that science cannot accept them with any better grace than it accepts the Castenedolo or other Pliocene Europeans, and for the same reason. In fact, as there are no anthropoids in America, the problem is even more complicated, for the presence of intelligent man in America in very early periods requires extra time for him to have slowly traveled from the region in Asia where the supposed theater of evolution from the ape is located by many biologists!

For a long time the prejudice against the possibility of Pleistocene man in America was too strong for the limited amount of evidence to prevail against it, but of late there has been a change, and Dr. Keith is able to state definitely that men of exactly the same type as the Indian of today existed in the United States in the Pleistocene period; he says:

"It is plain, to account for modern man in Europe, in Asia, and in America, long before the close of the Ice Age, we must assign his origin and evolution to a very remote period."

— *Antiquity of Man*, p. 278

The most sensational and surprising discovery in America was that of the human remains found in the *Pliocene* gold-bearing sands of Calaveras County in California, in 1866. These have been the subject of the most animated controversy ever since, and the subject is not yet closed.

A full and critical account of the discoveries will be found in *The Report* of the Smithsonian Institution for 1899, by Professor W. H. Holmes, and the unprejudiced reader will be able to see that if it were not for the strong preconception of the author in favor of the ape-ancestry theory, the arguments used to discredit the immense age of the skull and the utensils would never have convinced him. Their object is to suggest that the relics are modern or comparatively modern Indian ones which have fallen into the gold-mining shafts or have been carried into the horizontal tunnels and then covered by falls of gravel, to be discovered when new tunnels were bored. But there is at least one story of a discovery which is so evidentially strong that neither Dr. Holmes nor anyone else has been able to account for it on the theory of accident. A handsome polished

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pestle was actually picked by an expert out of the ancient Pliocene river gravel beneath the beds of volcanic basalt, from a place in which it could not have been accidentally put by a fall or intentionally by a modern Indian. Yet this tool is patterned like many of the others, and resembles those used by the modern Indians, who are — or were in 1866 — in the Stone-age. Dr. Keith does not agree with those who utterly repudiate the Calaveras discoveries, yet he cannot give unqualified assent to their authenticity, and he concludes that we must wait for further information, *for how could there be a modern type of Indian in California at a period when there ought to be nothing but extremely primitive ape-like creatures!* This consideration does not trouble the student of Theosophy who knows that men in various stages of culture spread far and wide from Atlantean centers much earlier than the Pliocene. Dr. Keith points out that even if the Calaveras skull is not so very old, there remain:

"other mysteries connected with the ancient bed of the Stanislas even more difficult of solution. The skull was not the only evidence of man in the ancient gold-bearing river gravels in Calaveras County. These gravels lie buried under tides of lava which swept the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada in the Miocene and Pliocene periods. There are the most circumstantial accounts of the discovery, in the gravel-beds of these ancient Pliocene streams, of stone mortars, stone pestles, hammer-stones, spear-heads, etc., not only by miners, but by expert and reliable geologists. *Indeed, were such discoveries in accordance with our expectations, if they were in harmony with the theories we have formed regarding the date of man's evolution, no one would ever dream of doubting them, much less of rejecting them.* The consequence of accepting the discoveries of Calaveras County as genuine has been well expressed by Professor W. H. Holmes, when he presented the results of his investigations to the Smithsonian Institution in 1899. 'To suppose that man could have remained unchanged physically, mentally, socially, industrially, and aesthetically for a million of years, roughly speaking (and all this is implied by the evidence furnished), seems in the present state of our knowledge hardly less than admitting a miracle.' It is equally difficult to believe that so many men should have been mistaken as to what they saw and found." — *Ibid.*, p. 284 (Italics ours)

When we recollect the immense time that man remained in the Eolithic stage of culture in western Europe, it does not seem such a "miracle" that he may have remained as long, or rather longer, in western America in a considerably higher stage. Dr. Robert Munro, in *Archaeology and Fake Antiquities*, writing in 1905, before the recent European discoveries of the Piltdown man and the eagle's-beak implements and the wide acceptance of the eoliths, says:

"If the so-called Calaveras skull be accepted as a genuine relic of the period when the auriferous gravels of California were deposited, it would prove the existence of a highly-developed man earlier than the Pliocene period. . . . People who profess to believe that the . . . stone implements, weapons and ornaments . . . are relics of a human civilization of that period, are upholding opinions which, if true, would be absolutely subversive, not only of the doctrine of human evolution, but of the principles on which modern archaeology has been founded."

But other principles have had to be abandoned in face of awkward facts, and we may find the Calaveras discoveries, or some of them at least,

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fitting very comfortably into the science of the twenty-first century.

The discovery of the image at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, is one of several finds of pottery in America of far earlier date than anything of the kind in Europe, and it is a most significant piece of evidence, for men who had both the desire of using and the capacity of making a modeled human figure must have been infinitely removed from the supposed ape-man. The Nampa image, found in 1889, is made of partly-burnt clay and is one and one-half inches in length. It was brought up from a depth of 320 feet during the boring of a shaft through Tertiary strata, and is of early Pleistocene date, possibly Pliocene. Opposition to its genuineness has been raised, but without any foundation except that such things cannot be, in view of the lack of time necessary for so highly developed an artist to have been evolved from the Pliocene or Miocene apes! As Professor G. F. Wright says:

"No one has come forward to challenge the evidence except on purely *a priori* grounds arising from preconceived opinions of the extreme antiquity of the deposits in which it is said to have been found."

Animated controversy has raged for several years over the discovery at Vero in Florida of scattered human bones of modern type associated with baked pottery resembling that of recent Indian tribes. The same argument has been used against its authenticity that we are prepared to expect — primitive tribes cannot have existed for so many hundreds of thousands or more years without greater change, and early Pleistocene or late Pliocene men cannot have been so far removed from the ape. Dr. Oliver P. Hay, of Carnegie Institution, Washington, in replying to the theory that the bones and pottery were buried in the Florida Pleistocene beds in modern times, says:

"On his page 37 [*Bulletin No. 66* of American Ethnology Bureau] Dr. Hrdlička undertakes a consideration of the 'broader aspects of the case' and he asks whether it was possible for man to be in Florida in Pleistocene times. He himself replies that the presence of man there at that time, or even on the American continent, cannot be admitted by anthropology. In doing so, he simply assumes that what is supposed to be known about man in Europe furnishes a standard by which all matters anthropological the world over must be settled. He says that no pottery is known to have existed in the world before the Neolithic age. On the contrary, it has been shown (Note: Hay, *Amer. Anthropol.*, Vol. XX, pp. 15, 16, 25) that pottery has been found in this country in the early Pleistocene at Charleston, Vero, and Nampa. Did an Indian go out furtively into that swamp at Charleston, dig down three feet in the muck, and hide away from his fellows, alongside of the mastodon tusk and horse teeth, that potsherd?"

— *Science*, November 8, 1918

It will be seen, from the limited number of discoveries yet made in the United States, that there is cumulative evidence of the enormous antiquity of intelligent man in this country; and, from the evidence of the pottery, that the inhabitants of some parts of America who were contemporary

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with the Piltdown man and other early Pliocene or Pleistocene Europeans appear to have been their superiors in culture.

So far we have directed our attention to the weaknesses in the Darwinian contention that man evolved very slowly from an ape ancestor during the Miocene and Pliocene geological periods, but we cannot close without referring to the startling attack made upon the whole principle of descent from any kind of anthropoid ape, by Dr. F. Wood-Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, in 1918. Though a Theosophical scientific writer recently discussed Professor Wood-Jones's lecture in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, it is sufficiently important to be again brought to the attention of our readers.

After showing that Haeckel's and Huxley's theory of 'end-on' evolution, in which the claim is made that man descended from the mammals which walk on four legs, through the monkeys and anthropoid apes, is impossible from the standpoint of the attentive student of human anatomy, Dr. Wood-Jones turns to a curious little animal, generally, but, he says, incorrectly, classed with the Lemurs, the *Tarsius* of the Malayan district, as a type more closely resembling man in many essential details of bodily structure than the anthropoid apes. He shows that man has retained a large number of 'primitive' features which have been lost by the monkeys and anthropoids. As an anatomist he makes a special point of this remarkable fact, which, he says, has not been sufficiently considered by investigators. His conclusion, after reviewing some of the muscular, arterial, and organic characters of man in comparison with those of the lower animals, is that:

"We are left with the unavoidable impression that the search for his ancestors must be pushed a very long way back. It is difficult to imagine how a being, whose body is replete with features of basic mammalian simplicity, can have sprung from any of those mammals in which so much of this simplicity has been lost. It becomes impossible to picture man as being descended from any form at all like the recent monkeys, or anthropoid apes, or from their fossil representatives. . . . He must have started an independent line of his own, long before the anthropoid apes and the monkeys developed those specializations which shaped their definite evolutionary destinies."— *The Problem of Man's Ancestry*, p. 33

*Tarsius*, he says, is the only companion to man in primitiveness; it is nearer to man than any other animal known to the zoölogist. *Tarsius* dates back to the very earliest dawn of the Tertiary period, when the first generalized types of animals began to appear, and has hardly changed at all to the present day. Dr. Wood-Jones does not suggest that *Tarsius* is the direct ancestor of man, and he gives no information as to how or why man acquired his own specializations, but he shows by the evidence of embryology that man has possessed them for an enormous period, and has apparently been as stationary in physical development as *Tarsius*! He proves that Haeckel's teaching, that a human embryo cannot be

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distinguished from that of the ape until very late in development, is wrong and must be abandoned, by showing that certain essentially human characters, such as the human walking foot with a leg muscle found in none of the lower animals, are visible in the human embryo at the earliest possible time and not late in its formation as they would be if man had passed through the anthropoidal and quadrupedal stages:

"Such a finding, in the development of any animal, forces the conclusion that a distinctive feature, so early acquired in embryology, was early acquired in history, and that the species must be very old indeed."— *Ibid.*, p. 38

According to Dr. Wood-Jones, no fossil has so far been discovered which throws any real light upon the actual origin of man, though *Tarsius* may be a cousin closely connected with the human stem. All the evidence available proves that man has not come through the anthropoid ape. He goes further:

"Although the depicting of the early stages of man's development is a pleasant and a simple business, it is one from which we are likely to be recalled to hard-and-fast reality by the very certainty which appears to be attached to our findings. We must be prepared at any moment to face the fact that our pleasantly-woven hypothesis may have to be defended as actual reality. If man is a more primitive mammal than are the monkeys and apes, and if he undoubtedly belongs to their phylum, then it follows that far from being a descendant of the apes, he may be looked upon as their ancestor. . . . Indeed, from the point of view of anatomy I conceive it to be impossible to take any other view; and it is for those who hold an opposite belief to show us how the bodily primitiveness of some *Tarsius*-like creature can have progressed into the stage of simian specializations, and then, after long ages, relapsed into an identical primitiveness such as characterizes man."— *Ibid.*, p. 38

Professor Wood-Jones fully believes in the immense antiquity of intelligent man, and in support of this he mentions the unexpected discovery of an 'Australian native' skull at Talgai in Queensland, belonging to a period when huge species of pouched animals, extinct for long geological ages, flourished there. Bones of the dog — not a native product of Australian evolution — are found in the same early period. Man and the dog

"arrived so long ago that they broke in upon a pouched fauna containing some huge forms which have long since become extinct. . . . But here, in the very remote past, are two trespassers from the outside world — the non-pouched man and the non-pouched dog. . . . It is a strange thing to remember that, having performed this wonderful journey, and broken into the isolated 'Pleistocene' fauna of this new land, he progressed so little, that when his fellow-men of the outside world, in the shape of Captain Cook and La Pérouse, next visited his descendants, they found them, after this enormous interval, apparently but little advanced upon the condition of their remote pilgrim fathers."— *Ibid.*, p. 43

It really seems, in spite of Dr. Holmes' difficulty in believing that the Calaveras Indian could have existed in the Pliocene with so little change until modern days, that it is the custom rather than the exception for human types to be stationary for very long periods.

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Dr. Wood-Jones's aim is to show that man did not survive by a bloody and brutal struggle for existence, but quickly evolved into the human state in which he has been predominant ever since attaining it, and he is quite as severe as any student of Theosophy upon the evil psychological impression that is made upon people by the widespread pictures and highly-colored accounts of "our ape-ancestors."

"Our hypothesis also demands that any so-called missing link would be very unlike the popular picture of a brutish, slouching creature made more horrible than any gorilla by a dawning touch of humanity. This missing-link picture must be deleted from our minds, and I find no occupation less worthy of the science of anthropology than the not unfashionable business of modeling, painting, or drawing these nightmare products of imagination, and lending them, in the process, an utterly false value of apparent reality. . . . Man is no new-begot child of the ape, born of a chance variation, bred of a bloody struggle for existence upon pure brutish lines. Such an idea must be dismissed by humanity, and such an idea must cease to exert any influence upon conduct. We did not reach our present level by these means; certainly we shall never attain a higher one by intensifying them."— *Ibid.*, pp. 39, 48

For a fuller understanding of Professor Wood-Jones's demonstration of the worthlessness of the ape-ancestry theory the reader is advised to read the article 'Man's Ancestry: Science comes round to Theosophical Views' by H. Travers, M. A., in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for December, 1919, in which there is a brief outline of the Theosophical teaching upon the true place of man in pre-history.

To summarize the main points we have been considering:

Theosophy repudiates the materialistic suggestion that Natural Selection by the Survival of the Fittest and the brutal Struggle for Existence are alone competent to explain the world of life as we find it, though they have their rightful place, a subordinate one. There is a spiritual explanation of the presence of man on earth, and the real 'missing link' in the theories of scientists is the Reincarnating Soul—the Pilgrim passing onwards through experiences in many bodies.

It is being increasingly recognised by leaders in thought that the mechanistic theories are inadequate, and certain advanced scientists are looking for something more probable than the 'blind force' explanations.

The discoveries of prehistoric human relics of various kinds, so far as they carry us, are just what might be expected from the standpoint of Theosophy; and the difficulties confronting the ape-ancestry theory are natural in view of its falsity.

Man's undoubted ancestry has not been traced by science beyond the highly-intelligent Aurignacians or Cro-Magnons in Europe; the brutal-looking Neanderthals who preceded them having been a special species of man, not ancestral to us.

The evidence for modern types of man in the middle and probably



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early Tertiary is so strong that high authorities admit that nothing but the preconception of its 'impossibility' from the Darwinian standpoint has prevented its acceptance. As the Theosophical explanation of human evolution asserts the existence of man in the early Tertiary, it is a matter of rejoicing that nothing but materialistic bias stands in the way of the acceptance of the facts.

Professor Wood-Jones's bold challenge to the ape-ancestry theory is of great importance in view of his standing as an anatomist, for the arguments generally advanced on its behalf are almost always confined to the structure of the bones in exclusion of the muscular and organic anatomy.

Though we cannot yet say that human skeletons have been found in the early Tertiary rocks — unless the Talgai or other doubtful remains date from that period — yet the discovery of eoliths a few years ago and the general acceptance of them as proving the presence of man in the Eocene (Oligocene section) is a sufficient confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's notable prophecy published in *The Secret Doctrine* in 1888:

"But if the skeletons of man should, at any time, be discovered in the Eocene strata, but no fossil ape, thereby proving the existence of man prior to the anthropoid, — then Darwinians will have to exercise their ingenuity in another direction. And it is said in well-informed quarters that the XXth century will be yet in its earliest teens, when such undeniable proof of Man's priority will be forthcoming." — II, 690

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R. MACHELL



WHEN I was a child, these words, inscribed on every tombstone in the old churchyard, excited my imagination; for I was told that the dead went to Heaven if they had been good in life, and if they had lived badly they would be otherwise provided for: this inscription seemed to express a doubt as to this general arrangement for the accommodation of departed souls, that puzzled me. I read as many of the epitaphs as I was able to decipher, and found that the tombstones testified to the exemplary conduct of all those interred within the sacred precinct, and further expressed a rather general conviction that the condition of the dead was far more blessed than that of the living: and yet there stood those words, which clearly indicated doubt and fear as to the peace of that last sleep.

I concluded that it must refer to the body alone, the soul being cared for by higher powers. But then, I asked myself, if the soul is gone and the body is "earth to earth and ashes to ashes" as the funeral service said,

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what was it that could be disturbed, and needed this warning, or injunction, or petition, or whatever it might be? To whom were those words addressed? Who could disturb their peace, whose souls were all in paradise and whose bodies were, as I then believed, already "turned to clay"?

Later I learned that bodies do not so quickly disappear, for the sexton frequently dug up skulls and bones, and buried them again. I saw no signs of life in those old bones; and could not think that they would care whether their slow decay were hastened or delayed. That they should all be able to resuscitate themselves in order to be present at the last judgment, did not trouble me, because it was so far away, and so miraculous, that it seemed unnecessary to think about how it would be accomplished. Besides, all those that had been buried in that particular churchyard had gone to paradise already: the tombstones said so. Why then those words of doubt?

Later there came to my mind a question as to the accuracy of those statements and assurances so firmly carved in stone. I heard most serious doubts expressed in private conversation as to the actual condition of some, whose state was there so optimistically described. My childish faith was shaken, and I was ready to believe that the after-death condition was so doubtful as to leave room for the pious prayer, addressed to some unknown power, for the peace of the departed. *Requiescat in pace!*

Naturally I thought of the disturbers of the peace as demons, evil spirits, ghouls, and such unholy creatures, and I wondered if they could read Latin, and where they learned it. I concluded the formula must have some magic potency. I never dreamed it could be addressed to human beings: the desecration of a tomb was an unthinkable crime to me. And something of that early reverence for the dead still lingers in my mind, in spite of all experience, though it is changed, and has assumed a very different meaning: but the injunction now appears to me peremptory. Let the dead rest in peace!

In those days death was a black terror. Later I came to look for him as for a friend whose coming was too long delayed: and then he came, and passed me by, but called another that I loved, and I was left to wonder, and to mourn, unreasoning and unresigned. The parting was absolute; it did not seem to be in any way softened by what I had been taught: the loved one was gone beyond recall, and all was dark and doubtful beyond that fact. Death seemed to be a parting, final and irrevocable. I found that my early faith was gone, and that I had no philosophy to fill the gap. The one I loved was gone, I knew not where. But even then I could not believe that death amounted to annihilation. No. The dead lived on; of that I was convinced.

Then came some knowledge of what passed for spiritualism, and I

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learned that there were people who claimed to hold communion with the dead. They published books and magazines, and did their best to make the 'good news' known. They claimed that death was a delusion, that life was indestructible, that the soul passed on out of the body, with no loss of consciousness or alteration of the personality, ascending gradually to higher states of bliss and spiritual illumination. The teachings were not always clear, but this was the general impression that I gained. I thought it reasonable and comforting, if not entirely convincing. I found that the adherents of this cult spent much of their time in efforts to establish definite connexions with the dead, who they assured me were not dead at all. They claimed to have communications from beyond the grave; and these I studied carefully. They were discouraging. They showed no signs of spiritual unfoldment. They showed no clearer vision, nor surer understanding, in fact no progress. I was told that this was not to be expected, seeing that progress requires time. Often I found the communications foolish, sometimes worse. This I was told was due to evil spirits, elementals, or some malicious influence. Then I remembered the inscription on the tombs, *Requiescat in pace!* and it took on a new meaning to me. It seemed to say plainly to the living: "Let the dead rest in peace!" It was no magic formula, no prayer, no exorcism addressed to evil spirits, but a warning to men and women not to disturb the dead.

I spoke of this to my friends, and was assured that I was on the wrong track: that the dead asked nothing better than to be given the opportunity to reopen intercourse with those they left behind them. And again I was referred to numberless communications from the dead confirming that view. I read them with feelings of pity, which changed to something like disgust. In spite of all expressions of delight at the new conditions, there was in all of them an evidence of a hankering after the affairs of earth that shocked me. Sometimes the departed urged the living lover to be constant in love and confident of the assured reunion, which did not seem to me to be so much a higher kind of fellowship, but rather a more vivid and intense emotion, in which I saw no trace of spirituality. In fact I felt no faith that the communicating agents were what they claimed to be.

About that time I came in contact with Theosophy; and I met those who had gone through just such experiences as mine. I questioned them, and got an answer that agreed with my own feelings on the subject. They told me that the soul, at death, frees itself gradually from its 'bonds of flesh,' that is to say from its association with the body; and that this process of liberation may be hindered or hastened by circumstances,—among which the most important may be the mental attitude of those who were most intimately associated with the one who is 'passing on.' A distinction was made between the mental personality and the soul,

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which latter might indeed be reached by a pure soul embodied still; but such impersonal communion would be, perhaps, entirely beyond the understanding or appreciation of the ordinary person.

I spoke of the natural desire to open communications with the loved ones whom we have lost, and I was answered with the words of that old inscription, *Requiescat in pace!* Let the dead rest in peace! Set them free! Cease your long lamentation, with which you make death seem terrible for those that live, and which may serve to hold back the passing soul, for whom the gates of life stand open.

Why will you try to call the loved ones back to soothe your selfish sorrow? And would you be so cruel as to seek to gratify your curiosity at their expense? Such dealings were called necromancy formerly, and were accursed.

If you had really loved, you would know now that what you loved was deathless. If indeed you love them still, send your love after them — send it as a pure benediction, without thinking of yourself or of the answer you may get. Love is a gift that is exhaled like the aroma of a flower. Breathe out your love and know that it will reach its goal!

It may be hard for you to realize that love like yours may be unkind. Nor could it be if it were worthy. Is it so? That is the question every mourner would do well to answer honestly.

If this self-discipline were undertaken there would be no more attempts to violate the sanctity of death by practices that hinder the departing soul, and hold it from its full release.

What would you say to a nurse who would not let the patient go to sleep for fear of loneliness? or one that woke a sleeper to administer a sleeping draught? Let the dead rest in peace! — 'tis a good motto.

“It is only the knowledge of the constant re-births of one and the same individuality throughout the life-cycle . . . that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible and *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities . . . that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator. . . .”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 303

## FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

**M**AN, know thyself," said the Greek oracle in a famous aphorism, but it unfortunately omitted to tell him how to do it. And he has been suffering from the omission ever since. It would have been a little better and more stimulating if the oracle had said, "Man, *seek* thyself," or, "Man, *find* thyself." We could understand that last.

We know that if a shy, nervous young man is suddenly pushed into a crowded ballroom he is at first dazed and confused, has *lost* himself, and only finds himself or comes to himself after a good while. And the same with most of us if we were suddenly introduced into a noisy, clanging workshop with a hundred great machines going and their connecting belts whirling everywhere. It would take some time to get our brains quiet enough to find ourselves in the dazing confusion. Our bodies and brains are a far more confused and whirling workshop than that, close about us; and outside the body is the confusing whirl of life with its daily and hourly happenings. In that double confusion most of us never do find ourselves or come to ourselves, and reach death without having gained any light. For the whole of our minds has been taken up all the time with externals and has never even thought of turning away from the confusion and looking inward.

Suppose Euclid, instead of compiling his geometry and showing us *how* to find the properties of lines and space, had merely said, "Man, know the properties of space." But even a geometry book might be studied in two ways. If you study it properly you *realize* in yourself the truth of each proposition and can never doubt it any more. You *know* it now. It is a part of you. It was a part of you, deep in your mind, before, but you did not know that. By following the book with your reason you got at your own hidden knowledge. Everyone knows, for instance, that two things which are each equal to some third thing are equal to one another. As soon as the young student reads that he recognises it as the truth, knows that he knew it all along, inside, but did not previously realize that he knew it. He does not take it on faith. He does not go about saying, "I know that two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, because Euclid says they are, and I have absolute faith in him." Here is the difference between certain knowledge and mere faith.

For of course there are two kinds of knowledge: knowledge that is

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absolutely certain, like knowledge of geometry, knowledge which, though you may have been *guided* to it by a book, you really got out of yourself; and knowledge which you do get entirely out of a book, such as the facts of chemistry, for instance, and which, though you may verify it experimentally, you could never be said to get out of yourself. You could conceive of chemistry changing its facts as the planet gets older and matter alters its nature, but you could never imagine the possibility of two things equal to a third thing *not* being equal to each other. The Greek oracle, when it said, "Man, know thyself," meant, "Get *certain* knowledge, get out of thyself the knowledge of thyself which is already in thee, realize thyself." And to that end we may use teachings. But the knowledge is not in the teachings, but in us. They show what to do to get at it, how to transform *faith* in what they say into knowledge of our own.

We need to be quite clear about the two meanings of the word *know*, for we are told that man cannot *know* anything about his own real being, about immortality, divinity, life in its essence. The philosopher Kant said we might *believe* in Divinity, immortality, and the soul, and that it was good and helpful to do so; but that these could not become matters of knowledge, objects of knowledge. And of course they cannot; *objects* of knowledge cannot be looked at, weighed, measured, tested with machines.

Consider the axiom again that two things which are each equal to a third thing are equal to one another. As we saw, there are two ways of knowing that. The first way is certain; we absolutely know it from within ourselves, cannot doubt it for a moment.

Suppose we did not know it in that way. There would be another. Someone might suspect it to be true and try it in a number of cases. He would tell us that so far as his experiments went he had always found it to be true. "If," he would say, "two things that are each equal to the third thing are sometimes *not* equal to each other, the difference is so small that my instruments do not detect it. But of course," he would add, "it is quite possible that with further investigation we may light upon cases of two things being each equal to a third thing, yet unequal to each other. Still, as we have not yet discovered any such things and as our instruments of measurement are very refined nowadays, we may provisionally say we know that when two things are each equal to a third, they *are* equal to each other."

That is the other kind of knowing. It gives very good results for practical life, but of course it differs altogether from *certain* knowledge, and the two knowledges ought not to have the same name. This second or inferior knowledge is largely *faith*. We say we *know* that a revolving magnet will generate an electric current in a neighboring coil of wire.

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What we mean as scientists is that we have hitherto always found it to do so; what we call our 'knowledge' that it always *will* do so is really *faith*. For magnets might one day be found not to do that. Some change in the earth or the sun, for example, might conceivably alter the nature of magnets.

Suppose Kant and his like were wrong, and that we need not content ourselves with *faith* in Divinity, Immortality, and the soul, but could get real knowledge, certain knowledge. Nothing else will ever do the world any real good and bring joy and peace into human hearts. If any way were generally known to get this knowledge, men would naturally go after it just as they now go after science and literature and music and education in general. In fact, far more eagerly. It would be considered the first and most interesting and inspiring of all knowledges, the first point in education, everything else coming after. "*Of course*," they would say, "you must ascertain and know about your immortality and divinity, about soul and the meaning of life. But how oxygen combines with hydrogen, and the properties of magnets, and the motions of the stars, and the Greek and Latin languages and literature, and so on, though interesting and in their way important, are not the *really* important things, the grand knowledge. That first; the rest can come after."

But they don't know how to get this grand knowledge. It is not got at through science; it is not got at through culture or art. Men go to the furthest point on these lines without ever getting on to *this* line, though some of them may be nearer to it than they know. They have never learned as certain knowledge that when death comes to them it will leave them *more* alive, *more* full of consciousness than they ever were before. Yet that knowledge can be had, can be gained in ordinary life, can be gained along with the gaining of the ordinary knowledges and forms of culture. But at best there is now only faith.

The old question: Canst thou by searching find out God? has already its answer *No* if the word 'searching' means thinking of the ordinary sort — namely, dealing mentally with things seen, heard, or otherwise outwardly contacted. For to 'find out' means here to come to *know* in the deepest sense. We can *reason* ourselves on to some sort of belief that Divinity, soul, and immortality must be, but we cannot reason ourselves on to *knowledge* that they are. And so faith is put in as a substitute. But let us render every respect to strong faith, for it brings some to actual knowledge.

All sorts of definitions of man exist. Man is a tool-using animal, a fire-making animal, a bargaining animal, and so on. There are so many that there will be no harm in trying to make one or two more. He is a beauty-appreciating 'animal,' and an ideal-making 'animal.' Let us

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begin with them. The Irishman said that not being a bird he could not be in two places at once. At that rate we *are* all birds, for we always are in two places at once. "So many men on earth, so many gods in heaven," is an old Eastern saying. Each of us, says Theosophy, lives two lives at once, a life as man on earth, and a concurrent life as soul or a god on a plane that the saying calls 'heaven.' And the god-part knows all that is done and thought by this man-part here, but the man-part here knows next to nothing of what his god-part there does and what its consciousness is like. But flashes of it thrill down to him and give him his sense of beauty, and inspire him to ideals of what he might be and what humanity might be, and give him compassion and a desire for universal good, and make him rather work for that than for his own personal advantage. And they give him the power to create beauty in sound and color and words as the expression of his highest and ever-changing ranges of feeling. And they warn him when he is thinking of doing wrong. An animal has none of any of this. It is all superadded to animal mentality. It is a mentality of its own sort, not the reasoning mentality which of course some animals do possess in a degree. And by the cultivation of all these together man takes his first step to real knowledge of his own soul, the part of him that dwells beyond. As he takes this first step and holds to it he begins to be aware in his highest moments of a Presence with him, himself but also much more than himself. His redemption has begun. The god is becoming known to him.

An animal, we said, has none of these marks of higher mentality. A dog cannot make an ideal in his mind of something higher and nobler than he is, and try to live up to that in thought and feeling. *That* power and part of mind is specifically *human*. We all have it. Below it is the reasoning power and part of mind, possessed in degree by animals also; markedly, for instance, by ants and elephants and beavers. Our higher part of mind, which is in touch upstairs with the soul, the god, is indeed derived from, a ray from, that god and can consequently be inspired from that source, from its parent. Its 'Father-in-secret' is, as it were, soon after birth let down into the body, 'sown' in it, mixes up with the reasoning and sensuous or sense-based animal-mind, and at once forgets itself in animal sensation,—sometimes never remembers itself any more till death. And so, when at death it looks back along the life just closed, it finds that it has wasted it, got nothing out of it. So in due time it begins the next earth life none the better for having lived this present one — except perhaps that a dim something may remain in its memory from that retrospect and cause it to do a little better.

So this especially human part of us, this ideal-making part, this part with the power of imagination, goes up and down every day, every hour,



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between the part above it and the part below: between the soul which is its origin — the god,— and the animal part below — the sensuous and merely reasoning mind, which works among sensations and compares them, thinks about them and draws deductions from them. It goes up and down, this specially human part, carrying its imagination — a divine and creative and also path-finding power — with it. When it is downstairs, at the animal end, in the basement of our nature, it uses its imagination to recall and magnify pleasant sensations; and consequently there arises in it an intensity of desire for more of them that no animal can equal. As it goes upstairs towards the parent Light it begins to have ideals and to receive inspirations. When it is for the time a good way up, it may exhibit such powers as those of the musician, the artist, the poet, the humanity-lover, the great reformer, the hero, the spiritual teacher. But till it has recognised its oversoul, its god and emanator, for certain, and made the link very close, it is apt to be constantly slipping back again more or less into the lower places in the basement. That is why it is so important that we should have knowledge — from teaching or Theosophic study — that there is such a god within us (and beyond us). For then the mind has something definite to set its compass by and consciously and intelligently steer towards. From study and teaching comes this knowledge. We use imagination and presently get the strength of faith. And after a while this first sort of knowledge, the sort that is got from teaching or reasoning, turns into the other sort, the absolute or realized sort. We *know* at last. Knowledge, presently glowing into faith-imagination, and that taking fire at last into perfect and realized knowledge; thus the three stages. A man's nature has utterly changed when he gets to that last point, though all along he consciously remains his unbroken self.

You see we have had to use the word 'faith' in two senses, like knowledge. As we study Theosophy there is the conviction or faith of the reasoning mind that we are getting a true account or picture of human nature. We have an explanation that is satisfactory to our reason. Living accordingly, we presently begin to get flashes of actual realization that this is true, that there is a divine Presence aiding and illuminating us. And from that the first sort of *reason*-faith glows up into the assured faith of the mariner who, having till now gone by his chart, at last sees the point of land on his horizon.

Soul, in the sense we have been giving the word here — the god in and beyond us, the shining seer, the warrior — is not taught of and pointed to except by Theosophy. The word has lost its golden meaning, its light, its life, its inspiration. People do not live by it, do not look out all the time for the flashes of message from their souls, do not recognise

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what those flashes are when they feel them, do not know their significance and promise.

We have been using the word 'imagination.' Imagination is generally thought of as a picturing of what is actually *not*, a constructive picturing. But it may also be a picturing of what *is*. Imagination may be of *living reality*, contain reality, reality seen in advance. Theosophy gives material for this use of imagination and presently we find that what we imagined is fact. The god is found. True prayer is imagination, and so is meditation as distinct from reasoning. And imagination is the mother of all our tomorrows with their achievements. Without imagination we do not live but merely exist. Without it there *are* no tomorrows, only a repetition of the mere today. Whatsoever state a man can truly imagine himself to have attained, that state for that moment he has actually attained.

Theosophic teaching, then, shows us faith of two kinds, and knowledge likewise of two kinds, corresponding to our two minds or two levels of mind. There is mind dependent on the senses for its knowledge, a kind of knowledge added to by reasoning and made exact for purposes of action; that field, in fact, of the lower mind that is in degree shared with us by the animals. And the faith of this mind is the sort of faith we have when, putting a seed into the ground, we look forward with reasonable assurance to its coming up — the faith of the animal which having found its food in a certain place today and yesterday, expects without question that it will be there tomorrow. It is a faith resting on remembering and reasoning, coming automatically into action. It is one and the same with *passive* imagination, non-creative imagination, the mere picturing of tomorrow as a repetition of today. For the faith that the seed will come up in due time, or the food be there tomorrow, is a picture of previous such events expectantly thrown forward. This kind of imagination or faith is therefore only remembrance carried to tomorrow. And the faith that some people have in their religious creed is of the same kind. The pictures of heaven and hell, for instance, are in the case of such people merely abstracts of different kinds of pleasant or painful experiences thrown forward into a post-mortem future, a process that does itself as soon as they are taught the dogmas they accept. There is no glow of creative imagination anywhere in the matter, no rising to another and greater state of consciousness.

But besides this mind we have the other — more truly, *are* the other — with another faith, another imagination, another knowledge possible to it. And here, in this mind when aroused and at work, all is fire, action, new being, new life seized, hope, joy, ideals ripened into actuality. Its center is the heart, throwing up its glowing energy into the brain and giving it new powers of response as co-worker with the heart in imagination.

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Faith in the soul is here nothing passive. It is the leap of mind towards making clear to itself what it already secretly knew. Faith, knowledge, and imagination are now at the same time three sisters and also generators of one another. Faith in the soul, the god, is a positive energy of consciousness inspired by the god himself. It is our response to the god's *I am*. Imagination is stirred into co-operation with this faith that has arisen in the heart and at the same time creates more of it. And some time the faith shows that it was secretly rooted in knowledge and also has knowledge for its outcome. Then man knows his divinity and deathlessness. For as this higher mind was not born with the body and animal mind but came down into their midst, so it does not die with them but is taken up out of their midst and is once more part of the parent soul or begins to energize under the full light of that. This new and completed kind of energizing is what we now, thinking of it from this side, call 'rest,' the 'rest' between two incarnations. So we understand what the old philosophies meant when they called birth an imprisonment and death regained freedom.

The great hope given by Theosophy lies in its teaching that this knowledge of the soul may be gained *during life* by those who will awake the activity of their higher minds by exercise and by mastery of the lower, and by study. Study gives us the map to steer by. Mastery of the lower mind with its unintermittent stream of thought-chatter shows us how it is but an instrument for practical life, a servant, and not ourselves at all. And exercise is evoking the higher imagination in the silence of brain-thought, aspiration, prayer, making ourselves sensitive to the presence of the soul within and beyond us.

Writers sometimes try to demonstrate immortality by argument, the first being Plato in his description of the closing scene in the life of Socrates. They are appeals to the reasoning mind, intended to make immortality seem possible or even probable to it. They might even bring conviction: but certain knowledge, never. We have certain knowledge of our own self-existence at every moment, and it is by pushing this same further in or further up that we come upon knowledge of our immortality. It is an extension of our present sense of our own existence, as immediate as that, as certain as that. Men come down at birth into the body from a world of light which is beyond the domain of death altogether. As the years of bodily life begin to spin their web the reasoning mind grows up in the brain and senses and surrounds this real self and overlies its knowledge and demands to be used and its opinion obtained upon everything, even upon matters which it can never understand and is unfitted to deal with. Of course it is a useful instrument, necessary for daily practical life and conduct, so incessantly useful from moment to moment and so incessantly

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active, whether useful or not, that its noise and chatter drown out and prevent us from attending to anything else and make us forget that there is anything else of us but it. And so, as *it* does not know of immortality, behold, presently *we* do not know of it either; all that remains known to us of our *immortal* selfhood is just the selfhood without the adjective. That, fortunately, is extremely difficult to lose. And so the way back to knowledge of immortality is the reverse of the way *from* it; namely, the way by *silencing* the mind of brain and in the silence reaching up again to soul, to the light. This is no new thing; it has been said in a hundred ancient scriptures, taught all down the ages, taught by Katherine Tingley on this Isis Theater platform. Says one of the old Indian Upanishads: "When a man, having freed his mind from sloth, distraction, and vacillation, becomes as it were delivered from his mind, that is the highest point. The mind must be restrained in the heart till its activity comes to an end;—that is knowledge; that is liberty."

And in such moments the presence of the soul begins to be known. They come uninvited sometimes — to the poet, the mystic, the thinker, the saint. Emerson knew them, and Whitman. They came sometimes upon Tennyson, who said of them: "By God Almighty there is no delusion in the matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder associated with absolute clearness of mind."

Another step would have brought him in sight of the truth of reincarnation. For the soul surveys our lifetimes as we survey our days. And as we join the soul more and more day by day we begin to partake of its glorious survey. Says H. P. Blavatsky:

"True knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way than through the region of the higher mind. . . . He who carries out only those laws established by human minds, who lives that life which is prescribed by the code of mortals and their fallible legislation, chooses as his guiding star a beacon which . . . lasts for but one incarnation. How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes . . . all the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it. If man, by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical matter, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or selfishness, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow."

## IMPIETY IN PRAYER

R. MACHELL

**H**AVING brought disaster upon themselves by violation of the laws of life, men pray for help to escape the consequences of their acts. They do so partly in the hope that some deity will accept the responsibility of their misdoing, and partly in forgetfulness of the obvious truth that "results follow causes as the furrow follows the plough." In either case the prayer is a reminder to a god, who, without some such prompting, might neglect his duty, or might not care to bother with such trifles unless flattered by attention or cajoled by promises of faithful service in the future.

Many religious minds have been shocked by the horrible impiety of forms of prayer in vogue among their coreligionists, and some have revolted against the ordinary use of prayer, because of its impiety. The religious mind has faith in God, even if the word 'god' is beyond its comprehension. This faith is an intuitive perception of the rule of Law, the higher Law, in nature; and it inspires trust. To such a mind prayer of the ordinary kind is shocking, and would be blasphemous if it were not so pitiful: for it is pitiful to see human beings devoid of faith in the wisdom of their own gods.

The piety of the fetish-worshiper, who looks to a particular deity, a racial, tribal, or even family god, for direct protection and special favors, is a state of mind that is perfectly intelligible in people who have no higher conception of the universe than that it is a fortuitous aggregation of atoms and entities, arranged by Chance, and organized by the caprice of supernatural powers, themselves inherently evil, and to be conciliated in various ways by those who would escape the misery to which man is foreordained by an anomalous power called Destiny. In such people piety is based on fear and self-interest, and it is entirely devoid of any element of spirituality or true religion.

The task of the churches has been gradually to raise these masses of 'primitive' pietists to some conception of the meaning of true Religion: but it is to be feared that it is they rather who have controlled the churches by the power of their mass and number, and have continually obscured the spiritual significance of ecclesiastical ceremonies by the rankness and intensity of their primeval ignorance and gross superstition.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that piety of this kind is limited to the ranks of the illiterate or uneducated. There is a remnant of illiteracy in many educated people; and primitive barbarism is an active

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force in civilized society today. The savage is always with us, till we have finally transmuted him into the divine human ideal, to which the highest of humanity aspires.

This transmutation has not yet been accomplished in any large proportion of the people in any known land; and it is therefore not surprising to find nations, that pass as highly civilized, displaying evidences of sheer barbarism in their religious practices, and imitating in their forms of prayer the crudest kind of fetish-worship: prayers that invoke the aid of a god in the slaughter and destruction of people who are at the same time, in the same way, worshiping (?) the same God; prayers for the punishment of others, and for the forgiveness of themselves; prayers for more wealth, while others starve. Prayers such as these are powerful evocations of the spirit of evil that lies very near the surface in human nature. Prayer is a power for good or evil; for it gives point to the aimless selfishness of the lower world, and makes all the latent brutality in man potent for destruction; just as it can give efficacy to the vague aspirations of an awakening soul that seeks the light of Truth. Prayer is an attempt to organize and to direct the forces of nature in man and in the universe. The measure of the success of such an effort is the measure of man's will.

Thus piety may be ennobling or degrading; its character is not determined by the name of the deity invoked, but by the trend of the aspiration or desire of the devotee. The true name of the god is unconsciously uttered in the heart of the worshiper, for it is expressed in the dominant desire embodied in the prayer.

When it was said that "to labor is to pray," I think that there was in the speaker's mind a mystical conception of God and man that made man appear as the outer form through which the Unknowable Deity manifested. Thus man would seem as the instrument of music responding to the breath of the divine unseen musician, and uttering the song of life, which is the Word of God: Man, not as a senseless tool in the hand of the Master Mechanic, but as the living expression of the divine thought. The labor of the man was the echo in the material world of Spiritual Will in the universe, focused in the vital center of a human organism for the expression of the Eternal Thought, which is the world we live in.

Thus piety may be entirely apart from what is ordinarily called religious worship, and yet be marked by spiritual devotion and true adoration of the Divine. Therein lies the key to the meaning of art, and to the respect men pay to a Master Craftsman, in whom they seem to vaguely recognise a priest (in the best sense), an agent of the gods, an inspired genius. This is the religious idea of man in his relation to the Divine. The belief in the reality and permanence of separation between

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the two is characteristic of fetishism, barbarism, and all forms of superstitious or degraded cults, in which the religious spirit is lacking, though they may be classified in the same category as the real religions, simply because they are not merely speculative forms of intellectual materialism.

The Theosophical philosophy shows man as the middle factor in the trinity — Spirit, Soul, Matter; or God, Man, Nature. That is to say, man is himself the link between all parts and states of this universe, and he may be considered as a spiritual being overshadowing a psychic entity that ensouls a material body. The middle principle in man himself is mind, which is colored variously by rays of spiritual light or by flashes of earthly fire and by the dark shadows of matter.

Thus the religious mind is mind receptive of the influence of the divine Self; while the superstitious mind is mind so beclouded by matter, or the lower self, as to regard its own mediate self as a god apart, a being to be worshiped, or conciliated, or perhaps to be cajoled or cheated into granting favors to the lower creature that the degraded man thinks himself to be. And as such various states of mind are possible to men, it is not to be wondered at if the majority of mankind should vacillate and fluctuate between an inclination to look upward to the light, and constant temptation to follow the promptings of the lower nature; nor that the mind should at times, and in some men continuously, deem itself self-sufficient, and should repudiate allegiance to its divine Self, for a time, till the laws of Life assert their natural supremacy and the man awakens to the Truth once more. And this must come about because Truth, or the nature of the universe, is the basis of the Law of Life, and its accomplishment. And so from age to age we find that Theosophy appears as a new revelation of eternal verities, and calls men back to the path of evolution from which they have so constantly diverged, following some partial truth until it seems no truth at all, but a mere 'will-o'-the-wisp' flickering above the deep swamp of doubt.

And while Theosophy reveals the pitfalls in the path of evolution, yet it distinctly teaches the student that life is a song, and labor a glad tribute to the joy of life. While, as to prayer, it has no use for mere selfish supplication; but the Theosophist, to be worthy the name, must make his whole life an act of service to his kind and to all creatures — an act of voluntary service in the cause of evolution, a continual expression of that piety which is the aroma of the joy of life. It is in this sense that the Theosophist might indorse the old adage, *Laborare est orare*, and it would be as an expression of natural piety that he would denounce the impiety of such prayers as emanate from selfish ignorance.

Love of humanity is natural to man, and so to the natural man service is joy. But by the term 'natural' I mean that which is in accord with

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the heart and soul of nature, not merely that which pertains to the material world alone, for the word 'nature' includes the spiritual as well as the material universe. The ignorance of our own spiritual nature has been mistaken too often for science, and has for a time been made the foundation of human culture, and the results have proved disastrous. Now that the world has been compelled to realize the folly of its courses, now that these temporary fallacies such as the 'struggle for existence,' the 'survival of the fittest,' and the rest, have shown their true character by the fruit they have borne, now that the world has seen the collapse of orthodox religion and conventional society, surely now is the time to turn again to the eternal Theosophy, that has never left the earth, though hidden for a while and almost entirely forgotten. Now is the time to ask of Theosophy the answer to the questions: How shall we reconstruct our ruined homes? What shall be the rock upon which we may most safely build? What shall be the plan of the edifice? And Theosophy will show the answer.

The Law of Life is Brotherhood; for all the universe is an emanation from the Supreme Soul, and every atom in it is potentially divine, eternal, indestructible in essence, though outwardly impermanent and perishable.

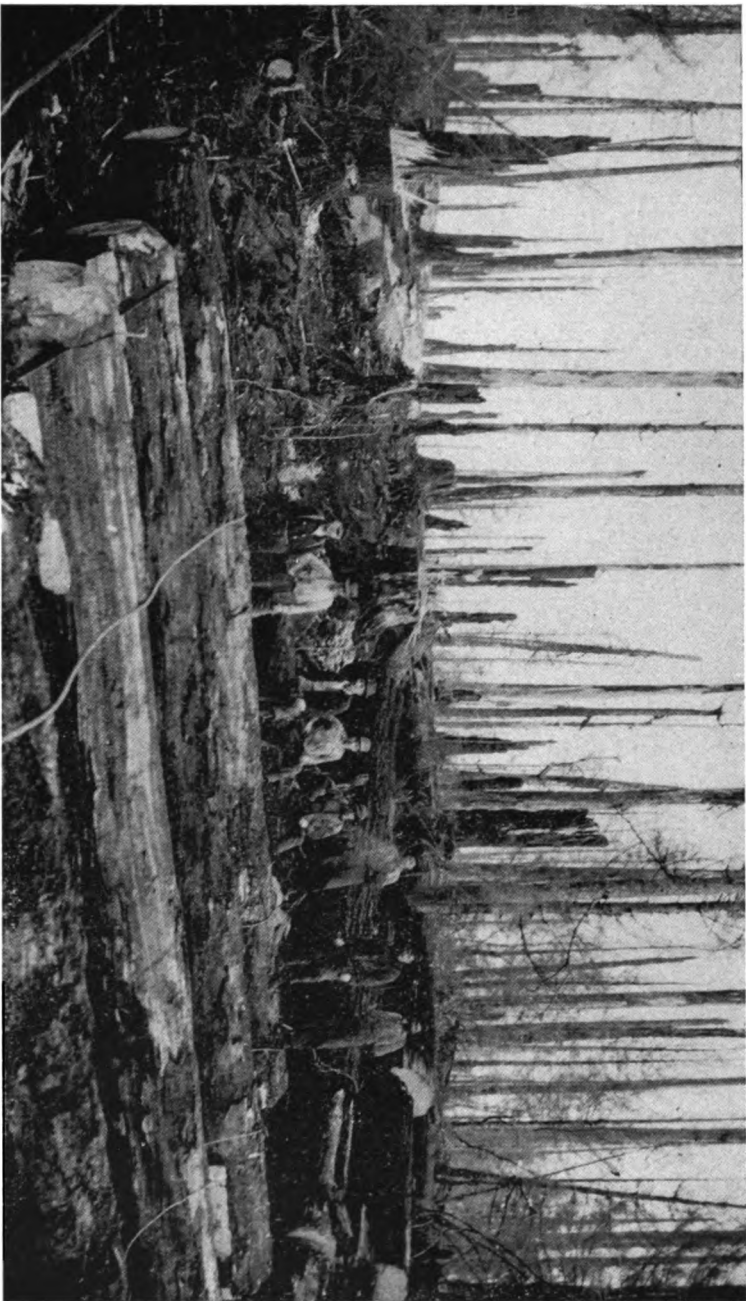
The Law of Life is Love. Death is a change of form, that only concerns the visible and external. That which is within is Eternal; and the Truth must be reached internally, for each one is his own redeemer and destroyer, the maker of his destiny, and the path of his own liberation. The divine man says, "I am the Way," and that divine man is the soul of all men. When men know these truths and see the divine soul in all, they will unite spontaneously to make life worth living here on this earth and will not need to have resort to physical violence to enforce peace: but they will establish it on its true basis and maintain it by the power of the Spiritual Will, which is the supreme power in the universe. To evoke this mighty power, each must have found it in himself, and must have made peace in his own heart. No man can give to others what he has not got himself.

It has been said that "The longest way round is the shortest way home," and the experience of life lends weight to the advice. It is a quicker and surer way to bring peace into the world to begin by establishing it in one's own heart, than to go about with a club breaking other people's heads in order to compel them to be brotherly to one another. For Self Divine is the Center of the universe, as of man, and action is reciprocal.

Reconstruction must begin at home, for self is the center of its sphere of influence; and as is the self, so will be its influence.

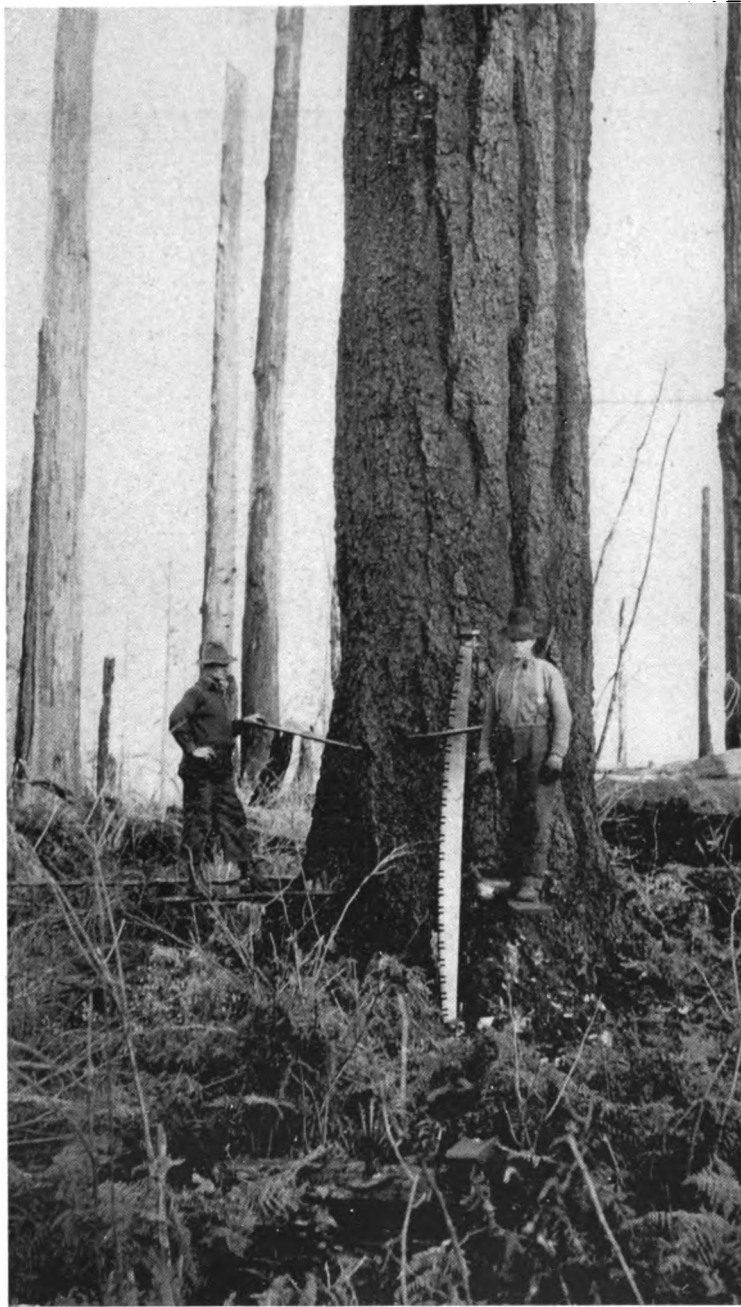
We all know the disasters that grow out of the general practice of





*Lewland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

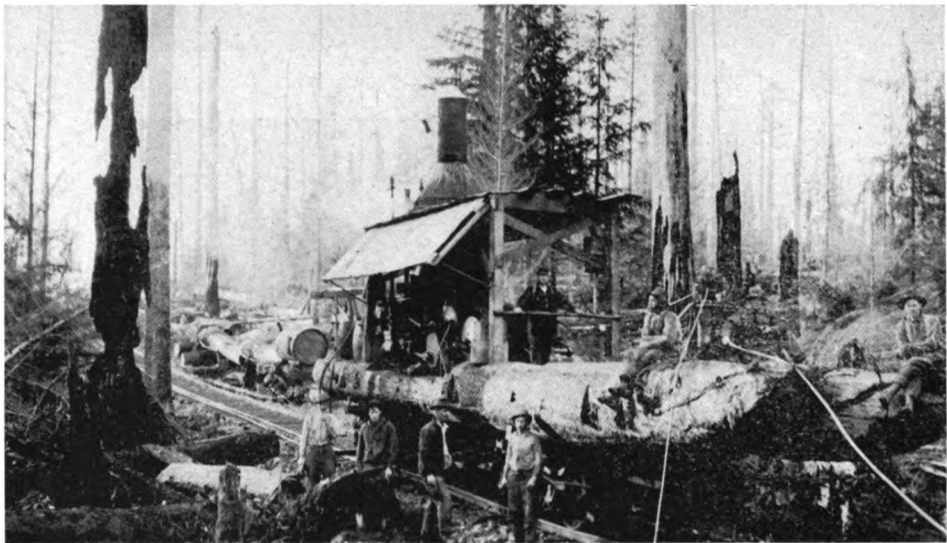
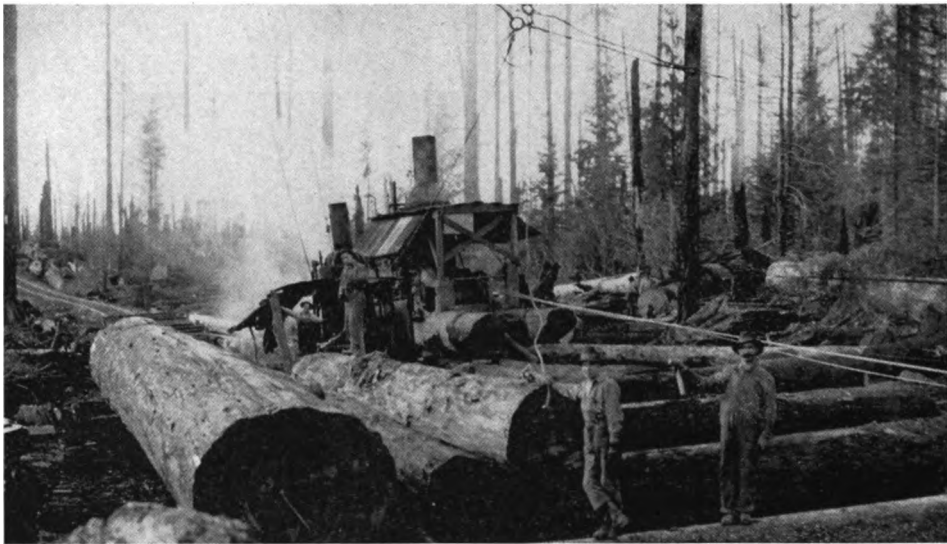
LOGGING CREW BUILDING A LOADING-YARD IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**SET OF 'FALLERS' IN A WASHINGTON LOGGING-CAMP**

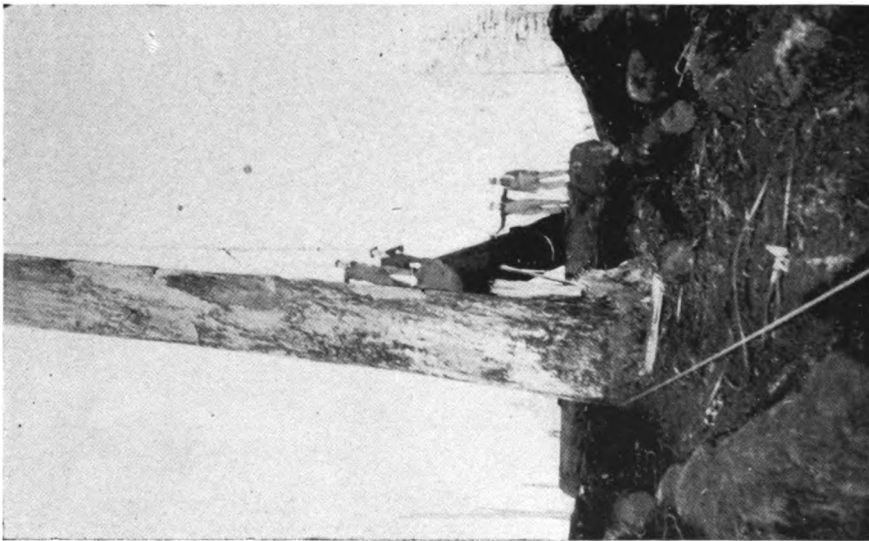
They are standing on spring-boards well above the roots;  
the axes show where the undercut will be, the tree falling  
on that side.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### DONKEY-ENGINES AT WORK IN A WASHINGTON LOADING-YARD

These engines are mounted on trucks and travel from place to place wherever a new yard is to be built. In the upper picture, the log to the left is on a flat-car, and the one with cables attached by hooks is about to be lifted from the yard on to the flat-car.



#### SPAR-TREE TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH

Through a block at the top a cable runs from loading engine to logs in the woods for pulling them to the loading-yard. Such spar-trees operate within a radius of 800 feet.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### TREE BEING SAWED INTO LOGS

Showing saw half-way through, with wedge in the cut, axe, 8-foot measuring stick, and oil-bottle. This man is called a 'bucker,' of whom there are two to a set of 'fallers.'

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the 'get rich quick' methods, and we can hope for no great good from the equivalent in human reorganization. What is wanted is a realization of the ideal on which the new plans are to be laid out, not a theory; something that we have tried and found good.

International relations are based on the ideals by which we regulate our own lives, and it is useless to attempt to establish permanent peace among nations if the individuals are still living on the assumption that might is right, and that the struggle for existence is the final law of life. That it is incidental to life on the earth is obvious at the present time: but it is even more certain that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," and we may demonstrate by experiment that it is a better rule of life, because it is not an incident but a principle.

Let us then make Brotherhood the basis of our personal reconstruction and it will not be long before the need for standing armies will cease to be a burden to the nations, and the permanence of Peace be something more than a matter for pious supplication or pessimistic scorn.

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KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

### XIV — THE MANVANTARA OPENS

**L**AOTSE'S Blue Pearl was already shining into poetry. Ch'ü Yüan, the first great poet, belongs to this same fourth century: it is a long step from the little wistful ballads that Confucius gathered to the "wild irregular meters,"\* splendid imagery, and be it said, deep soul symbolism of his great poem the *Li Sao* (Falling into Trouble). The theme of it is this: From earliest childhood Ch'ü Yüan had sought the Tao, but in vain. At last, banished by the prince whose minister he had been, he retired into the wilds, and was meditating at the tomb of Shun in Hupeh, in what was then the far south. There the Phoenix and the Dragon came to him, and bore him aloft, past the West Pole, past the Milky Way, past even the Source of the Hoangho, to the Gates of Heaven. Where, however, there was no admittance for him; and full of sorrow he returned to earth.

\* *Chinese Literature*, by Dr. H. A. Giles. What is said about the *Li Sao* here comes from that work — except the suggestions as to its inner meaning.

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On the banks of the Mi-lo a fisherman met him, and asked him the cause of his trouble. —“All the world is foul,” answered Ch’ü Yüan, “and I alone am clean.” —“If that is so,” said the fisherman, “why not plunge into the current, and make its foulness clean with the infection of your purity? The Man of Tao does not quarrel with his surroundings, but adjusts himself to them.” Ch’ü Yüan took the hint: leaped into the Mi-lo; — and yearly since then they have held the Dragon-boat Festival on the waters of Middle China to commemorate the search for his body. — Just how much of this is in the *Li Sao*,— where the poem ends,— I do not clearly gather from Professor Giles’s account; but the whole story appears to me to be a magnificent Soul Symbol: of that Path which leads you indeed on dragon flights to the borders of the Infinite, but whose end, rightly considered, is in this world, and to be as it were drowned in the waters of this world, with your cleanness infecting them to be clean,— and lighting them for all future ages with beauty, as with little dragon-boats luminous with an inner flame. Ch’ü Yüan had followers in that and the next century; but perhaps his greatness was hardly to be approached for a thousand years.

But we were still in Tiger-time, and with quite the worst of it to come. Here lay the Blue Pearl scintillating rainbows up through the heavy atmosphere; but despite its flashing and up-fountaining those strange dying-dolphin hues and glories, you could never have told, in Tiger-time, what it really was. The Dragon was yet a long way off; though indeed it must be allowed that night, when Chwangtse wrote and Ch’ü Yüan sung, was surprised with the far churr of startling wings under the stars. Ears intent to listen were surprised; but only for a moment; — there was that angry howling again from the northern hills and the southern forests: the two great Tigers of the world face to face, tails lashing; — and between them and in their path, Chow quite prone,— the helpless Black-haired People trembling or chattering frivolously. Not for such an age as that Chwangtse and Ch’ü Yüan wrote, but indeed you may say for all time. What light from the Blue Pearl could then shine forth and be seen, would, in the thick fog and smoke-gloom, take on wild fantastic guise; which, as we shall see, it did: — but what Chwangtse had written remained, pure immortality, to kindle up better ages to come. When China should be ready, Chwangtse and the Pearl would be found waiting for her. The manvantara had not yet dawned; but we may hurry on now to its dawning.

The Crest-Wave was still in India when China plunged into the abyss from which her old order of ages never emerged. Soon after Aśoka came to the throne of Magadha, in 284 B. C., Su Tai, wise prime minister to the Lord of Chao, took occasion to speak seriously to his royal master as

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

to the latter's perennial little wars with Yen.\* —“This morning as I crossed the river,” said he, “I saw a mussel open its shell to the sun. Straight an oyster-catcher thrust in his bill to eat the mussel; which promptly snapped the shell to and held the bird fast. —‘If it doesn't rain today or tomorrow,’ said the oyster-catcher, ‘there'll be a dead mussel here.’ —‘And if you don't get out of this by today or tomorrow,’ said the mussel, ‘there'll be a dead oyster-catcher.’ Meanwhile up came a fisherman and carried them both off. I fear Ts'in will be our fisherman.”

Which duly came to pass. Even in Liehtse's time Ts'in characteristics were well understood: he tells a sly story of a neighboring state much infested by robbers. The king was proud of a great detective who kept them down; but they soon killed the Pinkerton, and got to work again. Then he reformed himself,— and the robbers found his kingdom no place for them. In a body they crossed the Hoangho into Ts'in; — and bequeathed to its policy their tendencies and aptitudes.

Ts'in had come to be the strongest state in China. Next neighbor to the Huns, and half Hun herself, she had learned warfare in a school forever in session. But she had had wise rulers also, after their fashion of wisdom: who had been greatly at pains to educate her in all the learning of the Chinese. So now she stood, an armed camp of a nation, enamored of war, and completely civilized in all external things. Ts'u, her strongest rival, stretching southward to the Yangtse and beyond, had had to deal with barbarians less virile than the Huns; and besides, dwelling as Ts'u did among the mountains and forests of romance, she had some heart in her for poetry and mysticism; whereas Ts'in's was all for sheer fighting. Laotse probably had been a Ts'u man; and also Chwangtse and Ch'ü Yüan; and in after ages it was nearly always from the forests of Ts'u that the great winds of poetry were blown. Still she had immense territories and resources, and the world looked mainly to her for defense against the northern Tiger Ts'in. Very soon after Su Tai told his master the parable of the mussel and the oyster-catcher the grand clash came, and the era of petty wars and raidings was over. Ts'u gathered to herself most of the rest of China for her allies, and there was a giant war that fills the whole horizon, nearly, of the first half of the third century B. C. New territories were involved: the world had expanded mightily since the days of Confucius. “First and last,” says Ssema Tsien, “the allies hurled a million men against Ts'in.” But to no purpose; one nation after another went down before those Hun-trained half-Huns from the northwest. In 257 Chau Tsiang king of Ts'in took the Chow capital, and relieved Nan Wang, last of the Chows, of the Nine Tripods of Ta Yü,

\*The tale is taken from Dr. H. A. Giles's *Chinese Literature*.

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the symbols of his sacred sovereignty; — the mantle of the Caliphate passed from the House of Wen Wang and the Duke of Chow.

The world had crumbled to pieces: there had been changes of dynasty before, but never (in known history) a change like this. The Chows had been reigning nearly nine hundred years; but their system had been in the main the same as that of the Shangs and Hias, and of Yao, Shun, and Ta Yü: it was two millenniums, a century, and a decade old. A Chinaman, in Chau Tsiang's place, would merely have reshaped the old order and set up a new feudal-pontifical house instead of Chow; which could not have lasted, because old age had worn the old system out. But these barbarians came in with new ideas. A new empire, a new race, a new nation was to be born.

Chau Tsiang died in 251; and even then one could not clearly foresee what should follow. In 253 he had performed the significant sacrifice to Heaven, a prerogative of the King-Pontiff; but he had not assumed the title. Resistance was still in being. His son and successor reigned three days only; and *his* son, another nonentity, five years without claiming to be more than King of Ts'in. But when this man died in 246, he left the destinies of the world in the hands of a boy of thirteen; who very quickly showed the world in whose hands its destinies lay. Not now a King of Ts'in; not a King-Pontiff of Chow; — not, if you please, a mere *wang* or king at all; — but Hwangti, like that great figure of mythological times, the Yellow Emperor, who had but to sit on his throne, and all the world was governed and at peace. The child began by assuming that astounding title: *Ts'in Shi Hwangti*, the First August Emperor: peace to the ages that were past; let them lie in their tomb; time now should begin again! — Childish boyish swank and braggadocio, said the world; but very soon the world found itself mistaken. *Hwangti*; — but no sitting on his throne in meditation, no letting the world be governed by Tao, for him!

If you have read that delightful book *Through Hidden Shensi*, by Mr. F. A. Nichols, the city of Hienyang, or Changan, or, by its modern name, Singanfu or Sian-fu in Shensi, will be much more than a name to you. Thither it was that the Dowager Empress fled with her court from Peking at the time of the Boxer Rebellion; there, long ago, Han Wuti's banners flew; there Tang Taitsong reigned in all his glory and might; there the Banished Angel sang in the palace gardens of Tang Hsuantsong the luckless: history has paid such tribute of splendor to few of the cities of the world. At Hienfang now this barbarian boy and Attila-Napoleon among kings built his capital; — built it right splendidly, after such ideas of splendor as a young half-Hun might cherish. For indeed, he had but little and remote Chinese heredity in him; was of the



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race of Attila and Genghiz, of Mahmoud of Ghazna, Tamerlane, and all the world-shaking Turkish conquerors. — Well, but these people, though by nature and function destroyers, have been great builders too: building hugely, monumentally, and to inspire awe, and not with the faery grace and ephemeral loveliness of the Chinese; — though they learned the trick of that, too,—as they learned in the west kindred qualities from the Saracens. Grand Pekin is of their architecture; which is Chinese with a spaciousness and monumental solemnity added. Such a capital Ts'in Shi Hwangti built him at Hienfang or Changan. In the Hall of Audience of his palace within the walls he set up twelve statues, each (I like this barbarian touch) weighing twelve thousand pounds. Well; *we* should say, each costing so many thousand dollars; you need not laugh; I am not sure but that the young Hun had the best of it. And without the walls he built him, too, a Palace of Delight with many halls and courtyards; in some of which (I like this too) he could drill ten thousand men.

All of this was but the trappings and the suits of his sovereignty: he let it be known he had the substance as well. No great strategist himself, he commanded the services of mighty generals: one Meng-tien in especial, a bright particular star in the War-God's firmament. An early step was to disarm the nations, and have all weapons sent to Changan; then, with these, to furnish forth a great standing army, which he sent out under Meng-tien to conquer. The Middle Kingdom and the quondam Great Powers were quieted; then south of the Yangtse the great soldier swept, adding unknown regions to his master's domain. Then north and west, till the Huns and their like had grown very tame and wary; —and over all these realms the Emperor spread his network of fine roads and canals, linking them with Changan: what the Romans did for Europe in road-building, he did for China.

He had, of course, a host of relatives; and precedent loomed large to tell him what to do with them: the precedent of the dynasty-founders of old. Nor were they themselves likely to have been backward in reminding him. Wu Wang had come into possession of many feudal dominions, and had made of the members of his family dukes and marquises to rule them. Ts'in Shi Hwangti's empire was many times the size of Wu Wang's; so he was in a much better position to reward the deserving. We must remember that he was no heir to a single sovereignty, but a Napoleon with a Europe at his feet. Ts'in and Ts'u and Tsin and the others were old-established kingdoms, with as long a history behind them as France or England has now; and that history had been filled with wars, mutual antagonisms and hatreds. Chow itself was like an Italy before Garibaldi; — with a papacy more inept, and holding vaguer sway: — it

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had been at one time the seat of empire, and it was the source of all culture. He had to deal, then, with a heterogeneity as pronounced as that which confronted Napoleon; but he was not of the stuff for which you prepare Waterloos. No one dreamed that he would treat the world other than as such a heterogeneity. His relations expected to be made the Jeromes, Eugenes, and Murats of the Hollands, Spains, and Sicilies to hand. The world could have conceived of no other way of dealing with the situation. But Ts'in Shi Hwangti could, very well.

He abolished the feudal system. He abolished nationalities and national boundaries. There should be no more Ts'in and Tsin and Ts'u: no more ruling dukes and marquises. Instead, there should be an entirely new set of provinces, of which he would appoint the governors, not hereditary; and they should be responsible to him: promotable when good, dismissable and beheadable on the first sign of naughtiness. It was an idea of his own; he had no foreign history to go to for models and precedents, and there had been nothing like it in Chinese history. Napoleon hardly conceived such a tremendous idea,—much less had he the force to carry it out. Even the achievement of Augustus was smaller; and Augustus had before him models in the history of many ancient empires.

Now what was the ferment behind this man's mind; — this barbarian — for so he was — of tremendous schemes and doings? The answer is astonishing, when one thinks of the crude ruthless human dynamo he was. It was simply *Taoism*: it was Laotse's Blue Pearl; — but shining, of course, as through the heart of a very London Particular of Hunnish-barbarian fogs. No subtleties of mysticism; no Chwangtsean spiritual and poetry-breeding ideas, for him! — It has fallen, this magical Pearl, into turbid and tremendous waters, a natural potential Niagara: it has stirred, it has infected their vast bulk into active Niagarahood. He was on fire for the unknown and the marvelous; could conceive of no impossible — it should go hard, he thought, but that the subtler worlds that interpenetrate this one should be as wonderful as this world under Ts'in Shi Hwangti. Don't argue with *him*; it is dangerous! — certainly there was an Elixir of Life, decantable into goblets, from which Ts'in Shi Hwangti might drink and become immortal,—the First August Emperor, and the only one forever! Certainly there were those Golden Islands eastward, where Gods dispensed that nectar to the fortunate; — out in your ships, you there, and search the waves for them! And certainly, too, there were God knew what of fairylands and paradises beyond the western desert; out, you General Meng-tien, with your great armies and find them! He did tremendous things, and all the while was thus dreaming wildly. From the business of state he would seize hours

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at intervals to lecture to his courtiers on Tao; — I think *not* in a way that would have been intelligible to Laotse or Chwangtse. Those who yawned were beheaded, I believe.

How would such a prodigy in time appear to his own age? Such cataclysmic wars as Ts'in had been waging for the conquest of China take society first, so to say, upon its circumference, smash that to atoms, and then go working inwards. The most conservative and stable elements are the last and least affected. The peasant is killed, knocked about, transported, enslaved; but when the storm is over, and he gets back to his plough and hoe and rice-field again, sun and wind and rain and the earth-breath soothe him back to and confirm him in what he was of old: only some new definite spiritual impulse or the sweep of the major cycles can change him much,— and then the change is only modification. At the other end of society you have the Intellectuals. In England, Oxford is the home and last refuge of lost causes. A literary culture three times as old as modern Oxford's, as China's was then, will be, you may imagine, fixed and conservative. It is a mental mold petrified with age; the minds participating must conform to it, solidify, and grow harder in the matrix it provides than granite or adamant. We have seen how in recent times the Confucian literati resisted the onset of westernism. All these steam-engines and telegraphs seemed to them fearfully crude and vulgar in comparison with the niceties of literary style, the finesses of time-taking ceremonious courtesies, that had been to them and to their ancestors time out of mind the true refinements of life, and even the realities. China rigid against the West was not a semi-barbarism resisting civilization, but an excessively perfected culture resisting the raw energies of one still young and, in its eyes, still with the taint of savagery: brusque manners, materialistic valuations.

Ts'in Shi Hwangti in his day had to meet a like opposition. The wars had broken up the structure of society, but not the long tradition of refined learning. That had always seemed the quarter from which light and leading must come; but it had long ceased to be a quarter from which light or leading could come. Mencius had been used to rate and ridicule the ruling princes; and scholars now could not understand that Mencius and his ruling princes and all their order were dead. They could not understand that they were not Menciuses, nor Ts'in Shi Hwangti a kinglet such as he had dealt with. Now Mencius had been a great man,— a Man's son, as they say; — and very likely he and Ts'in Shi Hwangti might have hit it off well enough. But there was no Mencius, no Man's son, among the literati now. The whole class was wily, polite, sarcastic, subtle, unimaginative, refined to a degree, immovable in conservatism. The Taoist teachers had breathed in a new spirit, but it had not reached

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them. How would Ts'in Shi Hwangti, barbarian, wild Taoist, and man of swift great action, appear to them?

Of course they could not abide him; and had not the sense to fear. They were at their old game of wire-pulling: would have the feudal system back, with all the old inefficiency: in the name of Ta Yü and the Duke of Chow they would do what they might to undo the strivings of this Ts'in upstart. So all the subtleties of the old order were arrayed against him,—pull devil, pull baker.

He knew it; and knew the extreme difficulty of striking any ordinary blow to quiet them. He had challenged Time Past to the conflict, and meant to win. Time Future was knocking at the doors of the empire, and he intended it should come in and find a home. His armies had crossed the Gobi, and smelt out unending possibilities in the fabulous west; they had opened up the fabulous south, the abode of Romance and genii and dragons. It was like the discovery of the Americas: a new world brought over the horizon. His great minister, Li Ssu, had invented a new script, the Lesser Seal, easier and simpler than the old one; Meng-tien, conqueror of the Gobi, had invented the camel's-hair brush wherewith to write gracefully on silk or cloth, instead of difficultly with stylus on bamboo-strips as of old. It was the morning stir of the new manvantara; and little as the emperor might care for culture, he heard the Future crying to him. He heard, too, the opposing murmur of the still unconquered Past. The literati stood against him as the Papacy against Frederick II of Sicily: a less open opposition, and one harder to meet.

He did not solve the problem till near the end of his reign. In 213 he called a great meeting in the Hall of Audience at Changan. See the squat burly figure enthroned in grand splendor; the twelve weighty statues arranged around; the chief civil and military officers of the empire, thorough Taoists like himself, gathered on one side; the Academies and Censorates, all the leaders of the literati, on the other. The place was big enough for a largish meeting. Minister Li Ssu rises to describe the work of the Emperor; whereafter the latter calls for expressions of opinion. A member of his household opines that he "surpasses the very greatest of his predecessors": which causes a subdued sneer to run through the ranks of scholars. One of them takes the floor and begins to speak. Deprecates flattery guardedly, as bad for any sovereign; considers who the greatest of these predecessors were: — Yao, Shun, and Yü, Tang the Completer, Wu Wang; and — implies a good deal. Warms to his work at last, and grows bitter; almost openly pooh poohs all modern achievements; respectfully — or perhaps not too respectfully — advocates a return to the feudal —

—"Silence!" roars Attila-Napoleon from his throne; and motions

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Li Ssu to make answer. The answer was predetermined, one imagines. It was an order that five hundred of the chief literati present should retire and be beheaded, and that thousands more should be banished. And that all books should be burned. Attila-Napoleon's orders had a way of being carried out. This one was.

He had meanwhile been busy with the great material monument of his reign: the Wall of China; and with cautious campaigns yearly to the north of it; and with personal supervision of the Commissariat Department of all his armies everywhere; and with daily long *hikes* to keep himself in trim. Now the Wall came in useful. To stretch its fifteen hundred miles of length over wild mountains and valleys in that bleak north of the world, some little labor was needed; and scholars and academicians were many and, for most purposes, useless; and they needed to be brought into touch with physical realities to round out their characters; — then let them go and build the Wall. He buried enough of them — alive, it is to be feared: an ugly Ts'in custom, not a Chinese, — to make melons ripen in mid-winter over their common grave; the rest he sentenced to four years of Wall-building, — which meant death. That, too, was the penalty for concealing books. He was now in dead earnest that the Past should go, and history begin again: to be read forever afterwards in this order, — the Creation, the Reign of Ts'in Shi Hwangti.

But he spared books on useful subjects: that is to say, on Medicine, Agriculture, and Magic.

So ancient China is to be seen now only as through a glass darkly; if his great attempt had been quite successful, it would not be to be seen at all. His crimes made no karma for China; they are not a blot on her record; — since they were done by an outside barbarian, — a mere publican and Ts'in inner. From our standpoint as students of history, he was a malefactor of the first order; even when you take no account of his ruthless cruelty to men; — and so China has considered him ever since. Yet Karma finds ruthless agents for striking its horrible and beneficial blows; (and woe unto them that it finds!). It seems that Ts'in Shi Hwangti did draw the bowstring back — by this very wickedness, — far back — that sent the arrow China tearing and blazing out through the centuries to come. The fires in which the books were burned were the pyre of the Phoenix, — the burning of the astral molds, — the ignition and annihilation of the weight and the karma of two millenniums. The Secular Bird was to burn and be consumed to the last feather, and be turned to ashes utterly, before she might spring up into the ether for her new flight of ages.

One wonders what would happen if a Ts'in Shi Hwangti were to arise and do by modern Christendom what this one did by ancient China.

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I say nothing about the literati, but only about the literature. Would burning it be altogether an evil? Nearly all that is supremely worth keeping would live through; and its value would be immensely enhanced. First the newspapers would go, that sow lies broadcast, and the seeds of national hatreds. The light literature would go, that stands between men and thought. The books of theology would go, and the dust of creedalism that lies so thick on men's minds. A thousand bad precedents that keep us bound to medievalism would go with the law-books: there would be a chance to pronounce, here and now as human beings, on such things as capital punishment; — which remains, though we do not recognise the fact, solely because it has been in vogue all these centuries, and is a habit hard to break with. History would go; yes; — but a mort of pernicious lies would go with it. Well, well; one speaks of course in jest (partly). But when all is said, China was not unfortunate in having a strong giant of a man, a foreigner withal, at her head during those crucial decades. Ts'in Shi Hwangti guarded China through most of that perilous intermission between the cycles. It was the good that he did that mostly lived after him.

In 210 he fell ill, took no precautions, and died,— in his fiftieth year. A marvelous mausoleum was built for him: a palace, with a mountain heaped on top, and the floor of it a map of China, with the waters done in quicksilver. Whether his evil deeds were interred with his bones, who can say? — certainly his living wives were, and the thousands of living workmen who had built the mausoleum. Ts'innish doings, not Chinese. In the *Book of Odes*, Confucius preserved a Ts'in ballad mourning over men so buried alive with their dead king.

The strong hand lifted, rebellion broke out, and for awhile it looked as if Chu Hia must sink into the beast again. His feeble son got rid of Meng-tien, poisoned Li Ssu, offered the feeblest resistance to the rebels, and then poisoned himself. After four years of fighting,— what you might call “unpleasantness all round,”— one Liu Pang achieved the throne: He had started life as a beadle; joined Ts'in Shi Hwangti's army, and risen to be a general; created himself after the emperor's death Prince of Han; and now had the honor to inaugurate, as Emperor Kaotsu, the greatest of the Chinese dynasties.

In the two-fifties strong barbarous Ts'in had swallowed unmanly worn-out China, and for half a century had been digesting the feast. Then — to mix my metaphors a little — China flopped up to the surface again, pale, but smiling blandly. In the sunlight she gathered strength and cohesion, and proceeded presently to swallow Ts'in and everything else in sight; and emerged soon young, strong, vigorous, and glowing-hearted to the conquest of many worlds in the unknown. What was

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Ts'in, now is Shensi Province, the very Heart of Han: the Shensi man today is the Son of Han, Chineseest of the Chinese. We call the country *China*, which is simply *Ts'in* Englished; but in Shensi, the old Ts'in, in their tenderest moods, they call it *Han* still,—the proudest most patriotic name there is for it.

Not at once was the Golden Age of Han to dawn: half a thirteen-decade cycle from the opening of the manvantara in the two-forties had to pass first. Ts'in Shi Hwangti had mapped out a great empire; it fell to the Hans to consolidate it. Han Kaotsu followed somewhat in the footsteps of his predecessor, less the cruelty and barbarism, and most of the strength. The sentiment of the empire was Chinese, not Ts'innish; so, though not a brilliant or always a fortunate soldier, he was able to assert his sway over the greater part of China Proper. Chinesism had spread over territories never before Chinese, and wherever it had spread, the people were glad of a Chinese dynasty; besides, his rule was tactful and kindly. They were glad that the Gods of the Soil of Han were to be worshiped now, and those of Ts'in dethroned; and that the Ts'in edicts were annulled; — as they were with one important exception: those relating to literature. A cultureless son of the proletariat himself, Han Kaotsu felt no urge towards resurrecting that; and perhaps it was as well that the sleeping dogs should be let lie awhile. The wonder is that the old nationalities did not reassert themselves; but they did not, to any extent worth mentioning; and perhaps this is the best proof of Han Kaotsu's real strength. Ts'in Shi Hwangti had dealt soundly with the everlasting Hun in his time; but when he died, the Hun recovered. They kept Han Kaotsu busy, so that his saddle, as he said, was his throne. They raided past the capital and down into Szechuan; once very nearly captured the emperor; and had to be bought out at last with a Chinese princess for the Hun king. Generally speaking, the Hans would have lived at peace with them if they could, and were ready to try better means of solving the problem than war. But it certainly was a problem; for in these Huns we find little traces of human nature that you could work upon. But China was a big country by that time, and only a part of it, comparatively small, suffered from the Huns. For the rest, Han Kaotsu was popular, his people were happy, and his reign of twelve years was a breathing-time in which they gathered strength. He kept a hundred thousand workmen busy on public works, largely road- and bridge-building: a suspension bridge that he built, a hundred and fifty yards long, and crossing a valley five hundred feet below, is still in use,— or was during the last century. He died in 194.

He was succeeded, nominally, by his son Han Hweiti; really by his widow, the Empress Liu Chi: one of the three great women who have

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ruled China. At this time the Huns, under their great Khan Mehteh, were at the height of their power. Khan Mehteh made advances to the Empress: "I should like," said he, "to exchange what I have for what I have not." You and I may think he meant merely a suggestion for mutual trade; but she interpreted it differently. She thanked him kindly, but declined the flattering proposal on the score of her age and ugliness. Her hair and teeth, she begged him to believe, were quite inadequate, and made it impossible for her to think of changing her condition. — I do not know whether it was vanity or policy.

But it was she, or perhaps her puppet son the emperor, who started the great Renaissance. A commission was appointed for restoring the literature: among its members, K'ung An-kuo, twelfth in descent from Confucius. Books were found, that devotion had hidden in dry wells and in the walls of houses: one Fu Sheng, ninety years old, repeated the Classics word for word to the Commissioners, all from his memory. The restrictions gone, a mighty reaction set in; and China was on fire to be her literary self again. A great ball was set rolling; learning went forward by leaps and bounds. The enthusiasm, it must be said, took directions legitimate and the reverse: — bless you, why should any written page at all be considered lost, when there were men in Han with inventive genius of their own, and a pretty skill at forgery? The Son of Heaven was paying well; to it, then, minds and calligraphic fingers!

So there are false chapters of Chwangtse, while many true ones have been lost. And I can never feel sure of Confucius' own *Spring and Autumn Annals*, wherein he thought lay his highest claim to human gratitude, and the composition of which the really brilliant-minded Mencius considered equal to the work of Ta Yü in bridling China's Sorrow; — but which, as they come down to us, are not impressive. — The tide rolled on under Han Wenti, from 179 to 156: a poet himself, a man of peace, and a reformer of the laws in the direction of mercy. Another prosperous reign followed; then came the culmination of the age in the Golden Reign of Han Wuti, from 140 to 86.

The cyclic impulse had been working mainly on spiritual and intellectual planes: Ssema Tsien, the Father of Chinese History, gives gloomy pictures of things economic.\*

"When the House of Han arose," says Ssema, "the evils of their predecessors had not passed away. Husbands still went off to the wars; old and young were employed in transporting food; production was almost at a standstill, and money was scarce. The Son of Heaven had not even carriage horses of the same color; the highest civil and military

\*The passages quoted are taken from Dr. Giles's work on *Chinese Literature*.



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authorities rode in bullock carts; the people at large knew not where to lay their heads. The coinage was so heavy and cumbersome that the people themselves started a new issue at a fixed standard of value. But the laws were lax, and it was impossible to prevent the grasping from coining largely, buying largely, and then holding for a rise in the market. Prices went up enormously." — it sounds quite modern and civilized, doesn't it? — "rice sold at a thousand cash per picul; a horse cost a hundred ounces of silver."

Under the Empress Liu Chi and her successors these conditions were bettered; until, when a half cycle had run its course, and Han Wuti had been some twenty years on the throne, prosperity came to a culmination. Says Ssema Tsien:

"The public granaries were well-stocked; the government treasuries full. . . . The streets were thronged with the horses of the people, and on the highroads whole droves were to be seen, so that it became necessary to forbid the public use of mares. Village elders ate meat and drank wine. Petty government clerkships lapsed from father to son, and the higher offices of state were treated as family heirlooms. For a spirit of self-respect and reverence for the law had gone abroad, and a sense of charity and duty towards one's neighbor kept men aloof from disgrace and crime."

There had been in Kansuh, the north-westernmost province of China Proper, a people called the Yueh Chi or White Scythians, whom the Huns had driven into the far west; by this time they were carving themselves an empire out of the domains of the Parthians, and penetrating into north-west India, but Han Wuti knew nothing of that. All that was known of them was, that somewhere on the limits of the world they existed, and were likely to be still at loggerheads with their ancient foes the Huns. Han Wuti had now been on the throne seven years, and was and had been much troubled by the Hun problem: he thought it might help to solve it if those lost Yueh Chi could be raked up out of the unknown and made active allies. To show the spirit of the age, I will tell you the story of Chang Ch'ien, the general whom he sent to find them.

Chang Ch'ien set out in 139; traversed the desert, and was duly captured by the Huns. Ten years they held him prisoner; then he escaped. During those ten years he had heard no news from home: a new emperor might be reigning, for aught he knew; or Han Wuti might have changed his plans. Such questions, however, never troubled him: he was out to find the Yueh Chi for his master, and find them he would. He simply went forward; came presently to the kingdom of Tawan, in the neighborhood of Yarkand; and there preached a crusade against the Huns. Unsuccessfully: the men of Tawan knew the Huns, but not Han Wuti, who was too far away for a safe ally; and they pro-

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posed to do nothing in the matter. Chang Ch'ien considered. Go back to China? — Oh dear no! there must be real Yueh Chi somewhere, even if these Tawianians were not they. On he went, and searched that lonely world until he did find them. They liked the idea of Hun-hurting; but again, considered China too far away for practical purposes. So he struck down into Tibet; was captured again; held prisoner a year; escaped again,— and got back to Changan in 126. A sadder and a wiser man, you might suppose; but nothing of the kind! Full, on the contrary, of brilliant schemes; full of the wonder and rumor of the immense west. These he poured into Han Wuti's most sympathetic ears; and the emperor started now in real earnest upon his Napoleonic career.

The frontier was no longer at the Great Wall. Only the other day Sir Aurel Stein discovered, in the far west, the long straight furrows traced by the feet of Han Wuti's sentinels on guard; the piles of reed-stalks, at regular intervals, set along the road for fire-signals; documents giving details as to the encampments, the clothes and arrows served out to the soldiers, the provisions made for transforming armies of conquest into peaceful colonies. All these things the sands covered and preserved.

And behind these outposts was a wide empire full of splendor outward and inward; full of immense activities, in literature, in engineering, in commerce. New things and ideas came in from the west: international influences to reinforce the flaming up of Chinese life.

The moving force was still Taoism: the Blue Pearl, sunk deep in the now sunlit waters of the common consciousness, was flashing its rainbows. Ts'in Shi Hwangti, for all his greatness, had been an uncouth barbarian; Han Wuti was a very cultured gentleman of literary tastes,— a poet, and no mean one. He too was a Taoist: an initiate of the Taoism of the day: which might mean in part that he had an eye to the Elixir of Life; but it also meant (at least) that he had a restless, exorbitant, and gorgeous imagination. Such, indeed, inflamed the whole nation; which was rich, prosperous, energetic, progressive, and happy. Ts'in ideas of bigness in architecture had taken on refinement in Chinese hands: the palaces and temples of Han Wuti are of course all lost, but by all accounts they must have been wonderful and splendid. Very little of the art comes down: there are some bas-reliefs of horses, fine and strong work, realistic, but with redeeming nobleness. How literature had revived may be gathered from this: in Han Wuti's Imperial Library there were 3123 volumes of the Classics and commentaries thereupon; 2705 on Philosophy; 1318 of Poetry; 2528 on Mathematics; 868 on Medicine; 790 on the Science of War. His gardens at Changan were famous: he had collectors wandering the world for new and ornamental things to stock them; very likely we owe many of our garden plants and

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shrubs to him. He consecrated mountains with magnificent ceremonies; and for his sake the gods and genii appeared as flaming splendors over Tai-hsing and the other sacred heights. For the light of Romance falls on him: he is a shining half faery figure. — Outwardly there was pomp, stately manners, pageantry, high magnificence; inwardly, a burning-up of the national imagination to ensoul it. The Unseen, with all its mystery and awe or loveliness, was the very nearly visible: not a pass nor lake nor moor nor forest but was crowded with the things of which wonder is made. Muh Wang, the Chow king, eight centuries before, had ridden into the West and found the Garden of that Faery Queen whose Azure Birds of Compassion fly out into this world to sweeten the thoughts of men. Bless you, Han Wuti married the lady, and had her to abide peaceably in his palace, and to watch with him:

“The lanterns glow vermeil and gold,  
Azure and green, the Spring nights through,  
When loud the pageant galleons drew  
To clash in mimic combating,  
And their dark shooting flames to strew  
Over the lake at Kouen Ming.”

From about 130 to 110 Han Wuti was Napoleonizing: bringing in the north-west; giving the Huns a long quietus in 119; conquering the south with Tonquin; the southern coast provinces, and the lands towards Tibet. Ssema Tsien tells us that “mountains were hewn through for many miles to establish a trade-route through the south-west and open up those remote regions”; that was a scheme of Chang Ch'ien's, who had ever an eye to penetrating to India.

There was a dark side to it. Vast sums of money were eaten up, and extravagance in private life was encouraged. Says Ssema:

“From the highest to the lowest, everyone vied with his neighbor in lavishing money on houses and appointments and apparel, altogether beyond his means. Such is the everlasting law of the sequence of prosperity and decay. . . . Merit had to give way to money; shame and scruples of conscience were laid aside; laws and punishments were administered with severer hand.”

It is a very common thing to see signs of decline and darkness in one's own age; and Ssema himself had no cause to love the administration of Han Wuti; under which he had been punished rather severely for some offense. Still, what he says is more or less what you would expect the truth to be. And you will note him historian of the life of the people; not mere recounter of court scandals and chronicler of wars: conscious, too, of the law of cycles: — all told, something a truer historian than we have seen too much of in the West. — Where, indeed, we are wedded

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to politics, and must have our annalists chronicle above all things what we call political growth: not seeing that it is but a circle, and squirreling round valiantly in a cage to get perpetually in high triumph to the place you started from: a foolish externality at best. But real History mirrors for us the motions of the Human Spirit and the Eternal.

I said that what Ssema tells us is what you would expect the truth to be: this way: — After half a cycle of that adventurous and imaginative spirit, eyes jaundiced a little would surely find excuse enough for querulous vision. There is, is there not, something Elizabethan in that Chang Ch'ien, taking the vast void so gaily, and not to be quenched by all those fusty years imprisoned among the Huns, but returning only the more fired and heady of imagination? If he was a type of Han Wuti's China, we may guess Ssema was not far out, and that vaulting ambition was overleaping itself a little: that men were buying automobiles who by good rights should have ridden in a wheelbarrow. Things did not go quite so well with the great emperor after his twenty flaming Napoleonic years: his vast mountain-cleaving schemes were left unfinished; Central Asia grew more troublesome again, and he had to call off Chang Ch'ien from an expedition into India by way of Yunnan and Tibet and the half-cleaved mountains, to fight the old enemy in the north-west. But until the thirteen decades were passed, and Han Chaoti, his successor, had died in 63 B. C., the vast designs were still upspringing: high and daring enterprise was still the characteristic of the Chinese mind. The thirteen decades, that is, from the accession of Han Hweiti and the beginning of the Revival of Literature in 194.

“Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the law of re-birth, or of the re-incarnation of the same spiritual individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of personalities. The latter are like the various costumes and characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet for the brief space of a few acts, which represent, however, on the plane of human illusion the whole life of Hamlet. And he knows that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night; but the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 306

## AUTUMN LEAVES

R. MACHELL

### CHAPTER III

**T**HE rattling of the train was a sufficient excuse for the two men to abandon all attempt at conversation. Vauclerc was extraordinarily silent. Usually his flow of talk was irrepressible; but he sat back in his place absorbed in his own thoughts, which were no longer his servants but his jailers, who held him down while they recited the indictment of his life from the record of his own memory. The story itself was ancient history to him, but it was hardly recognisable in the guise in which it was presented for his unwilling inspection. Never before had he experienced any sense of shame in looking back at the extremely variegated pattern of the web that he had woven on the loom of time: but it was different tonight as he sat there in the ill-lighted compartment of the local train and watched the pictures that came up before his mind and forced themselves on his attention. Formerly he had been rather proud of his achievements, and could laugh comfortably at the success of his ingenious duplicity: but he saw nothing amusing in the memory of it all now. The game seemed to have been played out and he was the loser; he had lost everything, even to his interest in the game itself. There he sat, mentally face to face with something horrible that he knew to be himself; and seemed as if he were looking into a mirror in which he saw a desolate expanse of nothingness, a fathomless depth of mere vacuity, on the surface of which appeared the ghosts of memory like corpses rising from the ocean of time to sink again into the abysses of eternity.

A sense of intense loneliness and utter weariness fell upon him. Formerly his restless brain was full of schemes, and his fantastic fancy kept his mind occupied with dreams of strange delights and weird adventures, of fabulous treasures to be won and feats of superhuman ingenuity to be achieved—dreams strangely in contrast with the sordid facts he was now forced to contemplate, when that appalling depth of nothingness was broken by dark pictures from the pages of his own book of life.

Whether the two men's minds contacted one another, or whether they both vibrated sympathetically to the same impulse, one subject occupied them both, the past: and neither of them found pleasure in it. Different as were their characters, their lives had crossed and re-crossed each other so frequently that they seemed linked by some guiding hand; or they were like different colored threads woven into a design of which they were unable to detect the meaning. Such is the tapestry of life, which represents the evolution of humanity. The weaver himself

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may perhaps only be following a pattern designed by a master-mind. And if so, what can the threads know of the beauty of the great work in which they play their part unwillingly, priding themselves perhaps upon their independence?

To Vauclerc indeed it seemed that the design was arbitrary and



capricious, and that all along his purposes had been defeated by chance, behind which stood Fate, alternately favoring and frowning upon him, and eternally baffling his ingenuity. What use was another chance to him if a capricious fate were master of his life and he himself were impotent? — What chance could there be for him? And yet he clung to that phrase 'another chance' as if he felt something behind it that as yet escaped him.

He had the fatalism of the gambler, who eternally hopes that he may beat the game and get Fate on his side at last. . . .

Charles Appleby's philosophy of life was vague and full of paradoxes, with which his mind tormented itself for its own gratification: but through it all deep down ran a rich vein of gold, that would occasionally crop out and shine with promise of undeveloped treasures. It was this streak of gold which gave his character the force and charm that to some people seemed unaccountable, and which had saved him from falling into the deepest depths of pessimism.

It seemed to him that life was originally intended as an opportunity for happiness, and, if he blamed fate or providence or any unseen powers for his own failure to attain that object, he did not spare himself, and only railed at fate to vary the monotony of continuous self-contempt.

Not dreaming of the hidden possibilities in the soul of man, he thought he had exhausted his fund of opportunities, and that his own life was

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a finished failure; yet he paradoxically held that every man or woman was entitled to another chance, no matter how recklessly they might have squandered their spiritual inheritance. But in this generous theory he made exception for himself: for him there was no future.

Most of us have this kind of double scheme of life, just as we have two standards of morality, one for ourselves and one for other people. He was intelligent enough to see the incongruity of his two theories of life, but accepted his own lack of logic as confirmation of the distressing fact that he was an ass. He always had been. Vauclerc was right; but then Vauclerc, who certainly was shrewd enough, had wrecked his own life more hopelessly than Appleby had done.

As he reviewed the tangled web of destiny that he had woven so clumsily, and tried to find a meaning in it or a pattern, he felt a new kind of sympathy for his fellow-traveler. They both seemed to be on the same road, in more senses than one, and traveling it as aimlessly and unsuccessfully. His old contempt for the unprincipled adventurer had turned almost to pity for a victim of the same disaster that had involved himself, one who had lost more heavily than he in the general shipwreck we call life.

Vaguely he wondered how many so-called successful men were not actually in the same predicament. He had been so long content to look upon himself as a hopeless failure, that he could not see how fate could hold a chance of happiness for him; yet he could see a possible future for the rascal by his side. And the said rascal envied the man he called an ass; envied him most of all for that generous faith in human nature, that had made him such an easy dupe in the old days, but that had also made it possible for him to think of giving another chance to those who had most deeply wronged him. What would he not give to be capable of such an impulse? Give? What had he left to give? Not even a little rag of self-respect. What use could such as he make of generosity?

And yet he felt that generosity is natural to man. For the first time he longed to be a MAN. Hitherto he had been content to be mistaken for a man, or else to be admired for his cunning and audacity, envied for his skill, or perhaps feared a little for his recklessness.

Now he was offered another chance . . . for what? That question brought him face to face with life; what was he living for? He found no answer, or feared to find one; and the problem was still unsolved when the train reached the terminus.

But when the two men finally stood on the pier beside the gangway to the steamer they were conscious of a subtle change that had come over their relations; and when Vauclerc said, "Appleby, will you shake

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hands with me and wish me luck?" Charles Appleby was ashamed, and would have liked to apologize for all the evil things that he had thought about this man.

He could only do as he was asked, saying, "With all my heart I wish you luck."

As he stood watching the great ship move out into the river he felt that a load of bitterness had fallen from his heart, and he turned homeward with the conviction that he had discharged a debt, though what the debt was or how it had been incurred he could not tell.

The master of Thorneycroft returned as unexpectedly as he had left, but his return caused no more surprise in the house than his absence had done. He had been at some pains to cure the household of the bad habit of expecting him to conform to custom in anything. His will, or his caprice, was law in that house; and the law worked easily, thanks to the genius of the housekeeper; and life at the Abbey presented a peaceful picture that was in strange contrast with those days in California when the young Charles Appleby first met the woman who seemed so inevitably associated with his life.

His love for her had turned to bitterness. His hatred became almost a religion to him. He came to look upon her as the embodiment of all his weaknesses and vices, for which he had paid so dearly. She typified to him all that he was most ashamed of in his own life; and almost unconsciously he made her play scapegoat for his follies and his passion, and cursed her for his own disgrace.

In those days he was romantic, and inclined to an unguarded kind of hero-worship. He had taken men and women at their own valuation, until he was ruined by the rate of exchange, as one might say, for the rate was ruinous in those days in California. The price that he had paid for his experience had broken him, and he had passed through life's court of bankruptcy, emerging as a moral pauper, stripped of his fund of faith in man and woman as well as in himself. Sometimes it seemed to him he was but an uncertificated bankrupt who might at any time be called upon to liquidate some half-forgotten claim indelibly recorded in the book of Fate. But, as he looked out over the lawn from the windows of the library, life seemed to him better worth living than before he went away.

Old Watson was pottering around as if unaware of his master's presence; but in reality he was showing himself there in the hope that Master Charles would be tempted to come out and give him an opportunity to ventilate his accumulated wisdom. He sometimes felt overburdened with the weight of his superiority to his fellows, and longed for the society of his philosophical equals.



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And Master Charles felt the unspoken invitation just as he had done when a child, before his father had been exiled from Thorneycroft, and before he had become a wanderer, an adventurer, a gambler, a drunkard, and a mistakenly-convicted criminal, who for a short while had to pay that price for his association with such men as the one he had so recently sent back to the other continent with a new chance.

The sight of old Watson brought back his childhood days, and the whole tangle of his life slid from him, as he threw open the window and stepped out into the sunshine.

The garden was a place of peace, and the old gardener sweeping up the dead leaves seemed emblematical of that eternal vigilance which is the price of peace, of that labor which is pure joy, and of man's intimate relationship with Nature.

The old man went on sweeping as usual till his master spoke, then touched his cap with a cheerful greeting:

"Good-day, Master Charles, good-day, Sir."

"Watson, tell me, do you ever get tired of sweeping up dead leaves? I do."

The old man missed the last words, but was shocked at the question and protested:

"Why Sir, I would not be fit to call myself a gardener if I did that. I could not let them lie there neglected to be wasted, and to make the place look like a wilderness."

"But there are such a lot of them," said Master Charles speaking like a child; and the old man smiled indulgently.

"Aye! there's a many of them surely, and more where they come from."

"Yes, that is just what I feel. It is the endlessness of it that makes me feel tired. What does it all lead to?"

"Well, for one thing, it makes work; and what would a man be without work?"

"Not much, perhaps, and yet after all why should we work? Is work what we live for?"

The gardener answered promptly and with conviction: "I reckon that it is."

"And death is the end of it?"

"I'm not saying that, Sir. No: that's not the end of it, not by a long sight; not as I look at it."

"Watson, you must have found life pleasant, to look forward so contentedly to a continuation of it after death. I think it is rather greedy to ask for more when the end comes. Oh yes! I know, you say there is no end. That means that you are not going to let go even when Death has destroyed your body. But what will you do then? you won't have

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dead leaves to sweep up in Paradise, will you?" queried Appleby.

"Why not, Sir? Why not? Maybe we are in Paradise now if we only knew it. Our eyes are over dull perhaps, and so we see only the dull side of things. The other side, I reckon, is too bright for us to bear the sight of it; but for all that it may be here."

His master pondered the matter for a while, and Watson made an attack upon a weed, smiling contentedly to see his listener so much impressed. But Master Charles was obstinate.

"Yes," he admitted, "that sounds good; but if we are in heaven where are the saints and angels, to say nothing of the harps and halos, and the cherubim and seraphim? I hear no heavenly choirs. No! It won't do. The world we live in is the only one that can be real to us; that is, the world we see and feel and suffer in. The other or a dozen others may be here too, but if we do not see or feel or know of them they are not here for us. That notion of yours of a heaven in which souls sweep up the dead leaves fallen from the tree of life is almost too pretty to be true. Besides they always told us that heaven would be a state of absolute idleness, eternal uselessness, the only allowable occupation being the singing of endless, unnecessary praises of the Absolute."

"Nay, nay, Sir. That is no heaven for a man. There's some as might enjoy it for a spell, but not for long. There's heavens and heavens, I say; just as there are men and men; and one man's heaven may be another man's hell."

"Where did you get that from, Watson? You certainly have some original ideas. You did not get that from the church catechism, I'm thinking. Where did you find it?"

"Out of the earth, Sir, maybe: out of the sky, where the birds sing, and from the trees and flowers where the bees make music as they work, and the butterflies . . . why, as to harps and halos, them creatures come near enough to angels and cherubim for a man like me, and maybe the saints are not so far away as some folks think. There's more in life than most folks have power to dream of, let alone seeing. A man may learn a many things without book l'arning, while he is at work. And he don't need to hear things told to him in words. The thoughts will come of their own accord out of the air, though belike a many folks think their thoughts are all their own; but they are not, no more than the air they breathe."

"But a man's breath is his own, surely," exclaimed the skeptic thoughtlessly, and was promptly corrected.

"Nay Sir, begging your pardon, a man's breath is not his own. As soon as he gets it in his lungs he has to get it out again, or it will choke him. That shows it is not his, though he is free to as much as he can

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use. "Did you ever think, Master Charles, how hard a man works all his life just taking in breath and getting rid of it again? That is surely hard work, but no man asks for a holiday from that kind of labor. And everything in nature works like that and never stops. But folks don't call that work; they call it life. Life is work, and work is the greatest joy in life. Where there is no work there is no life, in this world or in any other."

This was said with such conviction that the listener found it necessary to light a pipe in order to get time to think it over. Finding no satisfactory argument at hand Charles Appleby shifted his ground and asked: "Have you seen this London lawyer who has been visiting at Framley Chase? What aged man is he?"

The gardener showed no surprise at the question, and answered as if it were quite in line with the argument. "Mister Charlton? Why he's a man getting on in years, not to say old, but he won't see sixty again, I'm thinking. They say he's courting Mrs. Mathers."

This was said somewhat indignantly, and brought a half protest from his master, who however seemed little interested in the matter, ejaculating merely, "Well, why not?"

But the gardener's sense of the fitness of things seemed shaken, and he justified his attitude by an explanation:

"Well, Sir, at his time of life I think he might be better employed than courting widows from foreign parts. It's flying in the face of providence, I call it, for a man to think of marrying a woman who might be his daughter as far as age goes; and who has had more husbands than one, they say, and a foreigner. Not that I have aught to say against travel in foreign lands, not if folks live decently when they come home."

This was a concession to his master's wanderings, as well as a veiled reference to strange rumors as to the history of those wanderings.

"And do not decent people get married occasionally?"

But this was frivolous, and Watson was in a philosophical mood.

"There's marriages and marriages. It's well enough for a man that's getting on in years to have a woman to take care of him, but . . ."

He stopped and scratched his head dubiously as if afraid of having gone too far. The ground was dangerous. His master was reported to have been married himself in foreign parts, and no one knew for sure if it were true or not. Watson did not attach much weight to foreign marriages. He had a general belief that England was the only law-abiding country in the world, the rest being mostly savage, and he supposed that foreign marriages were not particularly binding anyway. Still it was best to be careful, for he held it a grievous fault to hurt anybody's feelings by careless speech. So he turned the subject tactfully by

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saying: "A man may easily be mistaken in choosing a wife, and when he is well on in years mistakes like that are bad to remedy; and so I says it's best to let well-enough alone. There was a talk of Mr. Mason himself courting the lady, but I think it was but gossip, there's a deal too much of that kind of talk in the village; and all for want of occupation. It's a terrible trial, is want of occupation. When hands are empty then tongues wag. That's why I says there must be work to do in heaven for them as wants it."

Charles Appleby was trying to follow out the gardener's idea to a logical conclusion, and he began to think aloud more than to reason with the old man.

"If heaven and hell and earth are all here and now, we must be going round and round, like squirrels in a cage, without ever getting anywhere. Where is the end of it all, or the beginning? And what is the use of it? Perhaps the idea of cyclic evolution is sound after all, and life may be continuous as the Theosophists declare. Watson, are you a reincarnationist? I believe you are a Buddhist in disguise."

The gardener shook his head doubtfully. He was suspicious of long words and unfamiliar names: but the continuity of life was no new idea to him. He had long ago concluded that death was but a passage from one life to another, and that a man might come back to earth again and again, to learn the lessons that the earth had to teach him: but such names as those, Theosophy, and Buddhism, and Reincarnation, had a suspicious sound suggestive of idolatry and paganism: so he said cautiously:

"I'm not a man of l'arning, Master Charles, and them names sound strange and unnatural-like: but I know that the flowers spring from seeds, and the seeds come from the flowers year after year. They live and die, and never stop living even when they do seem dead. A man might say they live by dying: and why not men too? A man is as good as dead when he's asleep, yet he wakes up again. And when he dreams, he might as well be gone to heaven, or to hell as the case may be; but when it's past he soon forgets it and goes on living just as he did the day before. What difference is there between sleep and death? Not much, as far as I can see."

This seemed conclusive to the old philosopher, but it did not satisfy the critical mind of his master, who answered with a smile:

"Not much, perhaps, except that today we can remember yesterday and the days that went before, or at least enough of them to make it certain that our life did not begin this morning when we woke up: and enough to let us go to bed content with a reasonable chance of waking up again tomorrow morning. That is an exception that, I think, makes

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all the difference between sleep and death. Now what guarantee can you give me that when I die I shall come back to life again?"

"Well, Sir, we know well enough we are alive today, and then we know that tomorrow this here day will be past, it will be yesterday, with a night, and sleep, and maybe dreams between. Now, Sir, tomorrow we shall remember some of the things that are happening today, but not all of them. Well, those things that we forget, what proof shall we have that they happened? Not much, sometimes. And when it comes to remembering our childhood — why we might almost as well never have had a childhood, and yet we'd think a person foolish that said he never was a baby because he could not remember anything about the first year of his life. Same way with the future. We do not see what's coming, mostly, but it comes all the same, and then we know it. Where did it come from? from nowhere? What becomes of it when it is past? It is not lost, because we can recall it to mind and some folks can see the future most as well as they can the past."

"That is just guessing," put in the skeptic.

"Well, Sir, and what is guessing? Isn't it trying to see something? Why should we try to see it, if there is nothing to be seen?"

The old man put this as if it were a 'poser,' but Appleby capped it with a string of similar conundrums:

"Why should we always long for what we cannot get? Why should we want to do the impossible? Why does a child cry for the moon when he sees it in a pond? I'll tell you why. Because the things we can get seem not worth having as soon as we get them, and so we imagine that things further off and harder to be reached must be more worth while; and by the same reasoning we fool ourselves into the belief that the best things of all are those that are impossible to reach. So to be safe we only really yearn for that which does not exist at all. We, grown-up babies, are worse than the little ones that want the moon."

The gardener chuckled and nodded.

"Aye! there's maybe truth in that too. But it looks to me as if it might be because there is something there to know: something we want to know more clearly, something more to do than we have done yet, something to live for. And, Master Charles, I do believe that somewhere down inside of a man's heart there's something that does know, and that won't let him rest till he gets knowledge of it. I reckon that is the real man that is inside, just like the real plant is in the seed, though we cannot see it nor feel it, and it can't get out and grow until the seed dies. Oh aye! the seed may die outright and nothing come of it; but I am thinking of the seed that sprouts, it is alive as a shoot, but it is dead as a seed. Well, the plant comes out of the seed, and in its turn bears seed, and then

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dies down, but the life goes on in the seed; and other plants just like the first will come from the seeds without a break in the life. It is the same life, though the leaves and branches may be new each time. There is no stopping anywhere and no beginning neither. It just goes on."

"But what's the good of that to the plant if it does not remember? It might as well have no past life behind it. I doubt if a plant thinks much about its next life anyway."

"Maybe it don't. That's more nor I can tell. But, Master Charles, you hadn't ought to say the plant does not remember. Why how could it grow up just like it was before if it had no memory of its former lives? Something goes on from year to year through seed, and plant, and flower, and on and on for generations. If that is not memory what is it? If memory is not in it, where is it? Same way with a man. He grows like his forebears; that is his memory, and when he is born he has a character of his own that belongs to him, his own memory. Some things he gets from his parents, and some from his country, so that he looks like one of the family or one of the nation; but his character is his own. Where did he get that from if he began life when his body was born? You say the plants don't fret about their next life; maybe they don't. I reckon they're wiser than we are in some ways: though there is a sight of folks as never thinks about tomorrow, let alone past lives or lives to come. But then there's others that think a deal about the future, some more, some less; and a few, I reckon, come to know more than they care to tell, for folks is apt to call it all fancy, or worse belike."

Charles Appleby looked curiously at the old gardener as if inclined to credit him with just that kind of knowledge. He felt like a child again when listening to his exposition of the mysteries of life; and it seemed sometimes that surely a door would open into the wonder-land and the old gardener would be transformed into a Magian leading his disciple to the Hall of Learning, wherein all mysteries of life and death will be explained. But at such moments something would always happen to bring him back to earth, some envious power perhaps that feared the intrusion of a mortal into the world that lay beyond. So now as he looked up he saw two visitors approaching from the direction of the ruined abbey; one was the vicar Mr. Mason and the other was a stranger.

As Charles Appleby knew that his friend Mason was well acquainted with his dislike to visitors in general and to strangers in particular, he examined the newcomer critically to find some explanation of the parson's violation of the unwritten law.

As the two men came nearer, the stranger seemed suddenly to take on a certain familiarity, and Appleby muttered the name of "Withington."

*(To be continued)*

## THE DARK RIVER OF DESPAIR

H. T. PATTERSON

**I**N surety of the truth of this tale will I name the name of the emperor in whose time it did behap, and the name of the man to whom it did behap, and the province wherein his honorable parents did dwell. Other matter, pertaining hereunto, shall I omit, lest, perchance, I make the narrative too long.

In days of yore, when the good Fuhu was emperor of Cathay, Wi Hun Lung, who was beloved of all by reason of the much good that was found in him, having burnt incense at the tombs of his revered ancestors, having reverently saluted his honorable parents, and having said farewell to his beloved brothers and sisters, did leave his agreeable home, in the beautiful province of Hwanghu, for to journey to the far-away Mountain of Light.

Long and weary was the way. Beset was it with dangers and snares. But Wi Hun Lung was young, and stout was the heart of him. Singing the songs of faith and of hope of his beloved native land did he beguile the time and ease the pain of his footsteps; his heart ever turned towards the far-away mountain; his mind ever absorbed with thoughts of Tao; his memory ever intent upon the teachings of his worshipful master, Tchili.

When Wi Hun Lung had traveled a month and a day he did come, at eventide, to a steep and stony hill. Rough and difficult to climb was the path; but at the top did he find a house inhabited, the home of a woodman of those parts, he and his wife being the two only living people thereabouts. Kind and hospitable was the reception given to Wi Hun Lung in that delectable dwelling, for though the woodman and his wife were but simple folk, they ever welcomed the wayfarer who did pass that way, and did share with him of their store of rice, of honey of the wild bee, and of the milk of the mountain goat.

When Wi Hun Lung had eaten, being aweary, he did lay himself down upon the bed wherewith his host had provided him. Anon, near by, through a thin wall could he hear the deep breathing of the woodman, but he heard not the breathing of the woodman's wife. By reason of over-weariness Wi Hun Lung slept not. Or did he sleep and dream? Did he dream of the celestial singing in the country beyond the celestial lake? Or was it the woodman's wife outside of his window, in the bright moonlight, singing of the Soul and of the life thereof? Or was it the voice of the wandering winds? Or was it the sprites of the pines? Fitfully

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did words come to his ear. In snatches did they come, and brokenly. Some of them as of the gentle winds of the summer in the southland. Some as of the harsh winds of the northland in the winter time. Some as the wailing of the afrits of the desert when they scatter the dry sand hither and thither therein. Some as if from the light clouds above, which floated in the sky below the moon as floats white foam upon the billows. Hark! What is it that the voices say? —

“Sleeper . . . sleep thou . . . sleeper, dream thou . . .  
Luna smileth . . . see how fair . . .  
Whither . . . thither . . . listen . . . whisper . . .  
Now here . . . now there . . . now everywhere . . .  
  
Breath of fever . . . sluggard . . . sleeper . . .  
Terrors . . . dangers . . . things of sorrow . . .  
Paths unending . . . dark morasses . . .  
The day . . . the night . . . beware the morrow . . .  
  
Sleeper . . . sleeper . . . comfort . . . comfort . . .  
Unseen succor . . . shake off fear . . .  
Whither . . . listen . . . gentle whisperings . . .  
Unknown waters . . . day is near . . .”

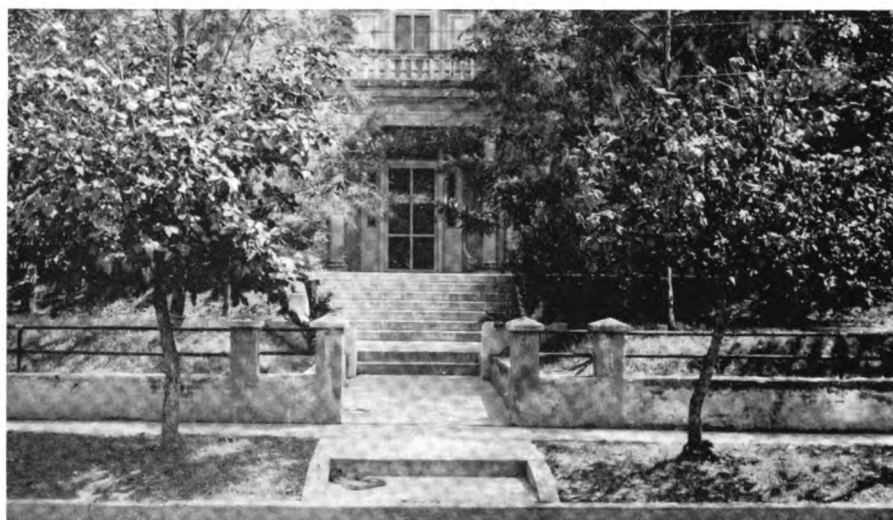
Thus did the voices sing and the pines make moaning — or, perchance, it was the winds — or the singing of the woman — or the stars — or the moonlight — or, mayhap, the aerial sprites of the night.

When the darkness had worn away and dawn was nigh, wearily did Wi Hun Lung rise from his bed, considering carefully in his mind all that had happened that night before. Having bathed in the cool waters of a pool of a near-by mountain brook, he ate his breakfast of rice cakes, milk, and honey, and, putting into his wallet some of the cakes and some cheese, pressed upon him by his hospitable hosts, did he take courteous leave of them and go again upon his way.

The hill where this did hap yet endureth to bear witness to the truth of this tale, though the house which was thereon has long since passed away.

Not far had Wi Hun Lung gone when the path ended. Before him was a broad river. Appalling was the look of it. Black were its wide waters, opaque and slimy; and ever to the surface thereof rose dreadful creatures, dire and fearsome to gaze upon, of kinds many and unknown, hideous and of amazing semblance; plunging and snorting, with mouths agape and with devouring demeanor. Wi Hun Lung drew back in fear and horror. But, alas! he wist not whither to go. Behind is the path, but now hidden in impenetrable fog, and from it come hollow voices





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(PLATE 1) ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL DRIVEWAYS ON KATHERINE  
TINGLEY'S ESTATE AT SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

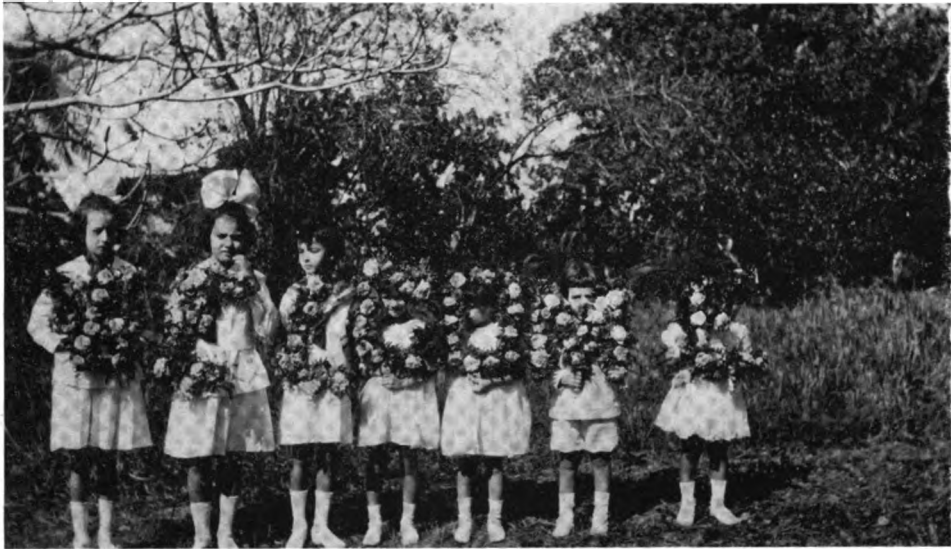
(PLATE 2) ENTRANCE TO 'LOMA VILLA,' KATHERINE TINGLEY'S  
TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS AT VISTA ALEGRE, SANTIAGO DE  
CUBA, ADJOINING HER ESTATE AT SAN JUAN



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(PLATES 3 AND 4) MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY AT THE  
RECEPTION GIVEN HER AT SAN JUAN HILL, FEBRUARY 22, 1920,  
BY HER FORMER CUBAN STUDENTS

(For further explanatory matter, see page 497)



*Lomaia Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(PLATE 5) W-E-L-C-O-M-E TO MME KATHERINE TINGLEY  
BY CUBAN CHILDREN WHO ARE EAGERLY WAITING  
TO BE RÂJA-YOGAS

This picture was taken at San Juan Hill, February 22, near the cornerstone of the  
future Râja-Yoga School.

(PLATE 6) A RÂJA-YOGA AND THEOSOPHICAL GROUP  
AT SAN JUAN HILL

(See page 497 for subsidiary caption)



(PLATE 7) SR. MANUEL MILLARES



(PLATE 8) SRTA. TERESA KINDELÁN C.

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(For additional remarks, see page 491)

## THE DARK RIVER OF DESPAIR

saying, "Beware! beware! not here! not here!" He turneth to the right. His heart sinketh within him, for he seeth but an endless quagmire there, stretching out, out, out, farther than the eye can reach, and from it guttural sounds reach his ear, saying, "Away! away! not here! not here!" Then to the left turneth Wi Hun Lung, but lo! he perceiveth on this side a fetid mass of steaming, rotting undergrowth, in which are crawling things, which come and go into the river, and thence issueth a hissing, as of snakes, saying, "Back! back! not here! not here!" In unspeakable dread and stupefied with fear, would Wi Hun Lung have sat down upon the ground, for his limbs trembled with horror, his mind whirled round, and the breath left his body, and he wist not whither to go. But he dared not tarry, for the hours of the day were passing by.

At last, in his despair, did he lift his eyes towards heaven. There did he see the sun shining brightly. Then did he remember his vow that he had made, that he would go ever forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, until he should reach the Mountain of Light, or that he would bravely perish on the way thereto. Closing his eyes, with his mind fixed on Tao, did he then plunge into the stream. Behold what did hap! No stream was there, but a little stretch of soft sand. The air was balmy. Celestial music was borne upon the breeze. Unseen benign presences, which he felt but saw not, were everywhere about him. Quickly did Wi Hun Lung cross the little stretch of soft sand and reach the greensward beyond. Looking up he beheld before him a road, straight and smooth. Beyond were the purple mountain heights, and in the midst thereof, pinnacing the blue sky, was the marvelous Mountain of Light.

### Identification Keys for Views of Reception to Katherine Tingley

at San Juan Hill, Santiago de Cuba, February 22, 1920

(A report of this reception, translated from *El Cubano Libre*, was published in the April-issue)

(Plates 3 and 4) To the right of the Theosophical Leader are Hon. and Sra. Emilio Bacardí; to the left, Mrs. Emily Lemke-Neresheimer and Sra. de Moya. Sr. Bacardí is one of the foremost surviving patriots of Cuba's struggle for independence; he was Mayor of Santiago at the time Katherine Tingley first went to Cuba with her relief expedition in 1898, and he has ever since been her stanch friend and supporter. He was a Cuban Senator under Estrada Palma's administration; he is now to be decorated by the Cuban National Academy in Havana for his literary and patriotic achievements. His daughter Lucía, who received her education at the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma, has achieved distinction as a sculptress. His wife recently conferred a benefit on the city of Santiago by having a children's hospital constructed largely through her own efforts.

(Plate 6) From left to right: Sr. Eugenio Kindelán C., former student of the Râja-Yoga School

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iii Santiago de Cuba, now with the National Bank of Cuba; Sr. Antonio Planos, former student of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California, and now holding a responsible position with Rodríguez Hermanos, of Santiago; Sr. Pedro L. Boudet, a high official of the National Bank of Cuba,— President of the Sobrado Branch, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Havana,— husband of Octavia Franco, a former Râja-Yoga student at Point Loma; Sr. Eugenio Porro, a prominent business and literary man of Santiago, who will be of invaluable assistance in the new Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Santiago; Srtas. Teresa and Josefina Kindelán C., the former holding a responsible position in the National Bank of Cuba, the preparation for which she received at the Râja-Yoga Academy in Santiago de Cuba; Mr. Iverson L. Harris Jr., Mme Tingley's Traveling Secretary.

(Plate 7) Sr. Manuel Millares, Manager of Besalu & Co., of Santiago de Cuba. When the Râja-Yoga School in Santiago was opened, this young man was the only boy-pupil from Spain. He has now become a successful business man of excellent character and full of the energetic spirit of Râja-Yoga.

(Plate 8) Srta. Teresa Kindelán C., a former student of the Râja-Yoga Academy of Santiago de Cuba, now holding a responsible position in the National Bank of Cuba. She will take an active part in the new Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Santiago.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

LOMALAND IS MECCA FOR NOTABLES FROM ALL  
PARTS OF WORLD

BY LYLE STUART

“NOT to see Nikkō is not to know the Beautiful,” is a saying in tourist Japan; but not to see Lomaland is not to go ‘over the top,’ admittedly, in a visit to Southern California. Such is the dictum of the tourist population of our city, at least, for the record-breaking record for visitors at the International Theosophical Headquarters, recently mentioned in our columns, has been several times broken since, and with the summer-tourist already making his appearance, the end is apparently not yet.

Lomaland is a very cosmopolitan place when the flood-tide of visitors is on, for the work carried on, and the fame of the Râja-Yoga system of education that is being demonstrated there under the direction of its origina-

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tor, Mme Katherine Tingley, attracts interest and inquiry from practically all parts of the world: from Siberia to the great cities of Australia or New Zealand; from Alaska to Argentina; from Athens, Greece, to Athens, Georgia, or Ohio, and from Orient to Occident in the widest sense of the words.

Visitors who wish to do so are always given an opportunity to register, and to name the different countries represented in the visitors' index would be to give a roster of the nations of the world. Your correspondent was permitted to glance over the index-cards of recent years — whole shelves of them there are — and was struck with the enormous proportion of cultured and traveled guests, and the large number of names of men and women who are well known in the worlds of finance, business, education, humanitarian work and reform. There are artists, architects, poets, musicians, dramatists and students of archaeology; while the number who write after their names the noted 'home-avenues' of our leading cities, such as Euclid, Commonwealth, Dupont, West End, Lake Shore Drive, Drexel, Hyde Park, Forest, Peachtree Street, and others, tells a story of Theosophical interest in cultured homes all over America.

Our own state seems determined to find out about Lomaland, if everything else has to wait. A glance at the index-cards for California alone 'registers surprise,' as a film writer would say, for they tally to the tens of thousands. San Diego, however, is more than holding her own. A rough estimate shows that more San Diegans have visited Lomaland in the last year or so, usually accompanied by out-of-town guests, than in the preceding twenty.

Among recent visitors from a distance, not already mentioned in our columns, we note Dr. Abraham Wallace, the noted English scientist, an old friend of Sir Oliver Lodge and for some time co-worker with him; Mme Pierre Wibaux, of Paris, France; Roger Strauss, of Paris and Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kuhn, founders of the successful University School of Cincinnati, Ohio, who are enthusiastic over the beauties of Lomaland, and the unique features of the Râja-Yoga system of education; Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer, wife of the distinguished New York lawyer; Mme Bella Pevsner, of Jaffa, Palestine, at present lecturing in this country and abroad in behalf of Jewish relief; Dr. and Mrs. Morice and F. F. Haggitt, of New Zealand, the former probably the best-known physician in that country, and the latter a leading attorney. Among those especially interested in the Râja-Yoga system and school are Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cavicchi, of Boutillier's Point, Nova Scotia, connected with the largest shipping interests of that country, and Mr. and Mrs. Axel Dammen, of Christiania, Norway, known throughout Scandinavia in connexion with similar interests there; Mrs. Plotkin Eisler, of Cleveland, Ohio; Major and Mrs. Lindbaum, of White-water, Wis., and several members of a Boys' Brotherhood Club that was founded in Stockholm, Sweden, twenty years ago by Mme Katherine Tingley, all of them fine young men, who, after making for themselves 'a place in the sun' in various occupations or professions, declare that their training in Râja-Yoga principles is what gave them 'their start.' To quote one of

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them, "They gave me the biggest business asset a young man can have, and that is character."

We note also the name of Professor Shima, of the Kioto Imperial University, who is making a tour around the world. He expressed the greatest interest in Theosophy, of which he is a student. Other visitors of note from Japan are Mr. Kogi Higashi, who is on the staff of the *Kokumin Shimbun* (National Daily News), of Tokio, and Mr. N. Sakasegawa, editorial writer for two of the leading dailies, the *Mainichi Shimbun*, of Osaka, and the *Nichi-nichi Shimbun*, of Tokio.

The dramatic world has contributed a large quota of guests, some of them members of the "Lambs," or the Players' Club, of New York, who are in Southern California for a rest, and others, leading lights of various road-companies, often visiting Lomaland as guests of the well-known theatrical man, Mr. J. M. Dodge. These, it is needless to say, are most of all attracted by the Greek Theater. Said one of them recently: "There is nothing like this in America or abroad. I have lived in Europe, and I know every foot of Greece. The possibilities of this theater, from a dramatic and art standpoint, are simply unmeasured."

Mrs. M. H. Moller, President of the American Women's Club in London, was a recent guest. Her Chelsea address, 100 Cheyne Walk, is eloquent to those who recall that it was formerly the residence of the artist Whistler, and the American Women's Club is almost as well known in America as abroad for its far-reaching and practical work. Its membership includes most of the American women who have married into the nobility or wealth of England and reside in London. Mrs. Moller and her family are old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, from the days when both families resided in China. Mrs. Moller is accompanied on her California visit by her son, an officer in the English army.

Among San Diego residents who have recently brought visiting guests to "the place that can't be imitated," as one of them said the other day, we note Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Pendleton, of Penhaven, Coronado; Judge Mossholder, Judge and Mrs. A. E. Houghton; Commander and Mrs. Le Breton, of Coronado; Lieut. and Mrs. Carney, of the U. S. S. *Laub*; Lieut. and Mrs. O. B. Earle, of the U. S. S. *Melville*; Mrs. John Doane, of Lyndon Road; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ellsworth, of Avalon Drive; Miss Sadie Brilliant, formerly War Board interpreter, but whose expressed intention to locate here warrants us in placing her with our resident list; Mrs. Morris Binnard, wife of the well-known local attorney; H. J. Place, the librarian of the large law library in the Court House; Mr. and Mrs. William Eibel, recently located here from Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Peacock, of Plumosa Way; Dr. and Mrs. Robert Metz, of Coronado, and Prof. Charles Thompson, former head of the department of music in Georgia University, now residing here; Mrs. Frederick L. Martin, recently located here from Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer McKoon, and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Major, whose guest, Mr. C. S. Jackson, editor of the Portland (Ore.) *Journal*, declared the visit—with its glimpse of the Theater, the Temple of Peace, the Râja-



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Yoga College, the literature of the institution, which is international in scope and is published in several languages, not to mention the Râja-Yoga system, so far as insight into it can be given those remaining but an hour or two — a revelation.

It is notable that the cultured, the traveled, and the broadly educated visitor is invariably the most appreciative of the place. "Italy cannot be compared to this spot." "Greece has not a theater so beautiful, not a spot so perfect from the standpoint of scenic panorama." "You have an educational institution here that can teach every college in the old world." "You have solved problems in the Râja-Yoga system that are perplexing educators today all over the world." "I have traveled 3000 miles just to see this place, and feel fully repaid" — these are some of the comments recently heard.

Mme Katherine Tingley, the Foundress-President of the Theosophical University at Lomaland, and of the colleges and departments connected therewith, is still in Cuba, superintending plans preparatory to extensive educational work for the countries of Latin America. A rapidly increasing list of applications for the Râja-Yoga College and School is awaiting her return.—San Diego *Evening Tribune*, March 18, 1920

## SUNDAY SERVICES AT ISIS THEATER

A LARGE audience attended on March 14th to hear the lecture of Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. "Man shall not live by bread alone," quoted Mr. Fussell from the sayings of Jesus, pointing out the fact that many men and women of of this age appear to be satisfied to live on material things alone, having no appreciation of the soul's necessity for a spiritual life. He then called attention to the sublime patience and courage of all of the great teachers

**Ancient Philo-** of all ages, and that the message of these great world  
**sophy has Answer** teachers ever has been the same — to point the way  
**to Life's Problems** to the spiritual life, which is the real life. Man asks  
why is he here, and he can get no satisfactory answer  
without going back to the philosophy of the ancients. So many live, but they have no reason for life; so many die, and they fear death, when death should be welcomed as a step into a better life.

Referring to the divine origin of the soul and that it lived from life to life, its quest, the speaker declared, was to find itself and to make active its own powers in the world; to bring order out of chaos and make of earth a heaven: its quest was wisdom, divinity itself. Asking what application should be made of this teaching today, he answered that like the call for the knights of King Arthur there was a call for men and women to realize that the pain and suffering of the world is their pain, that their sympathy and encouragement must be given to those in need, that we must find the soul in all men and women throughout the world, that all, even our enemies, so-called, are our brothers and belong to the great human family.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

'The End of the World, from a Theosophical Standpoint' was the subject of an address on March 21st by Professor C. J. Ryan of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. He said:

**End-of-World  
Scares, an Outrage  
on Divine Justice**

December in connexion with the preposterous rumor that the end of the world would come on the 17th was not the first of such scares, but it was significant of the unrest and lack of mental balance so noticeable since the great war. The notion that the world was approaching its final catastrophe has prevailed in the Christian world at various times, but this irrational fear is a relic of medieval ignorance, and is quite contrary to the ancient belief in the reign of law and divine governance in which, to quote a Theosophical writer in the *New Testament*, there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." The principle of divine justice is outraged and made ridiculous by the suggestion that the end of the world could possibly arrive when it is so imperfect, and when mankind has hardly begun to decipher the A-B-C of the mysteries of his higher nature. The curious notion that the end of the world could arrive — under any conception of divine law — when man, the crown of evolution is, in the expressive term of the eminent preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, only 'half-baked,' is an example of the limitations of outlook which confine the mind.

"What did Jesus mean by saying that some should not taste of death till they saw the kingdom of God come with power and the Son in glory? This saying is frequently brought up by critics to disprove the prophetic knowledge of Jesus, or to throw discredit upon the Gospels; for it has always been taught that this refers to the end of the world. But the whole thing seems to turn on the meaning of the 'kingdom of God' and the 'Son in glory,' and is very simply explained in the light of Theosophy, remembering that Jesus was only restating the ancient wisdom that, as St. Augustine said, has never been absent from the beginning of the world. In the plainest possible language Jesus said, 'The kingdom of God is within you,' and 'My kingdom is not of this world.' What could be plainer? That is straight Theosophy and makes the meaning of 'the end of the world' perfectly clear. Those who have experienced even the foretaste of the knowledge of the Central Self, the Soul, say that the end of the *unreal* world has indeed come for them."

'As a Man thinketh, so is He,' was the subject of an address on March 28th by Dr. Gertrude van Pelt of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, and a member of the Cabinet of Mme Katherine Tingley. She said in part:

**Mind the Instrument of the Soul in Man---the Thinker**

"It is not surprising that man should be as he thinks, for he is essentially a thinker. The ancient teaching is that the real man dwells in *Manas*, or the thought-principle, for the purpose of developing it. What is to be learned, through the unlimited experience this globe offers, is *how to think*, and at each stage man, the actor in the drama, is 'as he thinks...'

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"The whole of the enormous period of earth-life — an eternity for human realization — is consecrated to the development of mind. The one who is using it is the one who is evolving it, which of course implies that mind is simply an instrument and no more the man himself than is his body. The great thing is to know that thought is the instrument which shapes destiny, that even the lightest cloud has had its source in the thoughts of this or some previous life; that bitter fruits are the trail of the serpent of evil thoughts; and that, sooner or later, every thought comes to the surface as a crystallized joy or sorrow. A greater thing is to know that all have latent the absolute power to select and direct their thoughts; that they actually can close the door upon petty, unworthy ones, and invite those which are beautiful and ennobling; that no exterior god or demon forces arbitrarily any event, whatever may be the seeming contrary evidence, and that there is no need to retain any quality which makes one unloved, unhappy or useless. The greatest thing of all, after knowing all this, is to call upon one's will and translate thought into action. 'He who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city.'

"Madame Blavatsky came to awaken the god in man. Gods cannot be vanquished. Failure then is impossible to those who will persevere. Out of this consciousness grows courage. What is there to fear for one who knows that beneath the ceaseless ebb and flow of life's tides there is an undertone, strong as all the worlds, shaping all to the destiny of gods; that out of the sorrows and failures of life, even out of its horrors, Time weaves a luminous garment of splendor, and Mother Earth, after dire devastations, mantles herself once more in loveliness."

The special Eastertide services on April 4th were conducted by students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy and the Isis Conservatory of Music. The keynote of the services, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," was beautifully carried out in appropriate music by the Râja-Yoga Symphony Orchestra, the Ladies' String Orchestra with harp, and the Râja-Yoga Mixed Chorus, which rendered, as the closing number, Gade's rich and mystical *Spring Greeting*.

Extemporaneous addresses on 'The Message of Easter,' were given by Miss Kate Hanson and Montague Machell. The former said, in part:

"Easter is the outward expression of the awakening of the soul, and it is the normal condition of the human being. In the spring, while sap is flowing in the trees and warm winds are waking the buds and flowers, it is natural to respond to the quickening of the life-forces that surround us, for we human beings have become strangely subservient to the bodies we inhabit, accepting as inevitable the conditions they impose and being unconsciously elated or depressed by physical surroundings. But that elation can be under the control of the will, it can be made voluntary. The heart of man needs rejuvenating; it needs a flood of youthful vigor and enthusiasm to start out again on the search for the Life Beautiful. But the virtue that

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saves itself alone is worthless. The life that counts is not that of the dreamer or recluse, but that of the man who lightens the burdens of those about him, who carries sunshine in his presence and makes every day an Eastertide of the soul."

Mr. Machell declared Eastertime to be not a sentiment or idea merely, but a great and living reality, challenging each to call forth with more and more earnestness and sincerity the Christos within. He said, further:

"The real Easter is a moment of swinging into the rhythm of Nature; of declaring and discovering within one's own life that Resurrection which is so wonderfully symbolized in the reburgeoning of all that is fair and beautiful on the earth. Again and again the Christos Spirit within us breathes forth his eternal message; again and again the mortal, personal mind clothes this great message with the familiarity which breeds contempt, and so again and again is it necessary to resurrect the buried Christ from the tomb of commonplace mediocrity, and sound the note of the Spiritual Life. In the light of Theosophy the Scriptures have a sublime depth and magnificence. Christ, besides being the human Savior, becomes the great cosmic symbol of the drama of human existence, which portrays the travail of the Spiritual Self, its crucifixion on the cross of matter, and its inevitable victory and resurrection."

## SWEDISH VISITORS GUESTS AT RECITAL

DR. and Mrs. J. E. Hultman, of the Royal Ministry for Foreign Affairs of Stockholm, Sweden, and now homeward-bound from China, were guests of the Swedish students of Lomaland last evening at a private recital given in their honor. The last number was the Swedish national hymn, "Du gamla, du fria," sung in Swedish by the Râja-Yoga mixed chorus of seventy voices. A reception followed, closing an evening declared by Dr. Hultman to be "the most wonderful I ever spent."

Dr. Hultman has seen many years' service as royal Swedish consul-general and consular judge at Shanghai, China, and first heard of the Râja-Yoga system of education in the latter country. He has been associated with Dr. Osvald Sirén, of the University of Stockholm; Hon. Ernest Beckman, of the Swedish Parliament and European Inter-Parliamentary Union; Mr. Richert, Mr. Thiel and others well known in Sweden who are familiar with the educational work of Mme Katherine Tingley, notably Hon. David Bergström, the Swedish ambassador to Japan and China, who urged Dr. Hultman not to omit the "city set upon a hill" from his itinerary.

Sweden occupies a large place upon the Lomaland international map, students from that country being connected with practically all of the departments, from the literary and teaching staff to the textile department, the exchange and mart and the refectory, and as pupils in the Râja-Yoga College and Academy. Mr. Axel Fick, head of the large purchasing and

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

supply department, is representative for San Diego of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. and Mrs. Hultman will spend the next few weeks in Southern California. They are accompanied by their little daughter, Miss Brita.

—San Diego *Evening Tribune*, Mar. 19, 1920

## MUSICIANS ARE ENTERTAINED AT LOMALAND

MR. AND MRS. THILO BECKER CONTRIBUTE TO PROGRAM

TEACHERS and pupils of the Râja-Yoga Academy and College at Point Loma entertained Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 23rd, at a musicale to which their distinguished guests contributed several delightful and scholarly numbers. The C minor Sonata of Beethoven was played by Mr. and Mrs. Becker — the latter the well-known violinist, Otie Chew — and also a new number of rare distinction, the 'Slow Movement' of a recent sonata by John Ireland. This number was sympathetically rendered, and enthusiastically received. It was preceded by a short account of the composer and his work by Mr. Becker.

Other numbers on the program were from the Sibelius Suite, *Péléas et Mélisande*, by the Râja-Yoga Symphony Orchestra, and by the large International Chorus, Elgar's *Weary Wind of the West*, and Brahms' *Darthula*. The little children entertained Mr. and Mrs. Becker in the Temple of Peace with songs and a symposium, later.

## Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for March, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	59.55	Number hours actual sunshine	267.70
Mean lowest	50.06	Number hours possible	372.00
Mean	54.80	Percentage of possible	72.00
Highest	67.00	Average number hours per day	8.64
Lowest	41.00	WIND	
Greatest daily range	17.00		
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	4760.00
Inches	2.33	Average hourly velocity	6.40
Total from July 1, 1919	9.78	Maximum velocity	36.00

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California



# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."





# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE Buddha said: Who is the good man? The religious man only is good. And what is goodness? First and foremost, it is the agreement of the will with the conscience (Reason). Who is the great man? He who is strongest in the exercise of patience. He who patiently endures injury, and maintains a blameless life — he is a man indeed! And who is a worshipful man (*i. e.*, a man deserving reverence or worship, or a Buddha)? A man whose heart has arrived at the highest degree of enlightenment. All dust removed, all wicked actions uprooted, all within calm and pure, without any blemish, who is acquainted with all things from first to last — and even with those things that have not yet transpired — who knows and sees and hears all things — such universal wisdom is rightly called ‘illumination.’

— *Translated by Samuel Beal from the Chinese Buddhist work (taken from the Sanskrit) called ‘The Sûtra of Forty-two Sections’*

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*

Point Loma, California

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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT AETNA, AS SEEN FROM THE RUINS  
OF THE GREEK THEATER: TAORMINA, SICILY

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 6

JUNE 1920

*"The Buddha said: A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me to him."*  
— Translated by Samuel Beal from the Chinese Buddhist work (taken from the Sanskrit) called 'The Sūtra of Forty-two Sections.'

*The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

**F**OREVER hiding futurity, the Screen of Time hangs before us, impenetrable. Nor can it be lifted. Its other side may have pictures and words upon it which we would like to read. There is such a desire in the human heart to know what the coming days may hold, that if there be pictures on the hidden side of the Screen we long to see them. But fortunately for us in our present weak condition we may not look behind. Standing in front, all we are privileged to perceive are the reflexions from human life thrown upon this side known as the present, while the pictures that have been there in the past turn themselves into background and distance, sometimes bright, but oftener gloomy and gray.

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A very pernicious doctrine is again making an appearance. It is weak, truly, but now is the time to deal with and destroy it if possible. It is the theory that the best way to overcome a tendency — of any sort — of the physical nature, is to give way to it. This is the dreadful doctrine of Satiation: that the only way to deal with lust and other things of the lower plane is to satisfy all cravings. By argument this may be shown to



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be an evil doctrine; but fact overcomes all argument, and it is easy to discern the truth to be that satiation of a craving does not remove its cause. If we eat, and dissipate hunger, the need for food will soon be felt again. And so with all cravings and tendencies which are classified as bad or low, or those which we wish to get rid of. They must be opposed. To satisfy and give way to them will produce but a temporary dulness. The real cause of them all is in the inner man, on the plane of desire whether mental or physical. So long as no effort is made to remove them they remain there. The *Voice of the Silence* is against the doctrine of satiation most clearly, and so are the voices of all the sages. We must all wish that this pernicious idea may never obtain a hold in Theosophical ranks.

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*At the present time one of the most urgent needs is for a simplification of Theosophical teachings. Theosophy is simple enough; it is the fault of its exponents if it is made complicated, abstruse or vague. Yet inquiring people are always complaining that it is too difficult a subject for them, and that their education has not been deep enough to enable them to understand it. This is greatly the fault of the members who have put it in such a manner that the people sadly turn away. At public meetings or when trying to interest an inquirer it is absolutely useless to use Sanskrit, Greek or other foreign words. Nine times out of ten the habit of doing so is due to laziness or conceit. Sometimes it is due to having merely learned certain terms without knowing and assimilating the ideas underneath. The ideas of Theosophy should be mastered, and once that is done it will be easy to express these in the simplest possible terms. And discussions about the Absolute, the Hierarchies, and so forth, are worse than useless. Such ideas as Karma, Reincarnation, the Perfectibility of Man, the Dual Nature, are the subjects to put forward. These can be expounded — if you have grasped the ideas and made them part of your thought — from a thousand different points of view. At all meetings the strongest effort should be made to simplify by using the words of our own language in expressing that which we believe.— From THE PATH, February, 1896*

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is without a creed, but any society devoting itself to a definite object must at last accumulate within its ranks a number of members who all think more or less alike, and that is just what has happened in the Theosophical Society. A great many of us, the majority I will frankly say, think about alike, but not because we have forced belief into each other. We have come together and said to each other, "Here are these ideas," and it has resulted in the majority having come to one conclusion. But the Society is always free and open.

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It has no dogmas. The doctrines we have put principally forward among a great many others for investigation cover everything. We are so presumptuous as to say that Theosophy is large enough to cover all Science and all Religion, to make indeed Science religious, and Religion scientific. But among all these doctrines we think there is a truth of the highest importance to humanity, because sorrow prevails everywhere, and we are attempting by our Society's work to find a cure for sorrow. We think that evils will never be cured by legislation. You have been legislating all these long years and have not succeeded. We have still our strikes, our sorrows, our poverty. We began without anything against us in America, and today there is the same thing there as here. As one of our great investigators of criminal records says, crime in America is worse than in England in proportion. With all your legislation here is the same evil, and so we bring principally forward three doctrines which we think of the highest importance.

The first is Justice; we call it Karma; you can call it Justice, but the old Sanskrit word is *Karma*. It is that you will reap the result of what you do. If you do good you will get good; if you do evil you will get evil. But it is said that man does not get his deserts in many cases. That is true under the old theory. But the next step is that we bring forward out of Christianity, Buddhism, Brahmanism, that doctrine under which it becomes true, and that is Reincarnation. This means we are all spiritually immortal beings, and in order to receive our deserts we must all come to the place where we have done the good or evil, so that today you have come to this life from some other life. If you have been good you are happy, if you have been evil you are unhappy, just because you lived in a corresponding way in that life. And if you are not caught up within this life you will be caught up within the next one which is coming. For after you die you have a slight period of rest, and then return to this civilization which you have made, and for which you are responsible, and for which you will suffer if its evils are not eliminated.

And the next doctrine is that all these spiritual beings in these bodies are united together in fact, not in theory, that you are all made of one substance; that our souls vibrate together, feel for each other, suffer for each other, and enjoy for each other, so that in far China people are suffering for the evils of the people in London, and people in London are suffering for the evils of people in China, and in New York the same. We are all bound together with a bond we cannot break, and that is the essential unity of the human family, it is the basis of the Universal Brotherhood.

We bring these three doctrines prominently forward because ethics must have a basis not in fear, not in command, not in statute laws, but

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in the man himself. And when he knows that he is united with everyone else, and is responsible for the progress of his brother, he will then come to act according to right ethics. And until he so believes he will not, and our sorrows will increase and revolutions will come on, blood will be shed, and you will only rise then out of the ruins of that civilization which you hoped to make the grandest that the world has ever seen.

We hope that the day will soon come when these doctrines will be believed and practised, which this movement, called the Theosophical Movement, has thus brought prominently forward.

— *From a public address, London, 1892*

THE object before our eyes when we agreed to carry on this project was to hold Truth as something for which no sacrifice could be too great, and to admit no dogma to be more binding than the motto of the Theosophical Society,— “There is no religion higher than Truth.”

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The only true Science must also be a religion, and that is The Wisdom-Religion. A religion which ignores patent facts and laws that govern our lives, our deaths, and our sad or happy hereafter, is no religion; and so last March we wrote,— “The true religion is that one which will find the basic ideas common to all philosophies and religions.”

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For these reasons we think it a wise thing for a person to join this body, and a wiser yet to work heart and soul for it. And we would have no one misunderstand how we look upon H. P. Blavatsky. She is the greatest woman in this world in our opinion, and greater than any man now moving among men. Disputes and slanders about what she has said and done move us not, for we know by personal experience her real virtues and powers. Since 1875 she has stood as the champion and helper of every Theosophist; each member of the Society has to thank her for the store of knowledge and spiritual help that has lifted so many of us from doubt to certainty of where and how Truth might be found; lovers of truth and seekers after occultism will know her worth only when she has passed from earth; had she had more help and less captious criticism from those who called themselves co-laborers, our Society would today be better and more able to inform its separate units while it resisted its foes. During all these years, upon her devoted head has concentrated the weighty Karma accumulated in every direction by the unthinking body of Theosophists; and, whether they will believe it or not, the Society had died long ago, were it not for her.

— *From THE PATH, March, 1888*



## PSYCHIC RESEARCH VS. IMMORTALITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**F this subject seems somewhat trite and hackneyed, we must remember that the function of a periodical review is to treat live topics; and as the present topic is very much to the fore just now, its frequent recurrence in public print will supply sufficient reason for its repetition in these pages.

The mystery of death, the sorrows of bereavement, affect in different ways different minds. There are some who seek consolation and surety in the attempt to convince themselves of a perpetuation of the personality of the deceased, accompanied by actual verbal communications with the living, achieved through the practices of psychic research and spiritism, and by the aid of mediums. There are others to whom this idea is altogether repugnant, who feel that the evidence thus obtained is not evidence of immortality but rather of mortality, and who regard the communications, when not due to mental phenomena such as telepathy, as proceeding, not from the immortal soul, but from the astral remnants of the deceased personality.

Our present occasion is to present instances of these two views, occurring by remarkable contrast and coincidence in the same number of *The Hibbert Journal*, January, 1920, the one from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge, the other by J. R. Mozley.

Professor Lodge says:

"They and we together have been blessed by links of affection, which are not earthly alone, or temporary, but divinely ordained and permanent. We feel unable to live out our life here, in its fulness, without some friendly intercourse with those on the other side; neither can they be made perfect apart from us, *et non sine nobis consummarentur*."

This closes an article wherein he replies to the criticisms leveled at him by certain divines in a recent Church Congress, and containing somewhat detailed instances of the communications which he claims to have received, and still to be receiving, from his deceased son.

Mr. Mozley says:

"Eternal life, as I have described it in the above pages, is the manifestation of a continually increasing power of love among those who obtain a part in it. Through what channels that love will show itself we, with our imperfect faculties, cannot imagine at present; nor can we fully imagine the regions in which it will show itself. But we may fairly believe that some part of it, in those who are departed, is directed towards those whom they have left behind them, and who still live in bodies of flesh. . . . Can human society exist and flourish with ever-progressive energy and happiness without a spiritual alliance between those who are

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still in the flesh and the good and brave souls who have departed out of the fleshly life through the gate of death?"

His idea of communion is lifted wholly beyond the sphere of personality and all terrestrial ideas; it depends on the recognition of pure love as an undying power which can persist beyond the grave and influence for good the lives of those yet on earth. Let us examine his views a little further.

He holds that the conception of a future life, while differing much in expression throughout the ages, has always been the same at bottom. The expression has changed and evolved with our changing methods of thought. What is cloudy in our conceptions today may be cleared up by the light of future knowledge.

"It will appear, I think, that future life is adequately interpreted as eternal life, and not otherwise. . . ."

This is a view for which we have often contended in these pages. See, for instance, 'The Question of Survival,' November 1919, p. 472. What might be called the 'end-on' theory of immortality, which makes it a state tacked on to the end of the period of mortal life, is crude; for what has eternity to do with our mortal ideas of time? The writer, continuing the above remark, adds:

"... and that the universe has as its heart an eternally expansive life."

Going over the field of history, in review of the various forms of belief in immortality, in an attempt to find the common and essential factor in these beliefs, he rejects the crude theories of a survival of the *mere* personality, accompanied by a machinery of reward and punishment, and finds that common factor in an intuition of the perpetuity of the spiritual essence in man. He attaches more importance to the particular case of Jesus Christ than we should consider due; for Theosophy regards Jesus as but one out of many Teachers who have achieved enlightenment and found their mission in helping mankind to follow in their steps. And, with this reservation in view, we may quote the following. The teachings of Jesus are important —

"Because they reveal to us the form and character of a spiritual world transcending our sensuous world, because they exhibit to us love and faith as the moving forces in that spiritual world, because they show us this love and faith operating in Jesus himself, and give us the initial ground for thinking (what experience has, I believe, ratified) that that love and that faith continued in him after his physical death, and still form the channel by which the spiritual world, which eternally exists, can be appropriated, known, and understood by ourselves."

This particularizing in favor of Jesus is modified by the expression, in our first quotation from Mr. Mozley, "we may fairly believe that some part of it, *in those who are departed*, is directed towards those whom they

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have left behind them." In short, subject to his limitations as regards Christianity, he holds that the *essential* life of man is a spiritual life, which has nothing to do with the times and changes of mortal life; so that the best and most real influence of man continues to operate among men independently of the death of the body. This is a very different thing from the supposed survival of a mortal personality, with all its temporal limitations, visiting its old haunts and communicating verbal messages through a medium or a ouija board. It will seem to many that, if the Church Congress could issue some such declaration of faith as that given in this article of Mr. Mozley's, adding a definite repudiation of psychic research and spiritism as practices irrelevant at best, at worst dangerous, the Church Congress would thereby acquit itself with all due satisfaction.

Theosophists do not believe that Jesus especially is the channel of approach for man to the supreme; for they believe that there have been many such great Souls. They believe — and here, as said, Mr. Mozley concurs — that the spiritual essence of all good people who have passed away, continues operative as a power of good in the world. But they do not believe that forms and personalities return to hover over us or to deliver personal messages or influences. This, they feel, would be delusion. The imagination, fired by emotions, is prolific in the breeding of illusions. We must feel that the immortal dead *are* immortal; that they have shed their mortality; that they *are* spiritual — not material and personal. And, for further enlightenment as to their state, we must await the growth of knowledge, which will surely come, if only we can keep our ideas refined and our aspirations elevated.



THE School for Oriental Studies in London has issued a bulletin which discusses the fundamental identity of the Kolarian and Basque declensions. We have not heard that much attention has yet been directed to the fundamental identity of Maori and Sanskrit nouns. Such studies would no doubt lead us considerably farther into the past than ten or twelve centuries ago. As to the Basques, there is a Smithsonian report of 1859 in which Professor Retzius held them nearly related, not only to the Guanches of the Canaries, but also to the aborigines of the Carib Islands. Virchow and de Quatrefages agreed, referring the Basques, Cro-Magnon cave-men and American aborigines to one and the same type, so that, as H. P. Blavatsky wrote, the "*Atlantean affinities* of these three types become patent." (Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 792-3.) The Basques are mainly light-hearted, musical, and industrious.

F. J. D.

## THE TREASURE-CHAMBERS OF THE MORNING

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

**I**N the inner fastnesses and treasure-chambers of the Day are all the wealth and all the weapons that we need. Beauty is there, and the power to create beauty: rather, that power, rightly understood, is ability to command entrance into those secret places.

I do not altogether mean places within the individual soul. We are quite too much wrapped up in our individual souls; we do not see that the Temple is much larger. This Temple, that is, whose pavement is the colored sea and earth, and near whose beautiful ceiling are the stars.

It is thronged with the Everlasting Silence, which is the Mother of all things, and the Father,— the Richness, the Foundation, and the Peace. The hush that comes over the eastern mountains at dawn and in the morning; the clear blue beauty of the noon; the mystery of evening over the western sea: — in all these there is something declaratory and indicative. I will not say (as many would) that they are reflexions outward of my soul; rather I think my soul a part of, an incident in, and a kind of reflexion of, them. For I conceive them to be the moods and changes, the beneficent revelations, of a very much greater soul than mine: the Ocean, of which this is a single drop.

Which Greater Soul, again, is the Treasure-chamber; and it is there I would enter; I make claim, and think of myself as having the right to enter; — or else I shall, so far as I may, pitch my tent over against its doors, and abide there patiently; if exiled, not acquiescing in the sentence.

This world, they say, is an illusion; but in what sense? I have heard some argue that we should have no truck with its beauty at all, "because it is all illusory, and the Soul is greater than Nature" (the part than the whole). I think that depends on the direction in which you are looking. You can never, I suppose, dissect or analyse anything that is not an illusion; whatever test-tube, crucible, knife, microscope, and all that kind of thing can bring you to, will still be illusory. One might even wonder whether what we now understand as the properties of matter have been so always,— even moderately always. Our modern knowledge of them is based on such short observation. We cannot compare notes with the doctors of Vedic India, or the Egyptian chemists of pyramid-building days. Was water always  $H_2O$ ? I dare say it was; only we cannot prove it. We cannot prove that the elements combined,

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or that the functions of the human body — even the great and main functions — behaved in the same fashion ten thousand years ago as now. I in those days was another I altogether, knowing as little of what I should be now, as I know now of what I was then. The elements of my personal being were differently arranged; I had another (outward) identity. The central selfhood or Soul was the same; but in the grand rhythm of its existence another *motif* was being played. Truth and falsehood were mixed in different proportions; cowardice and bravery interacted differently. In the much huger rhythm of the World-Soul, too, such changes may occur; and all the laws of matter, as we know them, may be but a momentary note. The Harper of the Eternities remains the same; what flows from the harp-strings is not one endless monotone, but a tune with rippling changes and rhythms recurring.

From the one sole Cause of Causes, the Fountain, Sum, and Essence of Existence, there is a vast concatenation of causes and effects down to the mood in which I arose this morning, or the pebble lying in my path, or the worm spiring underground. Hydrogen and oxygen combine, and are water: here are physical causes followed by physical effects. But the law that these shall follow those is not physical or material. And it is in itself the effect of a cause still less so; and that, of a cause remoter again, or more, inward again. Traveling along this chain of effects and causes, you come from the world of appearances to the world of consciousness; and from that, no doubt, to That which is neither conscious nor unconscious. The physical is the merest diaphanous veil of the Metaphysical. In this sense it is an illusion: look *at* it, and what you see is precisely a whirl and great play of nothingnesses. The path of the materialist leads nowhere: it is a blind alley; a maze to which there is no clue, in which there is no goal to arrive at, and from which there is no way out.

But look *through* the veil, and there is no end to the vistas that appear.

A picture thrown on a screen is an illusion. Try to walk into it, and you will not go far. That is precisely what our materialists are seeking to do. But the picture argues a slide in the lantern (which is the thought in the Universal Mind); and behind that, a light, a flame (which is the World-Soul).

So in the human world. All the traits, all the characteristics that go to make up personality, — they are just little temporary combinations and arrangements of nothingnesses; and *ex nihilo nihil*: the things they combine to make, — our proud personal selves, — are nothing; they have as much real existence as the picture thrown on the screen. The Soul with its stern and beautiful work in the fields of Eternity to do, — that is great, that is real; but all these visible fascinations, allure-

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ments, gaities, clevernesses, likings and dislikings, repulsions and desires,— what is there in them to hold an anchor? Janus of the Two Faces, who is Death and Rebirth, shakes the kaleidoscope, and all is different suddenly; the man dies, and that personality is done with, and shall never be again. How little, perhaps, he represented the Light behind the lantern-slide, his Root of Being! But were your eyes turned towards that Light, they could never be shadowed or discomfited: you saw it shining behind the eyes now closed; but look, and you shall see it shining also behind any eyes that may meet yours. It is not personal; rouses no desire or longings; — but through it the beauty of the morning flows into you, and you set a certain value on the leaf, the grass-blade, the pebble, on those beautiful things, your fellow human beings; — because through all, the ravishment of Paradise is visibly shining, and the diapasons of Eternity are sounding audibly,— “Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.”

About that Center and Sole Cause mystics and poets in all ages have been trying to say something; and although they have failed and forever must fail to make palpable revelations, that should really compel us others into vision, yet their words are the illumination of literature, and the nard and frankincense and preservatives of the thought of the world. —“If I take to myself the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, Thou art there also!” How such sentences shine! how impossible they are to submit to the picking analytical methods of the legal or scientific or argumentative mind! One might find them in Laotse, in the Upanishads, in the Psalmist, in the Persian poets, in Mohammed; — who likens It to a “niche in which there is a lamp, and the lamp is lighted from a sacred tree,— an olive neither of the east nor of the west, the oil whereof would give light though no flame touched it,— Light upon light!” Light is probably the most obvious symbol for It, and the way It would first impress Itself on our mental vision: light, the source of light, the Sun. But command the mind into quietude, and banish the thought-swarms that infest waking consciousness, and It will seem meetly and augustly symbolled as Silence; or sink the thought into the heart, and It will come to be for you an excellent Companionship and all-informing Compassion. *Joy* is another of our human words that reflects it a little; and there is another again, *God*; but that last has become despicably cheapened, and it might be wise never to use it, as suggesting too much indignity. That is the fate of names: when you bandy them about, without thought for the thing they represent, they deteriorate, and quickly cease to represent anything. It is so with that much-abused word *God*. Imagine joy — getting angry; light — inflicting punishments; silence — issuing commands; compassion — enjoying

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the smell of burnt offerings! It just shows what the human mind can sink to, when it *will not* think!

But the first of these symbols is light, and the Sun; and no doubt this is the scientific explanation of the Sun: it is the main focus of That, and chief channel through which It flows into our worlds. I am never so sure which is subjective or within me, and which objective, or without: my mind is all awry, and not functioning decently, unless the sunrise happens as much in it as in the heavens. I look out through my door; between the blobbed and tufted pine-branches, forms so familiar, the sky is of that soft aristocratic gray that seems to have in it the latency of all sorts of blues, purples, and even crimson. . . . And then someone has poured into this grayness a tincture, that runs out in cloudy wreaths and streaks colored like the tulip *Joost Van Vondel*: a rose that can only be carried by tulips, as if that form were needed to suggest, to fill out in the imagination, the fulness and richness of the color. . . . "Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind," says the Veda; and one seems to behold, here again, the opening of the Drama of Eternity: Brahma rising in that rosy lotus,—tulip, I say,—Eternal Beauty determined to be expressed in an infinity of visible things:—from that bloom in eastern heaven, a dispassionate serenity, a visible calm love, flowing out to all the horizons.

That was one morning; I shall venture to speak of another. There is the long line of mountains, dark like the bloom on damsons; above, the sky, quite cloudless, burning to saffron and amber; and the little candle-light of Mercury paling, and Mars and Saturn fading, and the diamond glories of Venus and Jupiter waning in the blue mid-sky. (They were all five of them somewhere between Virgo and Sagittary at that time, in the last weeks of 1919.) And yonder, under the mountains, is the gleam of the bay, frosted creamy silver suffused with bronze or apricot; and here, the familiar forms of the pines with a certain unwonted aspect on them, as if they could tell me things infinitely wonderful, and for two pins would,—only silence is so much the best way of telling the things that matter! As when you share some excellent knowledge with a very intimate friend: the thing known is too good, and the friendship too intimate, to permit speech. . . . Everything between the dim brown and green of the earth-floor and the coppery blue where Venus is fading, is alive, aglow, a-hush,—packed with a sense of intimacy, with surprise, with merriment too secure for laughter, with newness as old as the world; — and then, into all this, comes the visible Sun. . . .

I wish to capture that moment, because I verily think it is a Theophany: the birth of a Golden Idea in that Great Mind of which 'I' am a tiny aspect or component atom. The World-Soul is reilluminated;

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and in that light there is no room, in this little space of conscious being, for remembrance of the myriad failures and the old seeming hopelessness of things. 'I' am a part of the Dawn; of its beneficence, its universality, its impersonal glad silence, cleanness, calm. In so far as I can carry that moment on with me into the day, I shall be making the day sacred; I shall be living, and not playing at life.

What relation has all this to action and practical affairs? There is the everlasting necessity that we should work for the world and the redemption of Man. It is what troubles thousands in all these nations: the will to better things is not lacking, only the knowledge how to set about it. Against every fair effort for human weal, the counteracting evil is forever flowing out of Man himself. The greeds, the ambitions, the passions, which are a part of our nature,—it is these things make earth hell. Reform and reform as you will, it all seems throwing things into some bottomless quicksand, or emptying the sea by teaspoonfuls. I have been reading lately some of the plays of a school very characteristic of the present time. They are written, yes, with compassion for pens, but with the gloom and mirk of the pit for ink. You sense the greatness of the playwrights' hearts; you are made to mourn over man's inhumanity to man; but you are shown no cure or way out of it. Reform all these effects of the inhumanity, and you still would have the inhumanity to produce new ones as bad. And as to changing the effects, — reforming things, — even that: — what a task! Not one for shifting-minded democracies that cannot be made all simultaneously to care, — that are unconvincible *en masse*! One would need a Hercules-Tyrannus, a universal autocrat universally benevolent. The prison-systems, that ruin many lives and save none at all; the devilish folly of capital punishment; the women on the streets, — for which unending agony not the laws, not the wickedness of individuals, but the brute thoughts of all mankind, respectable and otherwise, are responsible; the collective madness of hatred that takes nations when they go to war: — it is good for those who cultivate oblivion to be reminded scathingly of these things, and to be reminded that his will is weak, whose will is not set to combat and cure them.

Ay, but how to do it? — that is the piteous cry!

All the evils of the world, and all the good, flow out of the reactions of men to their duty. Before every individual, at every point of time, there is a duty to be done: a moment to be filled with action (in the largest sense you can give that word); these moments, as they come, are problems that ask to be solved; they give you no time for hesitation, but you must solve them each on the instant, or they escape you imperfect still, and swelling the sum of imperfections. The solution is, the Duty of the



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Moment. You can fill it with a divine essence; or with selfishness, greed, desire, etc.; or with laziness and indifference. There is nothing else so important as Duty; indeed, it is the king and crux of life; you might make an excellent catechism of questions and answers like this: *Why is there a world?* — *Because there must be a field for the performance of Duty.* — *Why are there men?* — *Because there must be agents for the doing of Duty.* — *What mean you by this word Duty?* (to give a little King James flavor to it). — *That which is due to be done during the periods of Universal Manifestation.* — *To Whom or What is it due?* — *To the Divine Self of the Universe.*

This duty we do, and dedicate to self; — and swell with it the sum of human selfishness, that is to say, human sorrow. This one we compromise with and set up a poor makeshift against it; — and increase the hesitation, the uncertainty, the difficulty of accomplishing anything, that so burdens the world. That other, again, we allow to ride clean over us, into the vast limbo of the incomplete and imperfect, the Waiting-to-be-solved. . . .


Duty presents itself to everyone daily anew. At the moment of waking it presents itself. . . . The Sun rises, and opens the Treasure-chamber of the morning. Will you go in, and get royal gifts for the day?

In that mood, in that silence, in that glow and universal light, there is no shadow of personality: no animosity, hatred, greed or passion or triviality; it is the Divine Part of us dwells there, and with which we come face to face there. But what a revelation it is, how startling, what a light upon these problems, to be confronted with the fact that there *is* a Divine Part! Something untroubled as the Eternal, clear as the bluest heaven, friendly as the morning light,— all-compassionate, because selfless. In the moment of that revelation one is a new link between Heaven and Man, and the waters of redemption flow through one.

Go now to the common things and daily duties with the peace of that dawn still shining about you, and none of the problems that crowd to you momentarily will be turned empty away. The man that insults or irritates you, will find no one there to insult or irritate; expecting a pygmy, he will come on a God; and take away from the encounter, healing and gems from the treasure of the morning. You have won something out of Heaven, and loosed it at large upon Earth; you have set free an elixiral essence on the air, and it will go on its way transmuting things. You have contributed to humanity strong essences of purification.

## TAORMINA

C. J. RYAN

ICILY is rich in towns of exquisite beauty and historical interest, but none is more fascinating to the artist, the student, or even the ordinary tourist, than the little town of Taormina which faces the rising sun on the lovely eastern coast of the island a little south of the straits of Messina and only a short distance from Mount Aetna.

Taormina stands on a steep slope four or five hundred feet above the rugged shore of the intensely blue Ionian Sea. A stony footpath winds up the heights from the railroad station of Giardini near the beach, partly through groves of the prickly-pear cactus, *fichi d'India*, as it is called from its West Indian origin. The town consists chiefly of one long street, not more than a mile in length, and a few side lanes. The white houses with low tiled roofs are of the ordinary Italian type, but here and there a choice bit of medieval architecture peeps out. Several late Gothic and Renaissance so-called Palaces, with frescoes, finely-carved windows, graceful cornices, and boldly designed gateways, are of real interest, but the innumerable sieges and attacks of all kinds to which Taormina has been subjected for more than two thousand years, have left little remaining of great importance except the noble Graeco-Roman Theater, whose stage is almost complete.

It is marvelous how the theater at Taormina has escaped absolute destruction, but, though the marble seats have utterly disappeared, there is enough left to make it only second in preservation to the Roman Theater at Orange, France. But for the destruction wrought by a local Duke, who was allowed to carry away the finest marbles to decorate his palace, the building would be as perfect as that at Orange. It is semicircular in plan, with an outside diameter of 377 feet, and its acoustic properties are so perfect that the voices of the actors could be heard without difficulty by the thirty or forty thousand spectators. In this respect the Greek Open-air Theater at the Point Loma Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society closely resembles it, for many actors and students of elocution have wondered at the method by which such remarkable clearness of hearing was preserved in the theater designed by Madame Katherine Tingley.

A large part of the scena at Taormina, and the three gates with intervening niches for statues, the dressing-rooms and the passages under

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the stage, are well preserved. The style is Roman Corinthian, but there is no doubt that the original building was Greek.

To those who are not specially interested in archaeology, the picturesque aspect of the Theater, with its glorious views in every direction, is its principal charm. Not even the Bay of Naples is more entrancing. This quotation from J. Addington Symonds, a vivid word-painter, is illuminating:

"Was there ever such another theater as this of Taormina? Turned to the south, hollowed from the crest of a promontory one thousand feet above the sea, it faces Aetna with its crown of snow; below, the coast sweeps onward to Catania and the distant headland of Syracuse. From the back, the shore of Sicily curves with delicately indented bays towards Messina; then come the straits, and the blunt mass of the Calabrian Mountains terminating Italy at Spartivento. Every spot on which the eye can rest is rife with reminiscences. It was there, we say, looking northward to the straits, that Ulysses tossed between Scylla and Charybdis; there, turning towards the flank of Aetna, that he met with Polyphemus and defied the giant from his galley. From yonder snowcapped eyrie *Αἶτνας σκορία*, the rocks were hurled on Acis. And all along that shore, after Persephone was lost, went Demeter, torch in hand, wailing for the daughter she could no more find among Sicilian villages.

What scenes, more spirit-shaking than any tragic shows — pageants of fire and smoke, and mountains in commotion — are witnessed from these grassy benches, when the side of Aetna flows with flame. . . . The stage of these tremendous pomps is very calm and peaceful now. Lying among acanthus-leaves and asphodels bound together by wreaths of pink and white convolvulus, we only feel that this is the loveliest landscape on which our eyes have ever rested or can rest. The whole scene is a symphony in blues — gemlike lapis-lazuli in the sea, aerial azure in the distant headlands, light-irradiated sapphire in the sky, and impalpable vapor-mantled purple upon Aetna. . . . It is a strange compliment to such a landscape to say that it recalls a scene from an opera. Yet so it is. What the arts of the scene-painter and the musician strive to suggest is here realized in fact; the mood of the soul created by music and by passion is natural here, spontaneous, prepared by the divine artists of earth, air, and sea."

— *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*

It is said by Sallust that all that was sucked down by the terrible Charybdis whirlpool in the straits of Messina was cast up at Taormina, but today Charybdis is a very small affair, though the rapids, races, and small whirlpools caused by the rush of the tide over a ledge from four to six hundred feet deep sometimes cast small vessels on the coast of Calabria. It is probable that the innumerable earthquakes that have shaken the straits of Messina, as a terrier shakes a rat, have produced great changes in the tidal currents since the time of Homer.

Above the theater of Taormina stand the vestiges of a Greek temple, surmounting an elevation which commands even a finer view than that from the theater.

Not only is the little town interesting in itself, surrounded by groves of orange and lemon trees, with olive and almond orchards and vegetable gardens clinging in terraces to the steep hillside, but the shore below has peculiar beauties. It is piled and heaped with the most splendid marble rocks, chiefly red, green, and variegated. Taormina is celebrated for its

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wonderful marbles, and they were well known in antiquity. The famous architects and engineers, Archias and Phileas, reputed as only second to Archimedes in mechanical skill, employed the exquisite marbles of the shore to line the bathrooms of the great ship which Hieron of Syracuse presented to the Egyptian Ptolemy more than two hundred years before the Christian era. We need not think our ocean liners were the first to be equipped luxuriously. This ancient vessel had twenty banks of rowers, three decks, and ample space for a library, gymnasium, gardens with trees, stables, and baths. There were also towers for assault and other devices provided by Archimedes in case of war.

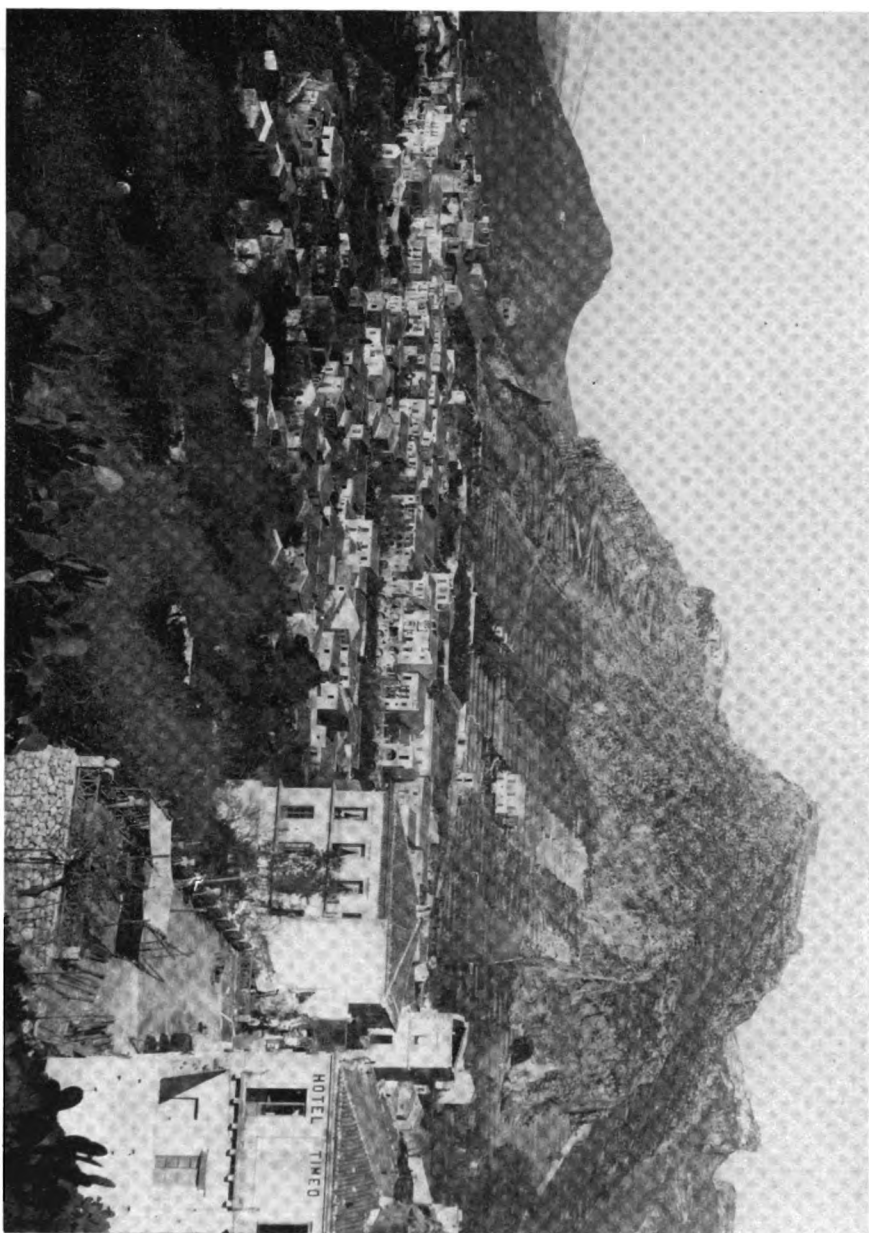
Among the distinguished men produced by Taormina, a poet, Cornelius Severus, is enrolled in the list of fame, but very little of his work has been saved; he died young.

Though Taormina now depends for its popularity upon the beauty of its scenery, it was not always a small, insignificant village, as we can prove by the seating-capacity of its theater — between thirty and forty thousand — and the importance which was attached to its capture by great kings and chiefs throughout the ages.

The authentic history of Sicily begins in the eighth century B. C., when colonizing bands of Greeks arrived. On the shore, close to Taormina, is the site of the first Greek colony, the city of Naxos. Pythagoras, on his journey to establish good government in Sicily, is reported to have stayed here and to have wrought a 'miracle' of healing; he is also said to have been present at Naxos and at Metapontum in Italy on the same day, a feat of magic which was equaled by the famous occultist Apollonius of Tyana, who reported the assassination of the Emperor Domitian in Rome, hundreds of miles away.

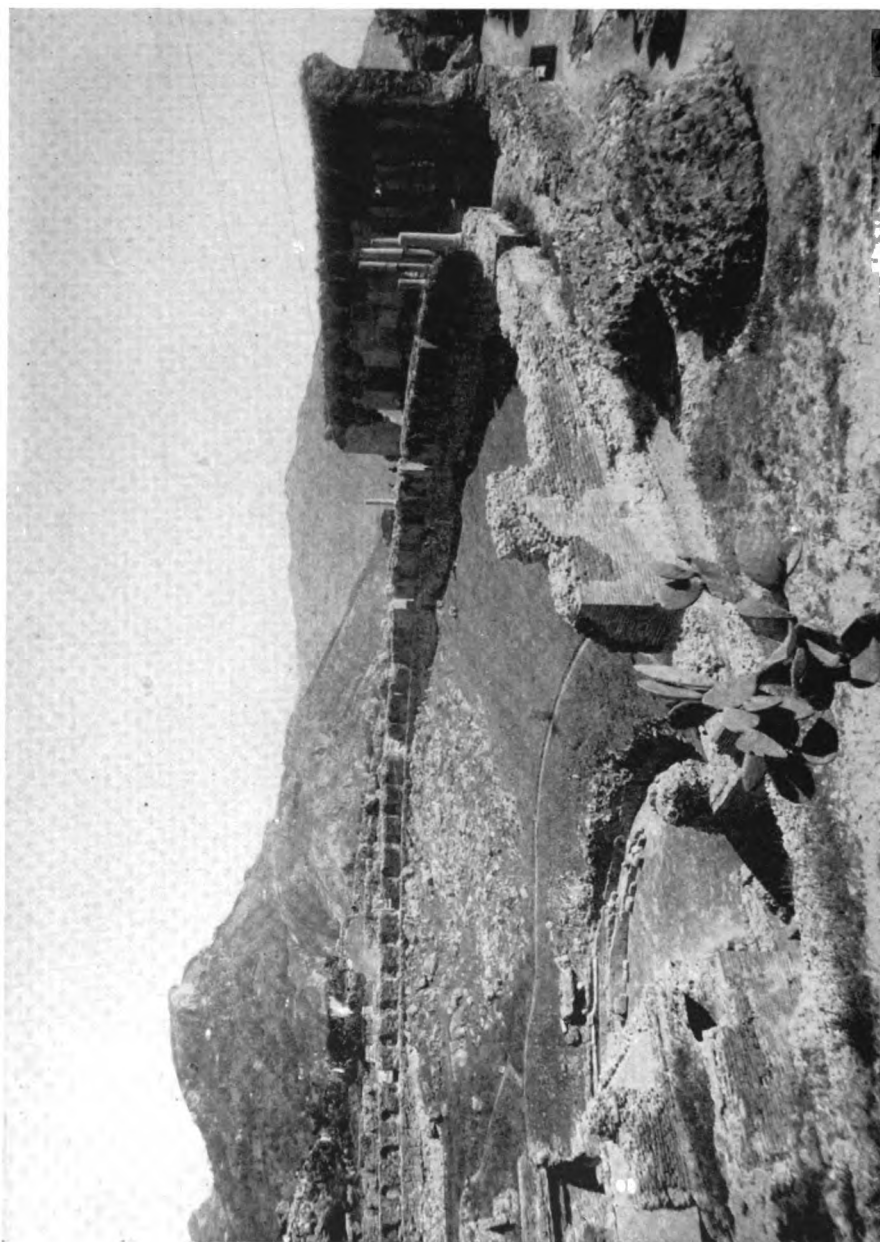
In 403 B. C., Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, completely destroyed Naxos and removed the inhabitants to the spot where Taormina — then called Tauromenium — has stood from that day to this. The new city prospered greatly, and Andromachus, a local hero, gave Timoleon great assistance in restoring the liberty of Syracuse. It must have been about this time that the foundations of the great theater and the little temple were laid. After the fall of Greece, Taormina became a Roman stronghold. Augustus planted a luxurious colony there; the city became a center of wealth, and magnificent villas were erected along the coast.

Then came the Christian rule, and after that the Saracens, who took the city in 962 A. D. Many relics of the Mohammedan occupation are still in existence. On the hill just above the town are the ruins of a Saracenic castle, and many of the houses in the main street are decorated with fragments of Saracenic sculpture. Towering on an almost inacces-



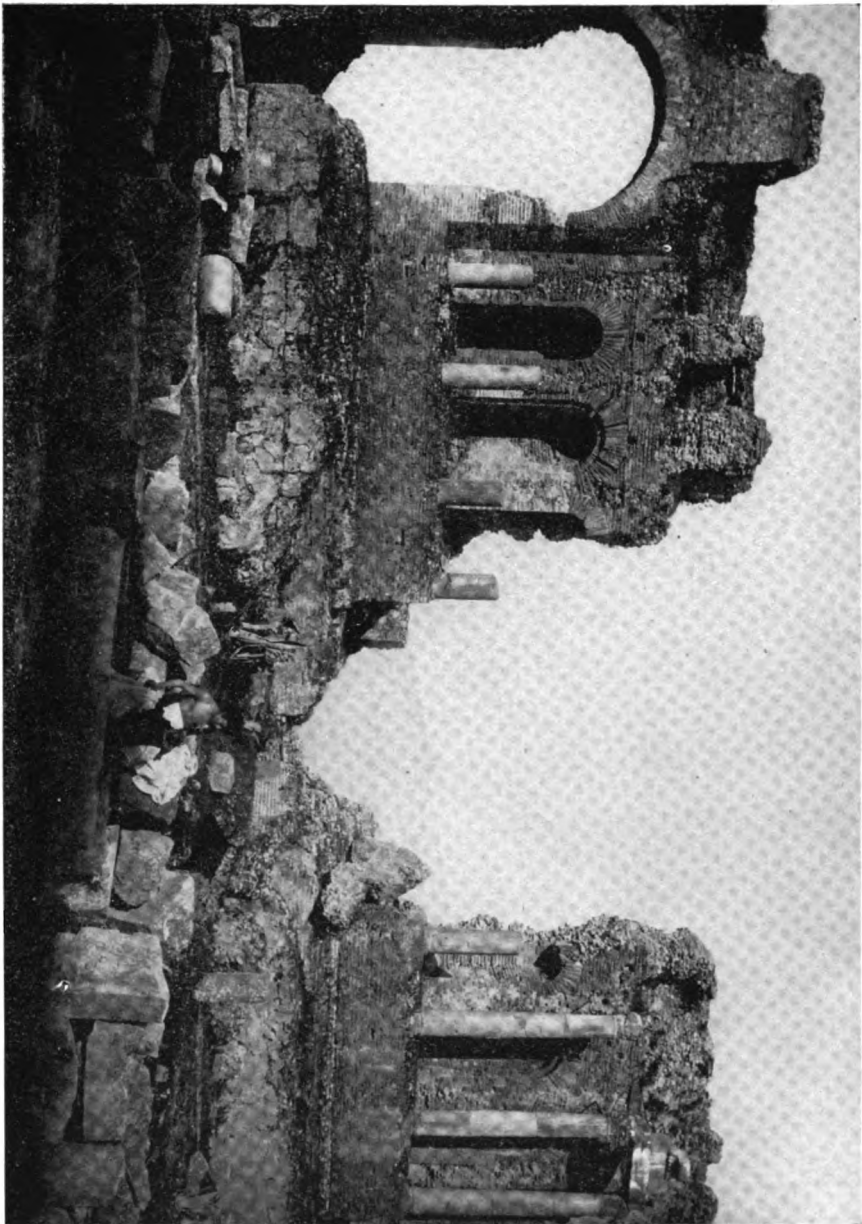
PANORAMA OF TAORMINA, SICILY

*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**RUINS OF THE GALLERY AROUND THE GREEK THEATER, TAORMINA**



ORCHESTRA OF THE GREEK THEATER, TAORMINA

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE CORSO UMBERTO (THE 'HIGH STREET') OF TAORMINA



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sible crag 2,080 feet above sea-level and overlooking Taormina is the tiny Saracenic village of Mola. It is approached by a narrow winding path, which becomes a staircase as it ascends to the picturesque gateway which guards the entrance to the village.

Count Roger of Sicily, the Norman, finally regained the city for Christian rule, and under his wise control the Saracens, the Normans, and the Greeks were governed by their own laws. In this, his government resembled that of the Mohammedan Saracens, whose long rule was distinguished by liberality.

To write the history of Taormina would be practically to write the story of half the Mediterranean world, both legendary, classical, medieval, and modern. Kings and queens without number have taken refuge or visited there; it was from Taormina that Garibaldi, the Liberator of Italy, set out for the campaign of Aspromonte, and to its liberty-loving people he returned wounded. Wonderful and fascinating as the history of Taormina is, yet it has a very depressing side, for it is almost all a story of continuous sieges, fighting, and violence; it is a picture in miniature of man's inhumanity to man; and what has all the strife and conflict of races come to? The present state of the Sicilian people is not high; poverty is widespread, and the crime-record is not enviable, though in certain departments of social life great progress has been made since the flight of the Bourbon rulers before Garibaldi in 1860. Unification has done something.

George E. Woodberry, in a brilliant article on Taormina in *The Century Magazine* for 1893, says:

"In the darkness I seem to hear, vaguely arising, half sensed, half thought, the murmur of many tongues that have perished here. Sicanian and Sicunian, and the lost Oscan, Greek and Latin and the hoarse jargon of barbaric slaves, Byzantine and Arabic, confused with strange African dialects, Norman and Sicilian, French and Spanish, mingling, blending, changing, the sharp battle-cry of a thousand assaults rising from the low ravines, the death-cry of twenty bloody massacres within these walls ringing on the hard rock and falling to silence only to rise more full with fiercer pain — century after century of the battle wrath and the battle woe. My fancy shapes the air till I see over the darkly lifted castle-rock the triple crossing swords of Greek, Carthaginian, and Roman in the age-long duel, and, as these fade, the springing brands of Byzantine, Arab, and Norman, and yet again the heavy blades of France, Spain, and Sicily; and ever, like rain or snow, falls the bloody dew upon this lone hillside. 'Oh, wherefore?' I whisper; and all is silent save the surge still lifting round the coast the far voices of the old Ionian Sea. I have wondered that the children of Aetna should dwell in its lovely paradise, as I thought how often, how terribly, the lava has poured forth upon it, the shower of ashes fallen, the black horrors of volcanic eruption overwhelmed the land. Yet sum it all, pang by pang, all that Aetna ever wrought of woe to the sons of men, the agonies of her burnings, the terrors of her living entombments, all her manifold deaths at once, and what were it in comparison with the blood that has flowed on this hillside, the slaughter, the murder, the infinite pain here suffered by the hands of men. O Aetna, it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brother-man."

## RESURRECTION

T. HENRY, M. A.

**T**HIS is a topic on which one has often written before; but if on that account objection be made, let the objector say, if he can, why, since seasons recur, topics should not do so also. Can one be held responsible for the order of Nature? Nature has ordained that, once in every three-hundred-and-sixty-five-and-a-quarter days (on the average), there should recur that epoch when her vital forces are renewed, the same being celebrated in all lands and ages by the surviving relics of those ceremonials which once (we presume) had more meaning than they have in our times. There was a time when the Christian Church thought fit to adopt and adapt such a yearly festival, holding it at the customary time — spring — and giving it a Jewish name (*pesach*, whence: *pâques*, *pascua*, *pasqua*), or a Teutonic name (*Easter*, *Ostern*), according to geographic and other circumstances. It is considered fitting that one should choose this anniversary for the appearance of an article on the subject; but, to secure that result, the said article would have to be penned *before* the season; a circumstance that would not matter, if one wrote to order and officially. But when one writes from inspiration, one must write when the inspiration comes; and it happens to be true that, in the present case, the fact of its being Eastertide (which had been forgotten) was called to mind by the inspiration to write on the subject of resurrection; so that the thought was not suggested by a remembrance of the season, but, contrariwise, the recollection of the season was induced by the thought. Which proves that there is a real resurrection at this season of the year, even if no other proof were availing of such a universal renewal and outpouring of vital forces as occurs at the Spring equinox.

Time is a straight line, and eternity is a circle. When we measure the microcosmic dimensions of man's little bodily and mundane concerns, we use the straight line and the square; but for larger measures we have to use the curve and the circle. Before the days of extensive navigation people, when they went a journey, used to turn back if they wanted to go home. But later on, when they extended their journeys to the wide ocean, another policy could be adopted; and we find Drake, unable to get back home by turning around and retracing his steps, achieves the same purpose *by going straight on*; a highly illogical plan, surely; yet it proved successful and brought him safely and triumphantly back by way of Sumatra. Drake proved the law of cycles in a very practical manner.

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We are now assured by learned and competent authority that, if we shoot a rocket into space, we may (if we aim straight enough) hit ourself in the back; because even a perfectly straight line, which is the *very* shortest distance between two points, is nothing whatever but part of some incomprehensible circle, and must therefore run into itself, if not sooner, then later.

But this idea of the universality of circles, this conception of the straight line as being nothing but a very little part of a circle, needs to be applied in our ideas as well as in our geography. We must think more in circles and less in straight lines. Human life has been depicted as a straight line. To the skeptic who recognises no immortality, this line has two ends — one in the cradle, the other in the grave. This at least has some analogy in nature. But to the theologian that straight line may mysteriously have a beginning but no termination — a line with only one end! for which in geometry we shall seek in vain for an analog. Human life as a line with only one end; an infinite number of lines, beginning in an infinite number of cradles, and radiating off for ever in heaven or hell! Nay; this is a sorry violation of the eternal law of cycles; a beetle's view of the universe, a drawing-pad's conception of geometry. Nowhere do we find Nature following such a plan. The day, once begun, proceeds from that moment methodically towards its own rebirth; never by recession, but always by continued progress, do we approach Easter, Christmas, or our own birthday anniversary.

What then is this 'Death' which the poets sing, which Poe chose as the theme of his most celebrated poem, because (he says) it is the *saddest*, and therefore the most beautiful, of themes? Poe's genius at its best is always inspired by themes of loss — loss of a beloved one, loss of joys, loss of powers. It is pertinent to ask why, if sadness is indeed (as he holds) the most perfect condition of beauty, there should be this mysterious connexion between beauty and bereavement. May the explanation not lie in an inward perception of the *true* nature of bereavement — that bereavement is no more a finality than the close of a cycle is a finality — that loss is but the inevitable signal for a regaining — that separation is (in reality) a species of reunion? Was it a recognition of this that led Rider Haggard, in his favorite romance of *Eric Brighteyes*, to consummate the wedlock of his hero and heroine in — Death, as the only possible solution of so great a drama?

How much of the charm of the poet Moore rests in his constant theme of the loss of the friends one loves best and the departure of other days? Here again we have the ideas of beauty and death combined. It would almost seem as if the consummation of love were achieved in loss. Our temporal life is all oscillations; but in the eternal there are no such vi-

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brations — or, perchance vibration has become so absolute as to be indistinguishable from absolute rest and changelessness.

As surely as the death of the year, with its dark and cold, its withdrawals into our shells, its crouching over fires, its postponement of our enterprises — as surely as this will be succeeded by a renewal; so surely must every decay, every abandonment, every shrinking, be succeeded (sooner or later) by a renewal; it is the eternal law.

“Nevermore” is truly but a catchword in the mouth of a witless herald of gloom; a refrain wherewith a petulant melancholiac tortures himself to goad his jaded nerves with the welcome sensation of pain. It but indicates that our loves have journeyed on (in an eternal progress) to the antipodes of a mighty cyclic sweep; and that across the diametric gulf that now sunders us we contemplate them as images made chaste and beautiful by their remoteness. But *the same law* which removed them thither will bring them back.

Easter; is it a pagan mummary in honor of a fictitious god? If so, then would I fain reconstitute it as a sacred reminder of the eternal law of resurrection. Such sentiment, rising in my breast, gives me to think that possibly the same sentiment may have been the inspiring cause of the institution of such festivals in antiquity. Man does need such reminders; *I* do, and so doubtless do you. However great our faith, we can forget; and he who forgets can be reminded.

In Spring the seeds that were sown in the darkness of the dying year come up. What is man that he should expect the harvest at the sowing, and weep when he finds that Nature will not have the thing so? He is but a child, surely? If, when I sow seeds in toil, I do not find them spring up at once — then let me sow more seeds, and *wait*. In my winter I may delve and drain and prepare. When my spring comes, up will come my seeds — if I have sown any. We celebrate Easter with an *egg*. We might celebrate it with a seed; but an egg is an even better symbol. We do not nowadays realize the importance of this symbol; yet we cannot, *cannot*, let it go. Human nature is always the same, however fashions vary; and however much brains we have put on over our understanding, we still have that understanding, which makes us do things unwittingly like a bird building its nest for the new brood. And so, right here in modern America, we still paint our breakfast eggs green and red once a year, because our remote forebears used to hand to each other eggs, as much as to say, “Forget not that thou art the eternal germ, that dies not.” “Hail, the gem within the lotus-blossom!” sang, and still sing, the Orientals in their famous *Mani*, with the same significance; for the lotus-blossom is their emblem of the wondrous temple of man’s heart, in whose dome there hangs that radiant jewel that can never be

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ravished, that knows nor time nor change. From the eternal seed within my heart will spring anew, after every death, the glories made more perfect by their departure. Ever remembering, never forgetting this, I contemplate with a deep unutterable peace the changes that pass around me; as though I stood, a detached spectator, on the confines of a universe and watched the whirling orbs, retreating from the central fire and returning again thereto, in an eternal music, a majestic untroubled order. With the renewal I may rejoice and sing; and I may mourn with the departure; but beyond and beneath such moods, which I disdain alike to indulge or to suppress, there is *felt*, in those regions where mere thought cannot reach, the undying knowledge of an eternal harmony, a never-ending progress, a mighty purpose, to whose fulfilment every event contributes, which no event can frustrate. That which hath been, shall it not be again? Is it possible for *me* to love and lose? If I have truly loved, is not that all? Have I not then found that which *cannot* be taken from me?

Thus Easter and its symbols are a perpetual reminder that there *is* a deeper meaning in life; and that there are times and seasons when that deeper meaning becomes more real to us. For we all have times when our usual melancholy preoccupation with self ceases for awhile and purer nobler thoughts can find a chance to supervene; and then there may come an answering echo from the Soul within, giving us more of that light by which we see our way.

Let us regard resurrection as an event that may occur any time and often during this life, and Easter as an epoch commemorative of the perpetually regenerative power of the divine-human nature.

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LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

 HE hour has struck for recognising the human side of life. In religion, interest in and also indifference to the old theology are giving way to inquiries for a sound and simple philosophy of reality, related to the here and now. In governmental and social affairs, traditions and established institutions are being challenged to show wherein the essentially human interests are served first, while material power and possessions are to be reckoned as secondary matters. Likewise in medical science, the materialistic researches for causes and cures have fallen so far short of controlling the

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sum-total of disease and disorder, that there is a reaction toward the larger human truths of man's life as a whole.

In line with the above is the Presidential Address of Prof. Hugh T. Patrick, read before the Institute of Medicine, of Chicago. The doctor surely speaks for many less able speakers who are also convinced that scant justice has been done to the subject of 'The Patient Himself.' He says:

"My theme is that much-neglected individual, the patient himself. Concerning his organs and their functions, we have numberless tomes. Concerning the diseases that attack his parts, we have whole libraries. Concerning the various ways of cutting him open and sewing him up, there are several six-foot shelves. For the manifold instruments, machines, and appliances of our armamentarium, an extensive congeries of industries is in constant operation. Indeed, some of us are so used to practising medicine by machinery that the cortical cell bids fair to shrink into sterile desuetude. But of the patient himself — the man, the woman, the child — relatively little is thought or written.

"... His personality is what he is — the man himself; and he is the sum of all his tendencies and experiences; his desires, aversions, affections, hates, passions, inhibitions, appetites, reflexions, and knowledge. The tendencies are few and simple, the experiences myriad. And a little thought shows that most of this experience has been in the form of conflicts. From the beginning, life is a conflict: an effort to live and be happy—that is to say, an effort to adapt ourselves to the conditions under which we must live.

"... Some of us have neuroses or psychoses because we are unable to harmonize with our environment — *and for no other reason*. . . .

"In short, the neurotic is an individual in trouble with no easy and direct means of escape. A neurosis is a defense reaction, a means of escape; a psychologic dugout in which to hide. That the difficulty may be imaginary, the patient fleeing from a ghost, does not alter the situation. His effort to adjust his appetites and desires to the demands of convention, society, the herd, are the same as ours. He attempts to dodge defeat and to shift responsibility for lack of success as do we whom a lenient society calls normal. . . . Very, very often the nervously inadequate person unconsciously shifts the responsibility to some bodily trouble, when he naturally comes into the physician's domain. And too, too often the physician takes his complaint at its face value. . . .

"How many of us constantly keep in mind that we, the acme of civilization and culture, have every instinct and passion of the caveman? Are we always alert for the ever-present emotional-ideational-intellectual conflict? And do we recognise its importance? To repeat: The product of these conflicts is WE — the patient himself."

Dr. Patrick takes his own case-book to illustrate his point, showing that after much medication and surgery had failed to relieve certain patients from functional or even organic symptoms, entire recovery ensued upon relieving some emotional strain. He showed the futility of operations, rest-cures, etc., etc., when the remedy lay in making the patient fit his environment, or in rearranging it so that it fitted him. This is a refreshing note to strike in current medical literature, where man, the 'image of the Creator,' is regarded mainly as the irresponsible product of his own organs, which in their turn are at the mercy of the microbes. Even the psychologists seem to be psychologized with the many-sided picture of routine symptoms.

Dr. Patrick's human sense, however, turns to the unseen levels of

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causes, in a fellow-creature with an immaterial nature whose reactions are to be reckoned with. To a trained scientist's grasp of outstanding pain, disability, nervous and psychic symptoms, he adds that sympathetic quality of intuitive insight which transcends the finesse of modern diagnostic technique. His recognition that poverty and domestic discord and social misfits, etc., etc., may react injuriously upon the body functions, and even upon the organs, is more likely due to his evolution than to his education. Unfortunately the college curricula do not include the subject of the subtle relationship of the real man to his body. In short, the viewpoint of the above quotations is a wholesome sign of reaction against the futility of current medical materialism.

The Theosophical student takes issue with modern science, wherein it regards human evolution as a physical process only. Man, as a soul, endowed with the light of reason, is involved in the matter of an animal body, and, throughout many lives, is engaged in a threefold evolution of body, mind, and spirit. That the higher nature is generally overlooked now, is due to the fact that human errors reincarnate as well as man. Thus, when the old theology which denied man's divine birthright gave way to skepticism and indifference, the materialism of the 'miserable sinner' idea was born anew in modern scientific form. Hence the present era of world-war, and of a universal fever of discord and uncertainty and passionate unrest, presents the typical symptoms of a humanity whose abnormal mental and material gains are become malignant growths of the lower nature. These monstrous growths of materialism have drained the life-currents and have increased at the expense of the palsied and atrophied spiritual senses.

That the vital fault of the age lies deep in the nature is reflected even in the character of the diseases of civilization. The medieval scourges, due to frank filth, seem to have reincarnated in this sanitary age in forms too subtle for material analysis or treatment. Note how years of constant search for the origin of cancer end with an annual report of failure to find the cause, or to offer a theory in keeping with the facts, or even empirically to control its steady increase. Is not the useless and functionless piling up of originally normal cells in cancerous tumors the malignant correspondence of the selfish and anti-social *quality* in our civilization, which today is threatened with self-destruction? Note also the moral and ethical degeneration which seeks 'jazz' and 'turkey trot' and 'futurist' and 'cubistic,' and many other bizarre and self-indulgent expressions of art and music and rhythm and social relations. Is not this emotional reversion of life-currents a counterpart of the spread of degenerative diseases which insidiously destroy the integrity of the heart and blood vessels? The laboratory researches have not located the cause.

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The cells have their own degree of consciousness, and, being informed by the sympathetic nervous system of the vibratory *quality* in the 'man above the eyebrows,' they will either respond in kind, or react in the conflict of a neurosis. Indeed, the cells must perforce respond to the live wire of conscious nerve. This response will make for progress — evolution, or for a restless whirlpool — perversion, or for a turning aside and going backward — degeneration. The whole natural force of the evolutionary stream is behind the civilizee's body-cells, urging them to function in keeping with his higher possibilities. It is Nature herself who audits the account between the man and his body. She analyses the true inwardness of the case, uninfluenced by incidental microbes, or by any other medical fad or moral fashion. The savage thrives physically, in spite of a murderous and degrading career, because his acts are in keeping with his degree of consciousness. He does not harass his 'medicine man,' as we do ours, with problems of cancer and neuroses. He violates the civilized code without doing violence to his conscience, *i. e.*, his awareness of right and wrong. With the civilizee, however, it is very much otherwise, as Nature reckons cause and effect. We have forfeited an Eden of irresponsibility by our knowledge of good and evil. It is not the health-officer, or the theologians, or Mrs. Grundy to whom we must answer finally. It is the evolutionary law of adjustments with which we must make our peace.

Evolution is a progressive process of awakening of the incarnating god, who can transmute material forces, when its intuition is not blinded by the impulses of the animal body. This profound metaphysical fact is the simple, natural impetus back of selfless deeds of heroism and devotion to duty. And even more familiar is the negative evidence of the fact, in the danger of retarding the natural process of transmuting the material forces of human nature into finer functional activities. For unless the two sides of the dual nature act in unison, both the man and his body will suffer from the discordant action. Note that the physical cells of the modern man, like the vast, complex machinery of life he has evolved, are so highly organized as to be functionally capable of carrying out ideal purposes. And because his physical tissues and his evolved social mechanism are fit instruments for the use of the higher humanities, for the finer forces of co-operation — of brotherhood — he must pay the price in disease, degeneration, disorder or disaster for the deflected or retarded or perverted functioning of the human or the material organism.

It is a reversion to jungle tactics to argue questions with tooth and claw, however camouflaged the brute power be by military technique. War is evolutionary surgery — wonderful in its daring and spectacular methods, but it does nothing to purify the bad blood in the international



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life-currents, and thereby forestall recurrence of malign centers of thought and feeling. The world has just paid a fearful price in blood and treasure and bitter suffering for its military surgery of four years' duration. Not only would a fraction of the same united effort have stopped the war, but a naturally balanced growth of dual human nature in our civilization would have prevented the abnormal conflict.

Trace the outbreak of bad blood back to the various national currents. Study the maladjustments in the industrial realms. Does anyone question that the inherent upbuilding, creative, reciprocal forces functioning in the industrial world are capable, if rightly balanced, of equalizing the disorder of supply and demand, with benefit to all concerned? Reduced to the simplest terms: Could not the human family, equipped with the modern organized industries and general machinery of life, supply all its needs, if it were functioning normally to that end? The only bar to a natural condition of things is Selfishness — the overgrowth of the lower instincts.

Modern life is trying to work out human destiny on the lines of an over-clever thinking animal,— a dehumanizing course which makes for fiends in the end. But Mother Nature bars the way with warning sign-boards of suffering and disease. She is ever mindful of future lives, when we must reap what we now sow, and must painfully retrace every false step. She cannot touch man's *free will*, even when he chooses to get experience by upheavals and revolution, instead of proceeding easily in lines of natural evolution. But his *body* belongs to her realm, so that she can mercifully cut short an unnatural career by cancer, degeneracy, or insanity.

That the modern problems of disease are the same in *quality* as the crying wrongs of the body politic, is no mere figure of speech. The facts will bear analysis from any angle — sociological, ethical, educational, artistic, or any of the phases of human life as a whole. The human-minded doctor may note that patients are suffering from functional lack of the same finer forces of which the churches are confessing their shortage. The multimillion-dollar sectarian drives are relatively easy to start. Far more difficult is the arousing of the devitalized spirit of brotherhood to functional unity, among the followers of him whose only recorded drive was in scourging the money changers *out* of the temple. The doctor and the minister are challenged by the same problems: How to equalize material power and brain-mind *plus*, with spiritual health *minus*. With this equation worked out, they could give the clue to the captains and privates and rebels of industry.

The riddle of the Sphinx is no mere classic myth, but the eternal problem of earth-life. As of old, the modern man is being devoured by

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the mystery of his own being, and will be, until he knows himself as something other than his body.

Theosophy views man's complex nature so broadly as to make him include his environment, in the deeper sense. Each man, in this and previous lives, and always under the karmic law of cause and effect, has evolved the exact *quality* of conditions in and around him. The soul knows its own needs of experience, and is drawn by karma to the environment which offers it opportunity to take up the unfinished business of its past career, in gaining self-knowledge. "The play's the thing"; and the immortal Player brings over his own stage-setting of conditions from the past, in the way of social status, talents, tendencies, mental and physical make-up, human ties, etc. Even the gods are powerless to change any man's past; so far, his fate is fixed. But only so far; for "every day is a new beginning," wherein he may change his relation to the inevitable conditions he must meet.

In reality, it is worse than futile for a man to try to run away from an environment that belongs to him. He only puts off the evil day, when he must work out the delayed account, with compound interest from each evasion. Without knowledge of karma and reincarnation, the world has lost sight of the logical necessity of doing one's duty, first or last. Duty is that which is due; and often nothing less than the intuition can tell whether one owes it to himself and to his surroundings to go or to stay, when he is held by ties of 'affection or dislike.' It may be a fine point to decide whether he is out of tune because his lower nature wants to evade an unselfish duty, or because his better self is urging him to express his nobler powers, and so easily show himself 'equal to the event.' A character with a strongly marked duality will doubtless suffer unrest from both impulses.

Meantime, the highly-organized nervous system which bridges the gulf between the conscious and subconscious man, is often shaken and shattered by the conflicting impulses it transmits back and forth. Here is a practical point for the alienists who are puzzled by the problems of increasing mental and nervous diseases: the lack of alinement between the ideals which should function in true civilization and the current motives in action. With the moral status of the age as abnormal as it is, Nature justly repudiates so diseased and imperfect a product, knowing that perfection in the human realm is no less possible than is perfection in type in her lower kingdoms.

It is wholly natural for the opposing forces of spirit and matter in humanity to contend for supremacy. But it is unnatural, in the evolutionary stage of twentieth-century civilization, for the real man — the soul — to be dominated by an animal brain and body, however subli-

## THE CONFLICT OF DUTY WITH DESIRE

mated and refined the sensuous powers may be. The present is a peculiar time of stress and strain, when the better nature's aspirations are weighed down by the whole inertia of matter. H. P. Blavatsky explains this in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she says that our present humanity, having descended to the very depths of materiality during countless lives, has now begun to round out the ascending arc of the evolutionary cycle. This puts new hope and meaning and inspiration into the general confusion and upheaval of today, when "old things are passing away."

It is true that the neuroses and psychoses are sign manuals of conflict with the environment, in the broad sense that each man is a world in himself. But the disharmony which Dr. Patrick notes is even deeper-seated than he puts it. It is often the vital conflict between the inner and the outer man, between duty and desire, between the immortal Pilgrim and his ever-changing body. In view of the real sacredness of life, it becomes a grave responsibility to attempt to diagnose and prescribe a course of action. In any event, the physician involves himself in the karma of the case, and he has need to study the ancient philosophy of life, for his own sake as well as for the patient's welfare.

As long as we ally ourselves with the animal nature, lingering in an outgrown stage of racial development, we must expect to be cuffed and buffeted into line by Mother Nature. She takes us at our own estimate, of moral irresponsibility. It is time we "put away childish things," and progressed along the lines of least resistance, as Katherine Tingley says, in "self-directed evolution."


In the Theosophic study of man's sevenfold nature can be found revelation upon revelation regarding 'the Patient Himself.' With this knowledge, the doctors will regard the patient as an incarnating soul, the heir of ages of past experience, in which inhere the basic conditions of health and disease. To see and act upon this truth will develop the intuition which can find the potential finer forces of wholeness. We shall realize the sacrilege and dangerous folly of seeking causes and cures for human disorders in 'animal experimentation' and unclean serums.

❦

"HELP Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms. Then will she show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal — beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Voice of the Silence*

## THE FUTILITY OF DOGMA

R. MACHELL

 HERE is a constant conflict between minds of various types, not only as to the precise meanings of words, but as to the possibility of arriving at any decision as to the correct use of language which shall be generally acceptable and permanently useful. And the reason for this conflict seems to be in the nature of the world in which we live, which is characterized as changeable, impermanent, and undefinable.

While this is accepted by many thinkers as the inherent characteristic of the material plane, and consequently of all words describing that plane of existence; there are as many more who seem to hold that all material things are in themselves clearly defined, distinct, and different, and consequently capable of precise and accurate description in words, whose meaning once defined should remain unaltered.

Persons who think in this latter way will necessarily consider the correct use of words to be a matter of rule and law, which should be as unchangeable as they believe matter itself to be. So they vigorously oppose anything like free use of language, and characterize it as an evidence of ignorance or of carelessness.

And yet the fact is that language refuses to be thus bound permanently in set and final forms, which can only be found in so-called dead languages.

What is a dead language but one that has ceased to be a language, and has become merely a memory, a convention?

Language is living, because it is a function of living beings; and living people are not all alike, except in one respect, which is that no two of them are exactly the same, and that no one of them remains in exactly the same condition for two successive moments. The same may be said with regard to all objects and things, and in fact to the world in which we live. The most obvious law of the material plane is the law of variation, of change, of impermanence, and indefiniteness. The closer becomes a man's study and observation of things, the more he finds them escaping final definition. It is the loose thinkers and careless observers who imagine that things can be clearly defined and accurately described in words, whose meaning can be easily grasped by all minds, and whose fitness once established will remain permanently so. It is the ignorant who dogmatize; and it is the loose thinkers that hold to rigid definitions.

If we notice carefully what occurs in any discussion among a number of people who are strangers to one another, we must be struck by the fact that no two of them can agree exactly on any one point, unless they agree

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to use their terms very loosely, and do not attempt to bind themselves by any rigid rules of language. Not only so, but we find that it is impossible to know just what a speaker means, until we have become familiar with his line of thought, as well as with his particular way of using familiar words: and in the attempt to follow his thought we find ourselves constantly in doubt as to our agreement with his use of words and phrases. For this reason the simplest language is the most effective; for its brevity and simplicity leave the greatest scope for the play of imagination in the interpretation thereof.

There are writers who have the faculty of presenting vividly individualized personalities by means of a very few words and an almost complete absence of actual description. Suggestion does the work effectively where long and detailed descriptions generally fail.

What then is suggestion? Is it not a right use of language, since it is effective? And if rules of grammar are ignored in the accomplishment of effective expression of ideas, how can such a method be considered wrong? If language exists, as it presumably does, for the expression of ideas, surely the most effective use of words is the best kind of language.

Such an admission would shock a dogmatist, whose aim in language is to attain to absolute precision of formulation. For the dogmatist could not dogmatize reasonably, if he did not believe that his ideas could be expressed in forms that shall be absolutely adequate and unchangeably correct.

And yet history shows us that no sooner is a creed formulated than a number of explanations spring to birth, and a host of objectors rise up, with as many objections as there are minds to formulate them. But the dogmatist never seems to realize that this may be due in great measure to the absolute impossibility of establishing a permanent form in a world of change.

If the form of words were a perfectly correct expression of one man's thought, at the time he uttered it, it could not be final even for him; unless he could refrain from learning more, or widening his understanding, or doing the reverse, or even from changing his point of view altogether. And if it is not final and absolute for him, how can it be so for other minds, each one of which must necessarily interpret the formula according to his own degree of intelligence, experience, and education?

Surely the enunciation of a dogma would be a colossal bluff, if it were not a declaration of mere materialism, and a manifestation of faith in the inflexible rigidity of words and their meanings: or else an appeal to the imagination of those for whom the dogma was enunciated.

It is true that a form of words may be used symbolically. There are many familiar expressions of this kind in common use. Some of them

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are employed almost without regard for their literal meaning, relying upon custom and usage for the understanding of the thought behind them. Some forms of politeness are marked examples of this use, or abuse of language. The same thing no doubt occurs in rituals of all kinds, particularly in old forms, that have come down from times when the language of today was not yet born. This symbolism is of course even more obvious in ancient ceremonies that have been perpetuated into our own age.

In the employment of such modes of expression there is more reliance placed on suggestion; and indeed in many cases the original meaning of the formula has been entirely forgotten, while yet it continues to carry with it certain suggestions that do duty for intelligent expression.

Suggestion appeals to the imagination, and there is a constant endeavor, on the part of certain minds, to ignore this important part of the human intelligence. But it cannot be safely ignored, for we all, even the most literal people, use it constantly; and many rely upon it entirely for their understanding of what they hear or see. ~~Indeed~~, it seems really to be the basis of all understanding: for it is the process of translating symbols into thoughts, and *vice versa*. When the faculty of imagination is exercised within the limits of rules and custom, it loses its character and becomes conventional: but even so it retains some degree of independence, being, as it is, personal, and so distinctly colored by personal peculiarities.

But while the privilege of man is to think for himself, and to use his own imagination as a means of understanding the universe, this privilege is very generally distrusted; and by timid folks, it is regarded as a great danger to the community. Such people are constantly trying to protect their fellows from the danger of wandering from the beaten path of custom or tradition, by insisting on the sacredness of established forms of mind. They would kill out imagination, if that were possible. But all that they can do is to pervert its use, creating formulas for its control. Such forms are called creeds and dogmas. They are like fetters for slaves, or muzzles for dogs, but with this difference,— that a muzzle is invented by a human being for the control of an animal, whereas a dogma is made by man for the control of other men. And the use of such modes of control can only be justified by the supposition of the superior wisdom of the inventors and of the inferiority of the users of these human devices for the control of the mind.

Theosophy teaches that man must control his own mind, because each man is a ray from the Divine. And for the same reason each man is advised to do his own duty, and is warned that another's duty is full of danger. So, too, Theosophy has always taught that the redeeming principle in human nature, at one time called the Christos, is a universal

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power, latent in the average man, but capable of being aroused to action in every human being. It is like the ray of light that emanates from the Supreme Sun of the Universe, universal in fact, though individual in appearance; as the sun's image may be individualized in some reflecting object, without altering its inherently universal character.

So Theosophy never comes to us in the form of a creed or a dogma, though the study of such formulas may reveal the fact that the object of the original inventor of the formula was to provide a permanent form for the correct expression of truth. But truth cannot be so bound. Like sunlight its rays are universally diffused.

There was a time when men believed that sun-rays could be held up absolutely: but later they found that sun-rays are of many kinds, some of which are invisible under ordinary conditions, and some of which can penetrate the densest matter, and can only be examined by the aid of specially sensitive apparatus: and it is reasonable to suppose that some of these emanations altogether defy human analysis. Truth is not less universally diffused, nor is it any easier to define or to analyse.

Theosophy is Divine Wisdom and, as such, escapes definition by means of fixed formulas. So there are no creeds or dogmas to be found in the teachings of true Theosophists.

The attempt to formulate ideas is natural and necessary, but the worship of a formula is, like the cult of ancient art, of use only in so far as it stimulates the student to attempt his own formulation of ideas, as a means of developing his own intelligence, and of stirring thought in others. The prime object of an art museum is to display rare works of art for the study of students, for the stimulation of effort, and for the encouragement of modern artists. When it becomes a temple filled with fetishes, or idols, it is time to point out, by practical accomplishment, that there is no finality in formulas of any kind. There is no need for violence, nor for destruction of sacred images. They are interesting and instructive souvenirs of a bygone age, and may prove valuable stepping-stones to progress. That which makes them seem evil is the superstitious belief in their finality.

The final expression of Truth is nothing less than the entire Universe. And we are taught in Theosophy that the Universe itself passes into Pralaya after its Day of active existence. All is impermanent.

When Katherine Tingley reorganized the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, she gave it a motto: "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged Humanity." And that is a statement of at least one aspect of Theosophy. The Liberation of humanity will come spontaneously, when all men know the truth of their divine origin, and realize that the natural expression of that truth is found in the Brotherhood of Man.

### THREE LYRICS AFTER LI PO

KENNETH MORRIS

#### FLUTE-WILLOW-BLOOM NIGHT

WHO'S fluting *Spring* out there in the moon-bright gloom?  
Who's plucking the bloom of the willows down by the river?  
Over the city the music and scent of the bloom  
Whisper and wake through the blue dim moonlit gloom,  
And the ghost of a tune and gusts of the faint perfume  
Are blown in here to set my heart aqiver.  
What Spirit's fluting *Spring* through the moon-bright gloom  
And plucking the bloom of the willows down by the river?

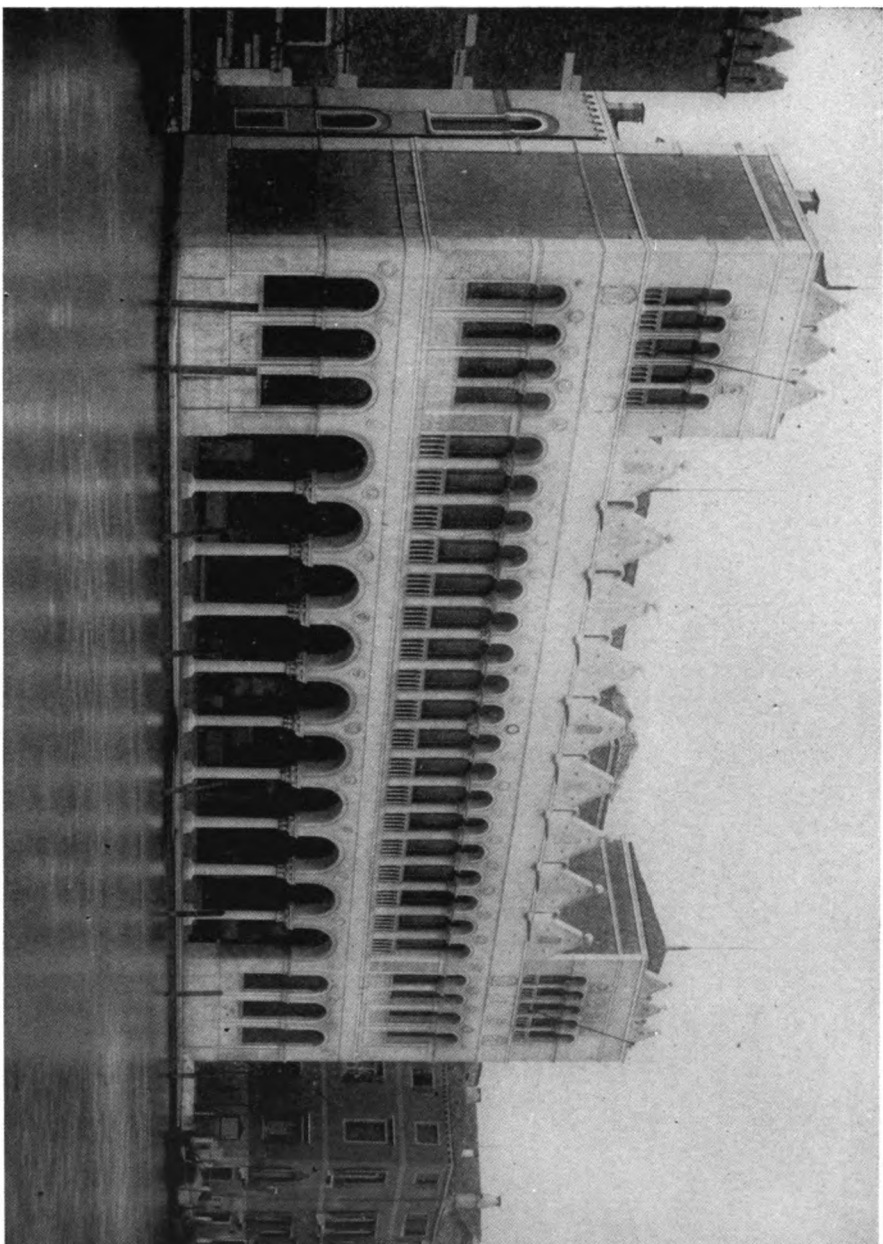
#### THE ROSE-CAVE ON TUNG SHAN

BY the Cave on the Mountain how oft have the roses blown,  
How oft have the silver clouds o'er the lonely mountain flown,  
And no one known,  
Since I came to the Cave on Tung Shan, years ago?  
It is all so lone, if the Moon should steal from the sky,  
And, scarfed in a floating mist, to the Cave of the Roses hie,  
To whom, or why  
She came to the Cave on Tung Shan, none would know!

#### A PARTING

SEAWARD the waves of Yangtse hurry away,  
Diamond-clear, and blue as the heavens are blue,—  
Hurry away unvexed with griefs or fears.  
*It's only our goodbyes that the winecup cheers!*  
In the valley now the birds sing loud and gay,  
And the sunlight kindles snow on the bloomy spray,  
And gold on the green bright grass that the peach-blooms strew.  
*It's only we are depressed by the ominous years!*  
Gold and green and song will be gloom and gray  
Of twilight soon, and dark night chilled with dew,  
And the howling of apes the empty darkness through.  
*A long time since I thought I had done with tears!*





MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, VENICE

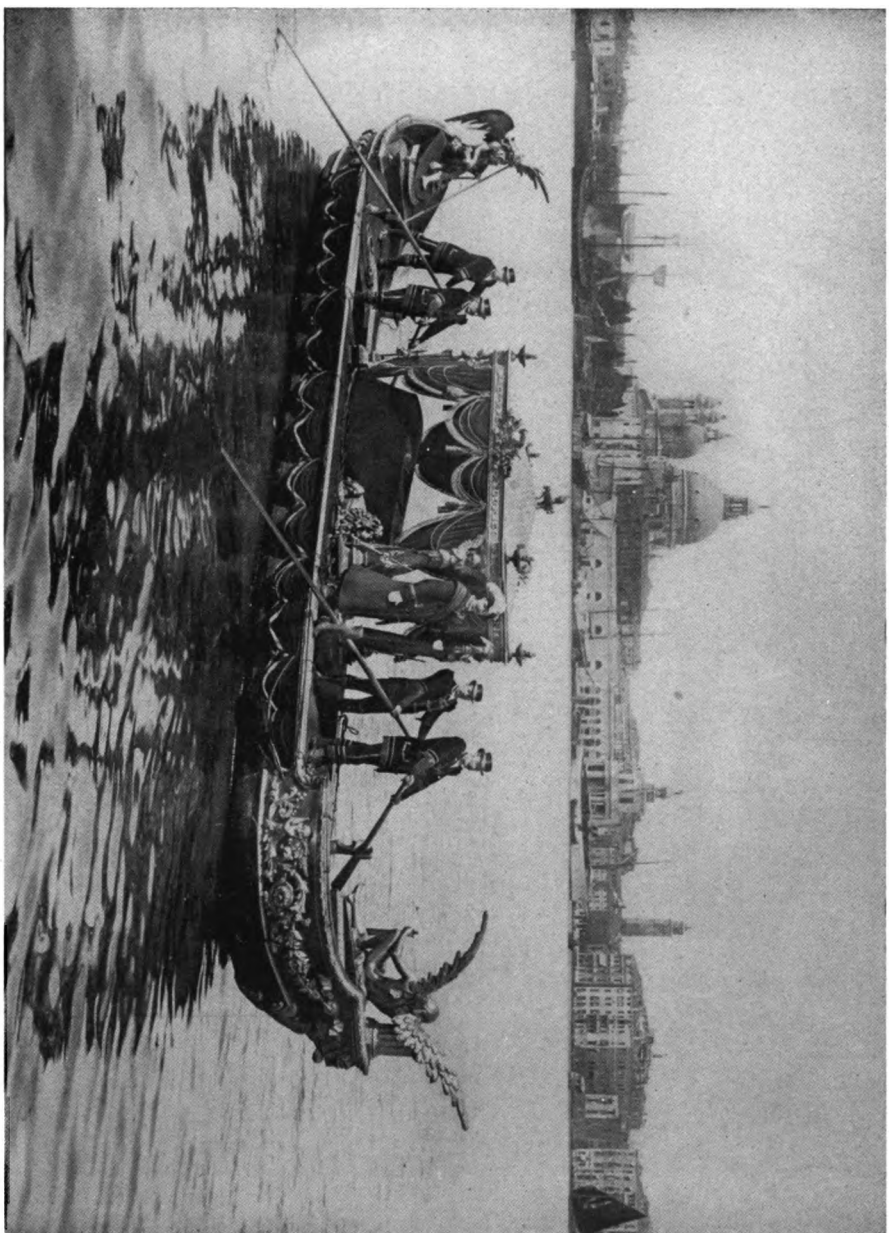
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

Old market (fondaco) of the Turks: perhaps of the eleventh century.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE GRAND CANAL, THE SAGREDO PALAZZO, AND THE  
CÀ D'ORO ('GOLDEN HOUSE'), VENICE



A 'HEARSE,' OR FUNERAL GONDOLA, VENICE

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE CLOCK-TOWER, PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class  
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

### XV — SOME POSSIBLE EPOCHS IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

**H**AN CHAOTI died in 63 B. C.; his successor is described as a "boor of low tastes"; — from that time the great Han impetus goes slowing down and quieting. China was recuperating after Han Wuti's flare of splendor; we may leave her to recuperate, and look meanwhile elsewhere.

And first to that most tantalizing of human regions, India; where you would expect something just now from the cyclic backwash. As soon as you touch this country, in the domain of history and chronology, you are certain, as they say, to get 'hoodooed.' Kali-Yuga began there in 3102 B. C., and ever since that unfortunate event, not a single soul in the country seems to have had an idea of keeping track of the calendar. So-and-so, you read, reigned. When? — Oh, in 1000 A. D. Or in 213 A. D. Or in 78 A. D. Or in a few million B. C., or 2100 A. D. Or he did not reign at all. After all, what does it matter? — this is Kali-Yuga, and nothing can go right. — You fix your eyes on a certain spot in time, which, according to your guesses at the cycles, should be important. Nothing doing there, as we say. Oh no, nothing at all: this is Kali-Yuga, and what should be doing? . . . Well, if you press the point, no doubt somebody was reigning, somewhere. — But, pardon my insistence, it seems —. — Quite so, quite so! as I said, somebody must have been reigning. — You scrutinize; you bring your lenses to bear; and the somebody begins to emerge. And proves to be, say, the great Samudragupta, emperor of all India (nearly); for power and splendor, almost to be mentioned with Aśoka. And it was the Golden Age of Music, and perhaps some other things. — Yes, certainly; the Guptas were reigning then, I forgot. But why bother about it? this is Kali-Yuga, and what does anything matter? — And you come away with the impression that your non-informant could reveal enough and plenty, if he had a mind to.

— Which is, indeed, probably the case. All this nonchalant indefiniteness means nothing more, one suspects, than that the Brahmans have elected to keep the history of their country unknown to us poor Mlechhas. Then there are Others, too: the Guardians of Esotericism in a

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greater sense: who have not chosen so far that Indian history should be known. So we can only take dim foreshadowings, and make guesses.

We saw the Maurya dynasty,— that one seemingly firm patch to set your feet on in the whole morass of the Indian past,— occupy the thirteen decades from 320 to 190 B. C., (or we thought we did); now the question is, from that *pied-à-terre* whither shall we jump? If you could be sure that the ebb of the wave would be equal in length to its inrush,— the night to the day: — that the minor pralaya would be no longer or shorter than the little manvantara that preceded it — why, then you might leap out securely for 60 B. C., with a comfortable feeling that there would be some kind of turning-point in Indian history there or thereabouts. Sometimes things do happen so, beautifully, as if arranged by the clock. But unfortunately, enough mischief may be done in thirteen decades to take a much longer period to disentangle; and again, it is only when you strike an average for the whole year, that you can say the nights are equal to the days. We are trying to see through to the pattern of history; not to dogmatize on such details as we may find, nor claim on the petty strength of them to be certain of the whole. So, our present leap (for we shall make it), while not quite in the dark, must be made in the dusk of an hour or so after sunset. There must be an element of faith in it: very likely we shall splash and sink gruesomely.

Well, here goes then! From 190 B. C. thirteen decades forward to 60 B. C., and,— *squish!* But, courage! throw out your arms and clutch — at this trailing root, 57 B. C., here within easy reach; and haul yourself out. So; and see, now you are standing on something. What it is, *Dios lo sabe!* But there is an Indian era that begins in 57 B. C.; for a long time, dates were counted from that year. That era rises in undefined legendary splendor, and peters out ineffectually you don't just know where. There is nothing to go upon but legends, with never a coin nor monument found to back them; — never mind; dates you count eras from are generally those in which important cycles begin. The legends relate to Vikramāditya king of Ujjain,— which kingdom is towards the western side of the peninsula, and about where Hindoostan and the Deccan join. He is the Arthur-Charlemain of India, the Golden Monarch of Romance. In the lakes of his palace gardens the very swans sang his praises daily —

“Glory be to Vikramajeet  
Who always gives us pearls to eat”;

and when he died, the four pillars that supported his throne rose up, and wandered away through the fields and jungle disconsolate: they would not support the dignity of any lesser man.\* Such tales are told about him

\**India through the Ages*, by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

by every Indian mother to her children at this present day, and have been, presumably, any time these last two thousand years.

Of his real existence Historical Research cannot satisfy itself at all;— or it half guesses it may have discovered his probable original wandering in disguise through the centuries of a thousand years or so later. But you must expect that sort of thing in India.

At his court, says tradition, lived the “Nine Gems of Literature,”— chief among them the poet-dramatist Kālidāsa; whom Historical Research (western) rather infers lived at several widely separated epochs much nearer our own day. Well; for the time being let us leave Historical Research (western) to stew in its own (largely poisonous) juices, and see how it likes it,— and say that there are good cyclic chances of something large here, in the half-cycle between the Ages of Han Wuti and Augustus.

We may note that things Indian must be dealt with differently from things elsewhere. You take, for example, the old story about the Moslem conquerors of Egypt burning the Alexandrian Library. The fact that this is mentioned for the first time by a Christian who lived six hundred years after the supposed event, while we have many histories written during those six hundred years which say nothing about it at all,— is evidence amounting to proof that it never happened; especially when you take into account the known fact that the Alexandrian Library had already been thoroughly burnt several times. But you can derive no such negating certainty, in India, from the fact that Vikramāditya and Ujjain and Kālidāsa may never have been mentioned together, nor associated with the era of 57 B. C., in any extant writing known to the west that comes from before several centuries later. Because the Brahmans were a close corporation that kept the records of history, and kept them secret; and gave out bits when it suited them. Say that in 1400 (or whenever else it may have been) they first allowed it to be published that Kālidāsa flourished at Vikramāditya's court: — they may have been consciously lying, but at least they were talking about what they knew. They were not guessing, or using their head-gear wrongfully: their lying was intentional, or their truth warranted by knowledge. And no motive for lying is apparent here. — It would be very satisfactory, of course, were a coin discovered with King Vikramāditya's image and superscription nicely engraved thereon: *Vikramāditya Dei Gratia: Uj. Imp.: Fid. Def.: 57 B. C.* But in this wicked world you cannot have everything; you must be thankful for what you can get.

You may remember that Han Wuti, to solve the Hun problem, sent Chang Ch'ien out through the desert to discover the Yueh Chi; and that Chang found them at last in Bactria, which they had conquered from Greeks who had held it since Alexander's time. He found them settled,

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and with some fair degree of civilization; spoke of Bactria under their sway as a "land of a thousand cities"; — they had learned much since they were nomads driven out of Kansuh by the Huns. Also they were in the midst of a career of expansion. Within thirty years of his visit to them, or by 100 B. C., they had spread their empire over eastern Persia, at the expense of the Parthians; and thence went down into India conquering. By 60 B. C. they held the Punjab and generally the western parts of Hindoostan; then, since they do not seem to have got down into the Deccan, I take it they were held up. By whom? — Truly this is pure speculation. But that state of Malwa, of which Ujjain was the capital, lay right in their southward path; if held up they were, it would have been, probably, by some king of Ujjain. Was this what happened? — that the peril of these northern invaders roused Malwa to exert its fullest strength; the military effort spurring up national feeling; the national feeling, creative energies spiritual, mental and imaginative; — until a great age in Ujjain had come into being. It is what we often see. The menace of Spain roused England to Elizabethanism; the Persian peril awakened Athens. So King Vikramāditya leads out his armies, and to victory; and the Nine Gems of Literature sing at his court. It is a backwash from Han Wuti's China, that goes west with Chang Ch'ien to the Yueh Chi, and south with them into India. And we can look for no apex of literary creation at this time, either in China or Europe. In the Roman literature of that cycle it is the keen creative note we miss: Virgil, the nearest to it, cannot be said to have possessed it quite; and Han literature was probably rather critical than creative, especially in this period between its first culmination under Han Wuti, and its second under the Eastern Hans. One suspects that great creation is generally going on somewhere, and is not displeased to find hints of its presence in India; is inclined to think this may have been, after all, the Golden Age of the Sanskrit Drama. — At which there can be at any rate no harm in taking a glance at this point; and, retrospectively, at Sanskrit literature as a whole; — a desperately inadequate glance, be it said.

I ask you here to remember the three periods of English Poetry, with their characteristics; and you must not mind my using my Welsh god-names in connexion with them. First, then, there was the Period of Plenydd,— of the beginnings of *Vision*; when the eyes of Chaucer and his lyricist predecessors were opened to the world out-of-doors; when they began to see that the skies were blue, fields and forests green; that there were flowers in the meadows and woodlands; and that all these things were delectable. Then there was the Period of Gwron, Strength; when Marlowe and Shakespeare and Milton evolved the Grand Manner; when they made the great March-Music, unknown in English before,



## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

and hardly achieved by anyone since: — the era of the great Warrior-poetry of the Tragedies and of *Paradise Lost*. Then came, with Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley, the Age of Alawn, lasting on until today; when the music of intonation brought with it romance and mystery and Natural Magic with its rich glow and wizard insight. And you will remember how English Poetry, on the up-trend of a major cycle, is a reaching from the material towards the spiritual, a growth toward that. Though Milton and Shakespeare made their grand Soul-Symbols,— by virtue of a cosmic force moving them as it has moved no others in the language,— you cannot find in their works, or in any works of that age, such clear perceptions or statements of spiritual truth as in Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*; nor was the brain-mind of either of those giants of the Middle Period capable of such conscious mystic thought as Wordsworth's. There was an evolution upward and inward; from Chaucer's school-boy vision, to Swinburne's (in that one book) clear sight of the Soul.

We appear to find in Sanskrit literature,— I speak in a very general sense,— also such great main epochs or cycles. First a reign of Plenydd, of Vision,— in the Age of the Sacred Books. Then a reign of Gwron,— in the Age of the heroic Epics. Then a reign of Alawn, in the Age of the Drama.

But the direction is all opposite. The cycle is not upward, from the slough of a beastly Iron Age towards the luminance of a coming Golden; but downward from the peaks and splendors of the Age of Gold to where the outlook is on to this latter hell's-gulf of years. Plenydd, when he first touched English eyes, touched but the physical organs: you see no trace of soul-sight in Chaucer or his age. But when he touched Indian eyes, he was Plenydd the Lord of Spiritual Vision, the Seer into the Eternities. Wordsworth at his highest only approaches,— Swinburne in *Hertha* halts at the portals of, the Upanishads.

Now, what may this indicate? To my mind, this: that you are not to take these Sanskrit Sacred Books as the fruitage of a single literary age. They do not correspond with, say, the Elizabethan, or the Nineteenth-Century, poetry of England; but are rather the cream of the output of a whole period as long (at least) as that of all English literature: the blossoming of a Racial Mind during (at least) a manvantara of fifteen hundred years. I do not doubt that the age that gave birth to the *Katha-Upanishad*, gave birth to all manner of other things also; flippancies and trivialities among the rest; — just as in the same England, and in the same years, Milton was dictating *Samson Agonistes*, and Butler was writing the stinging scurrilities of *Hudibras*. But the Sanskrit Hudibrases are lost; as the English one will be, even if it takes millenniums to lose it. Full-flowing Time has washed away the impermanencies of that ancient age,

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and left standing but the palaces built upon the rock of the Soul. The Soul made the Upanishads, as it made *Paradise Lost*; it made the former in the Golden Age, and the latter in this Age of Iron; the former through men gifted with superlative vision; the latter through a blind old bard. Therein lies the difference: all our bards, our very greatest, have been blind,—Dante and Shakespeare, no less than Milton. Full-flowing Time washed away the impermanencies of that ancient age, and left standing but the rock-built palaces of the Soul; and these,—not complete, perhaps; —repaired to a degree by hands more foolish; —a little ruinous in places,—but the ruins grander and brighter than all the pomps, all the new-fangled castles of genii, of later times,—come down to us as the Sacred Books of India, the oldest extant literature in the world. How old? We may put their epoch well before the death of Krishna in 3102 B. C.,—well before the opening of the Kali-Yuga; we may say that it lasted a very long time; —and be content that if all scholarship, all western and modern opinion, laughs at us now,—the laugh will probably be with us when we have been dead a long time. Or perhaps sooner.

They count three stages in this Vedic or pre-classical literature; wherefrom also we may infer that it was the output of a great *manvantara*, not of a mere day of literary creation. These three, they say, are represented by the Vedas, the Brâhmanas, and the Upanishads. The Vedas consist of hymns to the Gods; and in a Golden Age you might find simple hymns to the Gods a sufficient expression of religion. Where, say, Reincarnation was common knowledge; where everybody knew it, and no one doubted it; you would not bother to make poems about it: —you do not make poems about going to bed at night and getting up in the morning —or not as a rule. You make poems upon a reaction of surprise at perceptions which seem wonderful and beautiful; and in a Golden Age, the things that would seem wonderful and beautiful would be, precisely, the Sky, the Stars, Earth, Fire, the Winds and Waters. Our senses are dimmed, or we should see in them the eternally startling manifestations of the Lords of Eternal Beauty. It is no use arguing from the Vedic hymns, as some folk do, a 'primitive' state of society; we have not the keys now to the background, mental and social, of the people among whom those hymns arose. Poetry in every succeeding age has had to fight harder to proclaim the spiritual truth proper to her native spheres: were all spiritual truth granted, she would need do nothing more than mention the Sky or the Earth, and all the wonder, all the mystery and delight connoted by them would flood into the minds of her hearers. But now she must labor difficultly to make those things cry through; she gains in glory by the resistance of the material molds she must pierce. So the Vedas tell us little unless we separate ourselves

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from our preconceptions about 'primitive Aryans'; whose civilization may have been at once highly evolved and very spiritual.

The *Brâhmanas* are priest-books; the *Upanishads*, it is reasonable to say, are Kshattriya-books; — you often find in them Brahmans coming to Kshattriyas to learn the Inner Wisdom. The *Brâhmanas* are books of ritual; the *Upanishads*, of Spiritual Philosophy. From this the critics infer that the *Upanishads* came much later than the *Brâhmanas*: that they represent a reaction towards spirituality from the tyranny of a priestly caste. But probably the day of the Kshattriyas was much earlier than that of the priests. The Marlowe-Shakespeare-Milton time was the Kshattriya period in English poetry; also the period during which the greatest souls incarnated, and produced the greatest work. So, perhaps, in this manvantara of the pre-classical Sanskrit literature, the Rig-Veda with its hymns represents the first, the Chaucerian period; but a Golden Age Chaucerian, simple and pure,—a time in which the Mysteries really ruled human life, and when to hymn the Gods was to participate in the wonder and freedom of their being. Then, perhaps, as the cycle mounted to its hour of noon, Esotericism opened its doors to pour forth an illumination yet stronger and more saving: mighty egos incarnated, and put in writing the marvelous revelations of the *Upanishads*: there may have been a descent towards matter, to call forth these more explicit declarations of the Spirit. The exclusive caste-system had not been evolved by any means, nor was to be for many ages: the kings are at the head of things; and they, not the priests, the chief custodians of the Deeper Wisdom. — And then, later, the Priest-caste made its contribution, evolving in the *Brâhmanas* the ritual of their order; with an implication, ever growing after the beginning of the Kali-Yuga, that only by this ritual salvation could be attained. Not that it follows that this was the idea at first. Ritual has its place; hymns and chantings, so they be the right ones, performed rightly, have their decided magical value; we can understand that in its inception and first purity, this Brâhmana literature may have been a growth or birth, under the aegis of Alawn of the Harmonies, of the magic of chanted song.

And having said all this, and reconsidering it, one feels that to attribute these three branches of literature to a single manvantara is a woeful foreshortening. I suppose the Rig-Veda is as old as the Aryan Sub-race, which, according to our calculations, must have begun some 160,000 years ago.

The *Upanishads* affect us like poetry; even in Max Müller's translation, which is poor prose, they do not lose altogether their uplift and quality of song. They sing the philosophy of the Divine in Man; I suppose we may easily say they are the highest thing in extant literature. They do not

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come to us whole or untainted. We may remember what the Swami Dayanand Sarasvati said to H. P. Blavatsky: that he could show the excellent "Moksh Mooler" that "what crossed the Kalapani from India to Europe were only the bits of rejected copies of some passages from our sacred books." Again, Madame Blavatsky says that the best part of the Upanishads was taken out at the time Buddha was preaching; the Brahmans took it out, that he might not prove too clearly the truth of his teachings by appeals to *their* sacred books. Also the Buddha was a Kshattriya; so the ancient eminence of the Kshattriyas had to be obscured a little; — it was the Brahmans, by that time, who were monopolizing the teaching office. And no doubt in the same way from time to time much has been added: the Brahmans could do this, being custodians of the sacred literature. Yet in spite of all we get in them a lark's song, — but a spiritual lark's song, floating and running in the golden glories of the Spiritual Sun; a song whose verve carries us openly up into the realms of pure spirit; a wonderful radiance and sweetness of dawn, of dawn in its fresh purity, its holiness, — haunted with no levity or boisterousness of youth, but with a wisdom gay and ancient, — eternal, laughter-laden, triumphant, — at once hoary and young, — like the sparkle of snows on Himâlaya, like the amber glow in the eastern sky. Here almost alone in literature we get long draughts of the Golden Age: not a Golden Age fought for and brought down into our perceptions (which all true poetry gives us), but one actually existing, open and free; — and not merely the color and atmosphere of it, but the wisdom. One need not wonder that Madame Blavatsky drew so freely on India for the nexus of her teachings. That country has performed a marvelous function, taking all its ages together, in the life of humanity: in preserving for us the poetry and wisdom of an age before the Mysteries had declined; in keeping open for us, in a semi-accessible literature, a kind of window into the Golden Age. — Well; each of the races has some function to fulfil. And it is not modern India that has done this; she has not done it of her own good will, — has had no good will to do it. It is the Akbars, the Anquetil Duperrons and Sir William Joneses, — and above all, and far above all, H. P. Blavatsky, — whom we have to thank.

So much, then, for the age of the Vedic literature. It passed, and we come to an age when that literature had become sacred. It seems to me that in the natural course of things it would take a very long time for this to happen. You may say that in the one analogy we have whose history is well known, — the *Koran*, — we have an example of a book sacred as soon as written. But I do not believe the analogy would hold good here. The *Koran* came as the rallying-standard of a movement which was designed to work quick changes in the outer fabric of the world;

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it came when the cycles had sunk below any possibility of floating spiritual wisdom on to the world-currents; — and there were the precedents of Judaism and Christianity, ever before the eyes of Mohammed, for making the new religious movement center about a Book. But in ancient India, I take it, you had some such state of affairs as this: classes there would be, according to the natural differences of egos incarnating; but no castes; religion there was, — that is to say, an attention to, an aspiration towards, the spiritual side of life; but no religions, — no snarling sects and jangling foolish creeds. Those things (a God's mercy!) had not been invented then, nor were to be for thousands of years. The foremost souls, the most spiritual, gravitated upward to the headship of tribes and nations; they were the *kings*, as was proper they should be: King-Initiates, Teachers as well as Rulers of the people. And they ordained public ceremonies in which the people, coming together, could invoke and participate in the Life from Above. So we read in the Upanishads of those great Kshattriya Teachers to whom Brahmans came as disciples. Poets made their verses; and what of these were good, really inspired, suitable — what came from the souls of Poet-Initiates, — would be used at such ceremonies: sung by the assembled multitudes; and presently, by men specially trained to sing them. So a class rose with this special function; and there were other functions in connexion with these ceremonies, not proper to be performed by the kings, and which needed a special training to carry out. Here, then, was an opening in life for men of the right temperament; — so a class arose, of *priests*: among whom many might be real Initiates and disciples of the Adept-Kings. They had the business of taking care of the literature sanctioned for use at the sacrifices, — for convenience we may call all the sacred ceremonies that, — at which they performed the ritual and carried out the mechanical and formal parts. It is very easy to imagine how, as the cycles went on and down, and the Adept-Kings ceased to incarnate continuously, these religious officials would have crystallized themselves into a close corporation, an hereditary caste; and what power their custodianship of the sacrificial literature would have given them; — how that literature would have come to be not merely sacred in the sense that all true poetry with the inspiration of the Soul behind it really is; — but credited with an extra-human sanction. But it would take a long time. When modern creeds are gone, to what in literature will men turn for their inspiration? — To whatever in literature contains real inspiration, you may answer. They will not sing Dr. Watts's doggerel in their churches; but such things perhaps as Wordsworth's *The World is too much with us*, or Henley's *I am the Captain of my Soul*. And then, after a long time and many racial pralayas, you can imagine such poems as these coming to be thought of as not merely

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from the Human Soul, an ever-present source of real inspiration,— but as revelations by God himself, from which not one jot or tittle should be taken without blasphemy: given by God when he founded his one true religion to mankind. We lose sight of the spirit, and exalt the substance; then we forget the substance, and deify the shadow. We crucify our Saviors when they are with us; and when they are gone, we crucify them worse with our unmeaning worship and dogmas made on them.

Well, the age of the Vedas passed, and pralayas came, and new manvantaras; and we come at last to the age of Classical Sanskrit; and first to the period of the Epics. This too is a Kshattriya age. Whether it represents a new ascendancy of the Kshattriyas, or simply a continuance of the old one: whether the priesthood had risen to power between the Vedas and this, and somewhat fallen from it again,— or whether their rise was still in progress, but not advanced to the point of ousting the kings from their lead,— who can say? But this much, perhaps, we may venture without fear: the Kshattriyas of the Epic age were not the same as those of the *Upanishads*. They were not Adept-Kings and Teachers in the same way. By Epic age, I mean the age in which the epics were written, not that of which they tell. And neither the *Mahābhārata* nor the *Rāmāyana* was composed in a day; but in many centuries; — and it is quite likely that on them too Brahmanical hands have been tactfully at work. Some parts of them were no doubt written in the centuries after Christ; there is room enough to allow for this, when you think that the one contains between ninety and a hundred thousand, the other about twenty-four thousand couplets; — the *Mahābhārata* being about seven times, the *Rāmāyana* about twice, as long as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* combined. So the Age of the Epics must be narrowed down again, to mean the age that gave birth to the nuclei of them.

As to when it may have been, I do not know that there is any clue to be found. Modern criticism has been at work, of course, to reduce all things to as commonplace and brain-mind a basis as possible; but its methods are entirely the wrong ones. Mr. Romesh Dutt, who published abridged translations of the two poems in the late 'nineties, says of the *Mahābhārata* that the great war which it tells of "is believed to have been fought in the thirteenth or fourteenth century before Christ"; and of the *Rāmāyana*, that it tells the story of nations that flourished in Northern India about a thousand years B. C. — Is *believed* by whom, pray? It is also believed, and has been from time immemorial, in India, that Krishna, who figures largely in the *Mahābhārata*, died in the year 3102 B. C.; and that he was the eighth avatar of Vishnu; and that Rāma, the hero of the *Rāmāyana*, was the seventh. Now brain-mind criticism of the modern type is the most untrustworthy thing, because it is based solely on circum-

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stantial evidence; and when you work upon that, you ought to go very warily; — it is always likely that half the circumstances remain undiscovered; and even if you have ninety and nine out of the hundred possible, the hundredth, if you had it, might well change the whole complexion of the case. And this kind of criticism leads precisely nowhere: does not build anything, but pulls down what was built of old. So I think we must be content to wait for real knowledge till those who hold it may choose to reveal it; and meanwhile get back to the traditional starting-point; — say that the War of the Kuravas and Pândavas happened in the thirty-second century B. C.; Râma's invasion of Lankâ, ages earlier; and that the epics began to be written, as they say, somewhere between the lives of Krishna and Buddha,— somewhere between 2500 and 5000 years ago.

Why before Buddha? — Because they are still Kshattriya works; written before the Brahman ascendancy, though after the time when the Kshattriyas were led by their Adept-Kings; — and because Buddha started a spiritual revolt (Kshattriya) against a Brahman ascendancy well established then,— a revolt that by Aśoka's time had quite overthrown the Brahman power. Why, then, should we not ascribe the epics to this Buddhist Kshattriya period? To Aśoka's reign itself, for example? — Well, it has been done; but probably not wisely. Pânini in his *Grammar* cites the *Mahâbhârata* as an authority for usage; and even the westernest of criticism is disinclined, on the evidence, to put Pânini later than 400 B. C. Goldstücker puts him in the seventh century B. C. *En passant*, we may quote this from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as to Pânini's *Grammar*: "For a comprehensive grasp of linguistic facts, and a penetrating insight into the structure of the vernacular language, this work stands probably unrivalled in the literature of any language." — Pânini, then, cites the *Mahâbhârata*; Pânini lived certainly before Aśoka's time; the greatness of his work argues that he came in a culminating period of scholarship and literary activity, if not of literary creation; the reign of Aśoka we may surmise was another such period; — and from all this I think we may argue without much fear that the *Mahâbhârata*, the nucleus and original form of it, was written long before the reign of Aśoka. Besides, if it had been written during the Buddhist ascendancy, one fancies we should find more Buddhism in it than we do. There is some; — there are ideas that would be called Buddhist; but that really only prove the truth of the Buddha's claim that he taught nothing new. But a poem written in Aśoka's reign, one fancies, would not have been structurally and innately, as the *Mahâbhârata* is, martial.

There is this difference between the two epics, — I speak of the nucleus-poems in each case; — the *Mahâbhârata* seems much more a natural

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growth, a national epic,— the work not of one man, but of many poets celebrating through many centuries a tradition not faded from the national memory; — but the *Râmâyana* is more a structural unity; it bears the marks of coming from one creative mind: even western criticism accepts Vâlmiki (whoever he may have been) as its author. To him it is credited in Indian tradition; which ascribes the authorship of the *Mahâbhârata* to Vyâsa, the reputed compiler of the *Vedas*; — and this last is manifestly not to be taken literally; for it is certain that a great age elapsed between the *Vedas* and the Epics. So I think that the *Mahâbhârata* grew up in the centuries, many or few, that followed the Great War,— or, say, during the second millennium B.C.: that in that millennium, during some great 'day' of literary creation, it was redacted into a single poem; — and that, the epic habit having thus been started, a single poet, Vâlmiki, in some succeeding 'day,' was prompted to make another epic, on the other great traditional saga-cycle, the story of Râma. But since that time, and all down through the centuries, both poems have been growing *ad lib*.

This is an endeavor to take a bird's-eye view of the whole subject; not to look at the evidence through a microscope, in the modern critical way. It is very unorthodox, but I believe it is the best way: the bird's eye sees most; the microscope sees least: the former takes in whole landscapes in proportion; the latter gets confused with details that seem, under that exaggeration, too highly important,— but which might be negatived altogether could you see the whole thing at once. A telescope for that kind of seeing is not forthcoming; but the methods of thought that H. P. Blavatsky taught us supply at least the first indications of what it may be like: they give us the first lenses. As our perceptions grow under their influence, doubtless new revelations will be made; and we shall see more and further. All we can do now is to retire from the confusion brought about by searching these far stars with a microscope: to look less at the results of such searching, than at the old traditions themselves, making out what we can of them through what Theosophic lenses we have. We need not be misled by the ridiculous idea that civilization is a new thing. It is only the bias of the age; the next age will count it foolishness. — But to return to our epics.—

First to the *Mahâbhârata*. It is, as it comes down to us, not one poem, but a large literature. Mr. Dutt compares it, both for length and variety of material, to the sermons of Jeremy Taylor and Hooker, Locke's and Hobbes's books of philosophy, Blackstone's *Commentaries*, Percy's *Ballads*, and the writings of Newman, Pusey, and Keble,— all done into blank verse and incorporated with *Paradise Lost*. You have a martial poem like the *Iliad*, full of the gilt and scarlet and trumpeting



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and blazonry of war; — and you find the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* a chapter in it. Since it was first an epic, there have been huge accretions to it: whosever fancy it struck would add a book or two, with new incidents to glorify this or that locality, princely house, or hero. And it is hard to separate these accretions from the original,— from the version, that is, that first appeared as an epic poem. Some are closely bound into the story, so as to be almost integral; some are fairly so; some might be cut out and never missed. Hence the vast bulk and promiscuity of material; which might militate against your finding in it, as a whole, any consistent Soul-symbol. And yet its chief personages seem all real men; they are clearly drawn, with firm lines; — says Mr. Dutt, as clearly as the Trojan and Achaean chiefs of Homer. Yudhishtira and Karna and Arjuna; Bhishma and Drona and the wild Duhsasan, are very living characters; — as if they had been actual men who had impressed themselves on the imagination of the age, and were not to be drawn by anyone who drew them except from the life. That might imply that poets began writing about them not so long after they lived, and while the memory of them and of their deeds was fresh. We are to understand, however, — all India has so understood, always,— that the poem is a Soul-symbol, standing for the wars of Light and Darkness; whether this symbol was a tradition firmly in the minds of all who wrote it, or whether it was imposed by the master-hand that collated their writings into an epic for the first time.

For it would seem that of the original writers, some had been on the Kurava, some on the Pândava side; though in the symbol as it stands, it is the Pândavas who represent the Light, the Kuravas the darkness. There are traces of this submerged diversity of opinion. Just as in the *Iliad* it is the Trojan Hector who is the most sympathetic character, so in the *Mahâbhârata* it is often to some of the Kurava champions that our sympathies unavoidably flow. We are told that the Kuravas are thoroughly depraved and villainous; but not seldom their actions belie the assertion,— with a certain Kshattriya magnanimity for which they are given no credit. Krishna fights for the sons of Pându; in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* and elsewhere we see him as the incarnation of Vishnu,— of the Deity, the Supreme Self. As such, he does neither good nor evil; but ensures victory for his protégées. Philosophically and symbolically, this is sound and true, no doubt; but one wonders whether the poem (or poems) ran so originally: whether there may not be passages written at first by Kuravist poets; or a Brahminical superimposition of motive on a poem once wholly Kshattriya, and interested only in showing forth the noble and human warrior virtues of the Kshattriya caste. I imagine that, in that second millennium B. C., in the early centuries of Kali-Yuga, you had

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a warrior class with their bards, inspired with high Bushido feeling,— with chivalry and all that is fine in patricianism — but no longer under the leadership of Adept Princes; — the esoteric knowledge was now mainly in the hands of the Priest-class. The Kshattriya bards made poems about the Great War, which grew and coalesced into a national epic. Then in the course of the centuries, as learning in its higher branches became more and more a possession of the Brahmans,— and since there was no feeling against adding to this epic whatever material came handy,— Brahmin esotericists manipulated it with great tact and finesse into a symbol of the warfare of the Soul.

There is the story of the death of the Kurava champion Bhīshma. The Pāṇdavas had been victorious; and Duryodhana the Kurava king appealed to Bhīshma to save the situation. Bhīshma loved the Pāṇdava princes like a father; and urged Duryodhana to end the war by granting them their rights,— but in vain. So next day, owing his allegiance to Duryodhana, he took the field; and

“As a lordly tusker tramples on a field of feeble reeds,  
As a forest conflagration on the parched woodland feeds,  
Bhishma rode upon the warriors in his mighty battle car,  
God nor mortal chief could face him in the gory field of war.”\*

Thus victorious, he cried out to the vanquished that no appeal for mercy would be unheard: that he fought not against the defeated, the worn-out, the wounded, or “a woman born.” Hearing this, Krishna advised Arjuna that the chance to turn the tide had come. The young Sikhandin had been born a woman, and changed afterwards by the Gods into a man. Let Sikhandin fight in the forefront of the battle, and the Pāṇdavas would win, and Bhīshma be slain. Arjuna, who loved Bhīshma as dearly as Bhīshma loved him and his brothers, protested; but Krishna announced that Bhīshma was so doomed to die, and on the following day: a fate decreed, and righteously to be brought about by the stratagem. So it happened:

“Bhishma viewed the Pandav forces with a calm unmoving face;  
Saw not Arjun's bow Gandiva, saw not Bhima's mighty mace;  
Smiled to see the young Sikhandin rushing to the battle's fore  
Like the white foam on the billow when the mighty storm winds roar;  
Thought upon the word he plighted, and the oath that he had sworn,  
Dropt his arms before the warrior that was but a woman born;—”

and so, was slain . . . and the chiefs of both armies gathered round and mourned for him. — Now it seems to me that the poets who viewed sympathetically the magnanimity of Bhīshma, which meets you on the

\*The quotations are from Mr. Romesh Dutt's translation.

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plane of simple human action and character, would not have viewed sympathetically, or perhaps conceived, the stratagem advised by Krishna, — which you have to meet, to find it acceptable, on the planes of metaphysics and symbolism.

There is a quality in it you do not find in the *Iliad*. Greek and Trojan champions, before beginning the real business of their combats, do their best to impart to each other a little valuable self-knowledge: each reveals carefully, in a fine flow of hexameters, the weak points in his opponent's character. They are equally eloquent about their own greatnesses, which stir their enthusiasm highly; — but as to faults, neither takes thought for his own; each concentrates on the other's; and a war of words is the appetiser for the coming banquet of deeds. Before fighting Hector, Achilles reviled him; and having killed him, dragged his corpse shamefully round the walls of Troy. But Bhishma, in his victorious career, has nothing worse to cry to his enemies than — *Valiant are ye, noble princes!* and if you think of it on the unsymbolic plane, there is a certain nobility in the Despondency of Arjuna in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

"To characterize the Indian Epics in a single word: though often disfigured by grotesque fancies and wild exaggerations, they are yet noble works, abounding in passages of remarkable descriptive power; and while as works of art they are far inferior to the Greek epics, in some respects they appeal far more strongly to the romantic mind of Europe, namely, by their loving appreciation of natural beauty, their exquisite delineation of womanly love and devotion, and their tender sentiment of mercy and forgiveness."

— Precisely because they come from a much higher civilization than the Greek. From a civilization, that is to say, older and more continuous. Before Rome fell, the Romans were evolving humanitarian and compassionate ideas quite unlike their old-time callousness. And no, it was not the influence of Christianity; we see it in the legislation of Hadrian for example, and especially in the anti-Christian Marcus Aurelius. These feelings grow up in ages unscarred by wars and human cataclysms; every war puts back their growth. The fall of Rome and the succeeding pralaya threw Europe back into ruthless barbarity. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries humanism began to grow again; and has been gaining ground especially since H. P. Blavatsky began her teaching. But not much more than a century ago they were publicly hanging, drawing, and quartering people in England; crowds were gathering at Tyburn or before the Old Bailey to enjoy an execution. We have hardly had four generations in Western Europe in which men have not been ruthless and brutal barbarians with a sprinkling of fine spirits incarnate among them; no European literature yet has had time to evolve to the point where it could portray a Yudhishtira, at the end of a national

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epic, arriving at the gates of Heaven with his dog,— and refusing to enter because the dog was not to be admitted. There have been, with us, too great ups and downs of civilization: too little continuity. We might have grown to it by now, had that medieval pralaya been a quiet and natural thing, instead of what it was: — a smash-up total and orgy of brutalities come as punishment for our sins done in the prime of manvantara.

A word or two as to the *Râmâyana*. Probably Vâlmiki had the other epic before his mental vision when he wrote it; as Virgil had Homer. There are parallel incidents; but his genius does not appear in them; — he cannot compete in their own line with the old Kshattriya bards. You do not find here so done to the life the chargings of lordly tuskers, the gilt and crimson, the scarlet and pomp and blazonry of war. The braying of the battle conches is muted: all is cast in a more gentle mold. You get instead the forest and its beauty; you get tender idylls of domestic life. — This poem, like the *Mahâbhârata*, has come swelling down the centuries; but whereas the latter grew by the addition of new incidents, the *Râmâyana* grew by the re-telling of old ones. Thus you may get book after book telling the same story of Râma's life in the forest-hermitage by the Godâvari; each book by a new poet in love with the gentle beauty of the tale and its setting, and anxious to put them into his own language. India never grows tired of these Râmâyanic repetitions. Sitâ, the heroine, Râma's bride, is the ideal of every good woman there; I suppose Shakespeare has created no truer or more beautiful figure. To the *Mahâbhârata*, the *Râmâyana* stands perhaps as the higher Wordsworth to Milton; it belongs to the same great age, but to another day in it. Both are and have been wonderfully near the life of the people: children are brought up on them; all ages, castes, and conditions make them the staple of their mental diet. Both are semi-sacred; neither is quite secular; either relates the deeds of an avatar of Vishnu; ages have done their work upon them, to lift them into the region of things sacrosanct.

And now at last we come to the age of King Vikramâditya of Ujjain, — to the Nine Gems of Literature, — to a secular era of literary creation, — to the Sanskrit Drama, and to Kâlidâsa, its Shakespeare; — and to his masterpiece, *The Ring of Sakoontala*.

There is a tendency with us to derive all things Indian from Greek sources. Some Greek writer says the Indians were familiar with Homer; whereupon we take up the cry, — The *Râmâyana* is evidently a plagiarism from the Iliad; the abduction of Sitâ by Râvan, of the abduction of Helen by Paris; the siege of Lankâ, of the siege of Troy. And the *Mahâbhârata* is too; because, — because it must be; there's a deal of fighting in both. (So Macedon plagiarized its river from Monmouth.) We believe a Greek

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

at all times against an Indian; forgetting that the Greeks themselves, when they got to India, were astounded at the truthfulness of the people they found there. Such strained avoidance of the natural lie,— the harmless, necessary lie that came so trippingly to a Greek tongue,— seemed to them extraordinary. — So too our critics naturally set out from the position that the Indian Drama must have been an offshoot or imitation of the Greek. But fortunately that position had to be quitted *toute de suite*; for the Indian theory is much nearer the English than the Greek; — much liker Shakespeare's than Aeschylus's. *Sakoontala* is romantic; it came in a Third or Alawn Period; of all Englishmen, Keats might most easily have written it; if *Endymion* were a play, *Endymion* would be the likeliest thing to it in English. You must remember that downward trend in the Great Cycle; that makes each succeeding period in Sanskrit literature a descent from the heights of esotericism towards the personal plane. That is what brings Kālidāsa on to a level with Keats.

Behind *Sakoontala*, as behind *Endymion*, there is a Soul-symbol; only Kālidāsa, like Keats, is preoccupied in his outer mind more with forest beauty and natural magic and his romantic tale of love. It marks a stage in the descent of literature from the old impersonal to the modern personal reaches: from tales told merely to express the Soul-Symbol, to tales told merely for the sake of telling them. The stories in the *Upanishads* are glyphs pure and simple. In the epics, they have taken on much more human color, though still exalting and ennobling,— and all embodying, or molded to, the glyph. Now, in *The Ring of Sakoontala*,— and it is typical of its class,— we have to look a little diligently for the glyph; what impresses us is the stillness and morning beauty of the forest, and, —yes, it must be said,— the emotions, quite personal, of King Dushyanta and Sakoontala, the hero and heroine.

She is a fairy's child, full beautiful; and has been brought up by her foster-father, the yogi Kanwa, in his forest hermitage. While Kanwa is absent, Dushyanta, hunting, follows an antelope into that quiet refuge; finds Sakoontala, loves and marries her. Here we are amidst the drowsy hum of bees, the flowering of large Indian forest blossoms, the scent of the jasmine in bloom; it is what Keats would have written, had his nightingale sung in an Indian jungle. — The king departs for his capital, leaving with Sakoontala a magical ring with power to reawaken memory of her in his heart, should he ever forget. But Durvasas, a wandering ascetic, passes by the hermitage; and Sakoontala, absorbed in her dreams, fails to greet him; for which he dooms her to be forgotten by her husband. She waits and waits, and at last seeks the unreturning Dushyanta at his court; who, under the spell of Durvasas, fails to recognise her. If what she claims is true, she can produce the ring? — But no; she has lost it

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on her journey through the forest. He repudiates her; whereupon she is caught up by the Gods into the Grove of Kaśyapa beyond the clouds.

But the ring had fallen into a stream in the forest, and a fish had swallowed it, and a fisherman had caught the fish, and the police had caught the fisherman . . . and so it came into the hands of Dushyanta again; who, at sight of it, remembered all, and was plunged in grief over his lost love.

Years pass, and Indra summons him at last to fight a race of giants that threaten the sovereignty of the Gods. In the course of that warfare, mounting to heaven in the car of Indra, Dushyanta comes to the Grove of Kaśyapa, and is reunited with Sakoontala and with their son, now grown into an heroic boy.

As in *The Tempest* a certain preoccupation with the magical beauty of the island dims the character-drawing a little, and perhaps thereby makes the symbol more distinct,—so in *Sakoontala*. It is a faery piece: beginning in the morning calm and forest magic; then permitting passion to rise, and sadness to follow; ending in the crystal and blue clearness of the upper air. In this we see the basic form of the Soul-Symbol, which is worked out in the incidents and characters. Dushyanta, hunting in the unexplored forest, comes to the abode of holiness, finds and loves Sakoontala; — and from their union is born the perfect hero,—Sarva-Damana, the 'All-tamer.' — Searching in the impersonal and unexplored regions within us, we do at some time in our career of lives come to the holy place, get vision of our Immortal Self; from the union of which with this our human personality is to be born some time that new being we are to become,—the Perfect Man or Adept. But that first vision may be lost; I suppose almost always is; — and there are wanderings and sorrows, forgetfulness, and above all heroic services to be performed, before the final reunion can be attained.

DEATH is the great divider, but it is of things that are divisible. The more simple, pure, and refined any material thing is, by so much the more permanent and durable it is found to be. The nearer it approaches to the nature of spirit, the farther it is removed from the power of death; but that which is not material or mixed at all, is wholly exempt from the stroke and power of death. It is from the contrariant qualities and jarring humors in mixed bodies that they come under the law and power of dissolution. Matter and mixture are the doors at which death enters naturally upon the creatures. — *John Flavel*

## ANTHROPOLOGICAL FADS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

**I**N upholding the Theosophical teachings as to anthropology, it is not good strategy to flatter one's opponent by assuming that *his* position is unassailable; or, in other words, a good general will not permit himself to be put on the defensive by a mere bluff, but will himself lead an attack on the defenses of his antagonist. Thus we find that H. P. Blavatsky, when asked to defend her teachings against those which any given opponent may choose to call orthodox, begins by instituting a careful inquiry into the credentials of the latter, and often ends by finding that the position before which she is expected to quail is by no means impregnable. Hence we welcome any statement by an anthropologist which calls in question the authority of orthodox opinions, even though we may not be of one mind with the anthropologist in other respects. Such a statement is the following, in which the writer shows up a fallacy in the reasoning of some anthropologists.

A. M. Hocart, in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, 1920, inveighs against the use of the word 'primitive' by anthropologists, declaring that it has been used until it has become an obsession, thus giving rise to a vicious circle of reasoning. We have, he thinks, no right to assume that savages, because they are primitive in their physical habits, are primitive in their culture, religion, and beliefs. Two senses of the word 'primitive' have been confused: that in which it means 'appertaining to primitive man,' and that in which it means 'rudimentary, initial.' A stone axe is primitive in the former sense, because it is used by men who are primitive in their mode of life; but early Christianity and the Van Eycks are primitive in the other sense, because they represent the initial stages respectively of a religion and of a school of art. It would be a mistake to assume that the early Christians were primitive men because they practised primitive Christianity, or that the early Dutch painters were rude savages because they cultivated a school of art in its primitive stage. Conversely it is wrong to assume that whatever a savage believes, represents what primitive man believed. We reason in a vicious circle as follows:

"First of all we slide quite unconsciously from the obvious fact that the modern savage is primitive in his physique or his dress or his weapons, into the assumption that he is also primitive in his religion and polity. Out of the customs of the savage, then, we construct a model of primitive culture. This model in its turn is used to prove the primitive character

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of modern savage customs. Totemism is found among the rude Australian blacks, therefore it is a primitive institution; the Australian blacks are totemistic, therefore they are primitive in culture; and so we go on in a circle."

Everyone familiar with anthropological discussions will recognise the truth of this characterization of some of the reasoning employed. We do not know any more about the actual beliefs of primitive man, says the writer, than we do about the great pills and soaps, which we buy because their names have been dinned into our ears by advertising, assuming that what is so well known must be a well-tryed article.

He does not even think that primitive beliefs are *likely* to be found among savages, because savages are people of feeble personality who readily adopt what is brought to them by races of stronger individuality, and who therefore are not likely to have preserved their original ideas through the ages.

The attempt to find the beginnings of culture by studying the ideas of modern savages, then, he considers hopeless; the more especially when we find the search becoming individualistic, as each explorer airs his own fad, in connexion with the particular race he is examining, regardless of the work of his fellows, and so no unity is achieved.

Thus the writer pleads for a more logical method of searching out the origin and development of human beliefs and institutions; but whether such an investigation will lead to the kind of conclusion he expects, is another question. For there may be other fads to be given up first. Everything is supposed to have been evolved from simple to complex according to a plan derived from theories of biological evolution. This method has been applied to sociology, religion, and many other things. Cannot this be called a fad? It has often been the part of Theosophical writers to criticize this idea of evolution. Modern evolutionists have studied the development of the tree from the seed, but can tell us nothing as to the miracle by which such a growth is accomplished. A certain plant may remain unknown in a country until somebody imports a single seed; after which the whole country may forever teem with that plant. Evolution is the coming into manifestation of something which has previously existed in another condition, which condition we must therefore call 'unmanifested.'

Hence the teaching as to antetypes: the antetype of every organism must have pre-existed before that organism, clothed in visible form, came into manifestation on this physical plane of objectivity. The same as to man: antetypal man must have preceded physical man, in order that the human evolution could be accomplished at all. Whence did man derive all those institutions and all that applied knowledge, if not from some inner source which was the fount of all his achievements?



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Man, in his visible evolution, has been bringing into manifestation all that was latent in his nature. He is endowed with a *seed*, which contains wrapped up in itself all the potentiality of what is subsequently revealed, just as the entire oak is wrapped in the acorn.

The study of evolution, pursued along unbiased lines of honest research, will surely lead to a confirmation of the truth that man has *involved* downwards from spirit, before *evolving* upwards from matter. As H. P. Blavatsky says, science begins its study of evolution at the half-way point. Did man evolve his institutions and practical wisdom out of nothing at all? He evolved them out of previous knowledge, we say. To understand the matter clearly, it is essential to give up that fad, that obsessing idea, that a physical germ can be made the starting-point of all growth. Such a germ may be the visible starting-point of a physical evolution; but behind the visible germ must lie a whole drama of the history of its creation. In fact, man's progress is a process of *recollection*. When a race becomes sufficiently civilized, it proceeds to rummage the records of earlier civilizations, and so gets back to positions which humanity has reached before and lost awhile.

Under these circumstances it is appropriate to ask whether an honest inquiry is more likely to reveal our remote ancestor as an uncouth savage or as a grand type of ideal manhood.

History does not tend to prove a progressive single-line evolution of humanity; and the difficulties in the way of establishing such an evolution in the far larger scope of anthropological research are every day being acknowledged to be greater. Everything goes to show that the human type does not on the whole deteriorate as we recede into the past; and that the depraved types which we sometimes unearth are merely occasional relics of descending side-lines. But the plan of human evolution is too vast and varied in its plan to be presented in a cursory survey; and reference must therefore be invited to the outline of that subject presented for the consideration of students, in *The Secret Doctrine*.



“RECKON that it is not you who are mortal, but only your body; for it is not the visible form and figure that constitutes a man what he is, but it is the mind which is the man. Know then that thou art a god: at least if that be a god which lives and has sense; which remembers and takes care of things to come; which rules, commands and moves the body over which it is set, as the great God rules, commands and moves the world.”—*Cicero*

## THE OMNIPRESENCE OF MIND

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



RECENT scientific lecturer is reported to have said as follows:

"Is it not strange that the whole of scientific progress, as it seems to me, is towards a recognition of the universality of life throughout creation, and so we are coming back to the doctrine of the Vedaic philosophers hundreds of years before Christ, who taught that God is the material as well as the cause of the universe, the clay as well as the potter; that the material and the spiritual are for ever connected, that the Supreme Being is not merely a presiding intellect, but that all matter, all nature, the whole universe, is to be looked upon as the corporeal manifestation of the deity?

"The soul of man himself is a particle of that all-pervading principle, the universal intellect, detached for a while from its primitive source and placed in connexion with a material frame, but destined sooner or later to be restored to it as inevitably as rivers run back to be lost in the ocean whence they arose. 'That spiritual principle (said Varuna to his son) from which all created things proceed, in which, having proceeded, they live, towards which they tend, and in which they are at last absorbed, that spirit study to know — it is the great one.' The advice of the ancient Hindû philosopher is still offered to us and we will be wise to follow it."

— Prof. Harvey Gibson, to the Liverpool Chemists' Association

Thus we have another instance of scientific men, speaking (as we may say) *ex cathedra*, from the chair, and voicing views which a few years ago would have been considered as appertaining to Theosophy, and as being unpalatable to accepted scientific opinion. And thereby we see another confirmation of the forecast that Theosophy would win its way by the sheer force of truth among all whose minds were devoted with sufficient impartiality to the truth to accept it. Doubtless the process has been rendered easier by the changes in public opinion, which have rendered it feasible to announce opinions which previously may have been kept in the background.

Nothing but a curious blindness could ever have induced people to try and represent the entire phenomena of consciousness as mere elaborations of those forces which we study in physics and chemistry. The absurdity of the idea is apparent when we consider that the theorist must either place his own mind outside of the universe which he contemplates, or else, by including his mind in that universe, reduce his own theory to the level of a mere product of chemical action. And even if we reduce everything to matter, the mystery is as profound as ever, as soon as we begin to speculate what matter itself is.

The view that the Supreme Being is manifested in matter, as well as in spirit and life, seems reasonable, and indeed inevitable; since, if the case is otherwise, we have the spectacle of a deity operating in a mass of material which he did not create and which must have been there

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before. Such a deity, while he might very well be conceived as existing, could not be the *supreme* deity. Going back to the ancient philosophers again, we see that the idea of a spirit acting upon a chaos of matter is the *second* stage in cosmogonical evolution, the stage at which the primal unity has become a duality. It is said that the Supreme divided himself into two for the purposes of creation.

The words 'spirit' and 'matter' are convenient and necessary, but not so easy to discriminate from one another after all. If we choose for the moment to regard the mineral substances dealt with by chemistry and physics as matter, then, on closer investigation, we find that we can separate these substances themselves into spirit and matter; for we find that 'inorganic' matter is a medley of forces operating in some substance which we cannot fathom. Physical theory has sought to analyse matter to 'energy' and 'mass,' which are simply the original duality of spirit and matter over again. And it is now said in some quarters that even mass is but a particular mode of energy; at which rate we bid fair to find ourselves in a universe composed of nothing but spirit, nothing but energy, nothing but various forms of life acting within and upon each other. Spirit and matter would seem to be largely mere points of view; as though we stood in middle ground and called everything above us spirit, and everything below us matter; the definition of these two changing as our position changed.

All this tends to a recognition, sooner or later, of the inevitable truth that consciousness is the proper field for exploration of the mysteries of the universe, that we must make mind prior to matter, and that study of the phenomena of mind is the key to the whole mystery. Electricity is a stream of electrons, and electrons are atoms of electricity. Thus are we lost in the mazes of words. We cannot find anywhere mass as distinct from energy, and the best we can do is to make energy itself dual and take refuge in the terms 'positive' and 'negative,' or those equally undefinable terms 'right' and 'left.' The manifested universe is bipolar.

In considering man as an embodied spark of the Universal Mind, we tend at first acquaintance with the idea to be too sketchy and summary in our estimate. Fuller reflexion reminds us that there are countless manifestations of the universal mind, including (even within the range of our knowledge) such remote forms as the electron and the man, with all their intervening stages of mineral, plant, and animal life. Whatever may be the case with the humble electron, we can scarcely imagine that so complex a being as man was created in one fell swoop, or that he will be reabsorbed into the infinite in the twinkling of an eye. He must have been created or evolved by stages, and it can only be by stages that he

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will be reabsorbed. When the integrity of his composition is dislocated by the physiological process called death, his personality (as usually recognised) becomes modified. A great deal of it must of course disappear, since a great deal was dependent upon that union of elements which is now dissolved. But it is hardly supposable that the entire man is at once reabsorbed into the primeval spirit. For further light on these points we should indeed do well to take the lecturer's advice and go back to the ancient philosophers. But fortunately we can avail ourselves of the masterly interpretation of the same brought by H. P. Blavatsky. The Universal Spirit is named as *Ātman*; but this is embodied or ensouled in *Buddhi*, and this pair is again embodied or ensouled in *Manas*; and all this before Man, the Soul, can come into existence. Even then, this Soul has to be embodied in a terrestrial organism, before man can be complete. The septenary key represents man as a triune Soul incarnate in a body compact of four elements; and when death breaks up the septenate, the triad still remains intact. It is only at the close of the enormous period of a cycle of manifestation (a *Manvantara*) that all is reabsorbed into the Universal Spirit. If any fault is found with the sketchiness of these remarks, it must be remembered that we cannot do better within the limits at disposal, and have to refer the inquirer to the teachings of Theosophy and to his own studies.

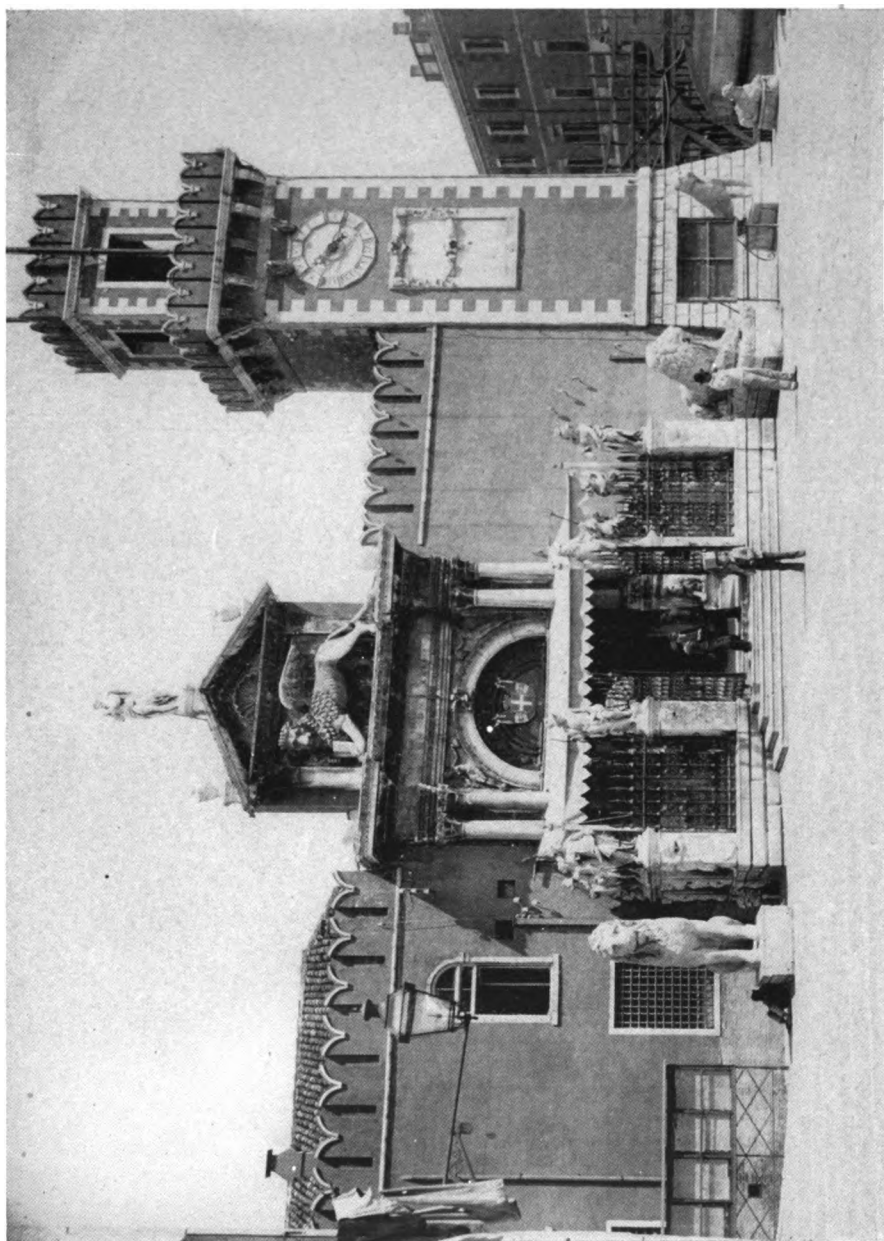
Not less noteworthy than the change in scientific opinion is the growing willingness to recognise the merits of the ancient Vedic philosophers. But these writings cannot be at the same time profound philosophy and mere fables depicting the war between primitive savages and their almost equally primitive invaders. There is much profound wisdom concealed beneath an allegorical setting; and this to a great extent has been interpreted by H. P. Blavatsky in her works *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, devoted to the interpretation and exposition of ancient teachings as enshrined in myth and symbol.

H. P. Blavatsky, in fact, demonstrated the existence of the Wisdom-Religion, a profound philosophy and knowledge underlying all exoteric religions, but understood only by a minority of people during the ages of materialism. One of the tenets of the Wisdom-Religion is that man is a copy in miniature of the universe: he was called the Microcosm within the Macrocosm. Hence the road to knowledge of the universe is through the knowledge of self. If we study nature objectively, we tend to get further away from real knowledge, and plants (for instance) assume the form of dead matter for dissection and microscopical examination; and the same with animals. But these creatures can be studied sympathetically, as organized manifestations of the Universal Soul, undergoing, like ourselves, their course of evolution, and each gathering its experience



THE FAMOUS PIGEONS OF THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ENTRANCE OF THE ARSENAL (XV-XVII CENTURIES), VENICE**

## THE 'OCCULT CRAZE'

in its own particular way, according to its grade in the scale of life. Once we recognise that *mind* underlies the whole creation, we shall begin to interpret natural phenomena in terms of mind, and thereby find our ideas much simplified. When the contrary method is pursued, we are driven to the most preposterous theories in order to account for the obvious manifestations of intelligence in plants by a theory of mechanical action. When we push the matter to the extreme, we find that we cannot even explain the phenomena of attraction and repulsion by mechanical principles; they can be nothing else than manifestations of desire and antipathy. The ancient philosophers saw that, if intelligence is anywhere in the universe, it must be everywhere. Science (which means knowledge) was driven into the realm of materialism by the chaos and unbelief which reigned in the realm of religion and moral philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in the twentieth there are signs that it is beginning to win back to its proper sphere.

## THE 'OCCULT CRAZE'

HERBERT CORYN, M. R. C. S. (Eng.)

**H**ERE and there in scientific quarters there is trouble over "the present recrudescence of belief in the occult," and the public is querulously berated for its lapse into superstition. Modern man should, they say, by this date have become immune to such attacks. It is time for the psychologist to take up the rôle of Doctor of Public Mental Health, find out why we are not so and teach us what to do. He is by no means to investigate the *evidence* for the occult, but rather the cause of that morbid condition of the public mind which makes it accept and welcome such evidence. Says one of the current medical journals:

"In this mood he is far more interested in noting why people believe in the revelations of mediums, and flock eagerly to listen to tales and to theories that support their inclinations, than he is in any patient analysis of the evidence to see what it really shows. In the larger aspect this is an anthropological interest, for we know that men in all stages of development have been believers in spirit-agency and have brought forward evidence and theory to hold together their beliefs. We know that this ancient world of folk-belief, of superstition, of readiness to think of things in occult terms, survives in all ultimate issues of human existence."

— *The Journal of the American Medical Association*

But why is this belated folk-belief still alive? One would have thought "that a mind adjusted to the thought-habits of today would have set up a resistance to any such beliefs — assuming any trend towards them — so completely adequate as to reject them without effort." The general diffusion of scientific knowledge should have produced in us all an

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immunizing antitoxin ready for work the instant that a solitary microbe of belief in the occult dared to give a wiggle of manifestation.

Preoccupation with objective science, carried to a certain point, undoubtedly will immunize you against the activity of certain parts of your nature. In his later years Darwin found with regret that his appreciation of poetry had gradually become paralysed. That department of his consciousness no longer functioned. But why not frankly put it that he had become *immune*?

If due permeation with the scientific spirit can safeguard you against injurious atavistic attacks of belief in the occult, then every other phase of consciousness from which it equally safeguards you should equally rank as a sort of disease. Music and art and poetry, thought once to be essential ingredients of a full and rounded life; then indulgently regarded as we regard the non-essential dessert after the real meal,—must now be considered as relatively harmless manifestations of that disease which in its worse form is belief in the occult. Our minds should learn to busy themselves more and more exclusively with objective facts and consider these other activities as agreeable forms of dissipation, the desire for which we shall presently outgrow.

Perhaps no one has quite come to the point of *saying* that yet, though there must be plenty of specialists who would like to.

The question is, whether the general sense of the occult, leading to however strange and absurd concrete beliefs and practices, is not the response to a reality in nature, the most inclusive and important of all facts? And whether we are not therefore just as 'scientific' in cultivating it as in cultivating any of the strictly objective parts of nature?

What is, at root, this sense of the occult? Is it not the sense that behind all that is visible is the subjective invisible, to which our own subjectivity is akin? The feeling, clearest and most certain in our highest moments, and with the highest men never dimmed, that our consciousness is in touch with and derived from a greater consciousness beyond, the source of all the laws of nature and of our highest ideals and inspiration? That this outer life everywhere is the clothing and partial manifestation of another within it with which it is possible for us to come into conscious touch and whose powers are latent, awaiting their unfoldment, in us all?

Is it a disease to have that sense? Or is the disease the loss of it? For if the latter, then is "the present occult craze" a wayward sign of returning health, just as the return to health in a paralysed limb might be indicated by blind twitchings and kickings and gropings. Sign of disease or sign of health: everyone can take his choice. The point is, not to mix up the underlying intuition with the grotesque vagaries of belief and practice to which in various quarters it may be giving rise.



## THE ONE AND THE MANY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**N a review of a book on cytology, that branch of biology which deals with cells, we find a comment on certain changes of view which have been taking place on this subject. The cell has been regarded as the unit in biology, as the atom is the unit in chemistry; and organisms have been considered as aggregates built up from this unit. But now the tendency is to

“regard the organism as the individual, with a common life running through it all; and the cells, not as the units of which it is built up, but rather as parts into which it is divided in order to provide for the necessary division of labor involved in so complex a process as life.”

— *An Introduction to the Study of Cytology*, by L. Doncaster, SC. D., F. R. S.

The principle involved here seems important. Should we regard the whole as a synthesis of parts, or the parts as an analysis of the whole? Perhaps this would not matter, if we could be sure of accuracy in either method; but the liability of error is great. One may decompose water into oxygen and hydrogen; but, if we say that the water has yielded *nothing but* oxygen and hydrogen, we commit an error. The result of this error is seen when we try to reconstitute water out of the two gases; for we find that they produce merely a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen — unless something else is done. We had overlooked the fact that, in the decomposition, a thermal change took place; and a corresponding change is involved in the recombination. A certain vital force — call it heat or energy, or what you will — is concerned as an essential factor in the processes. Or take the case of a house and its component stones. There is an immense difference between a heap of stones and a house; and in order to make the one into the other, an *idea* is necessary — the plan in the mind of the builder. When we consider such a complex organism as an animal or human body, we realize still more strongly that the entire organism is something very much more than a mere assemblage or aggregate of its parts. The arithmetical rule of summation does not seem to apply in such cases. It does not apply everywhere even in chemistry; for two volumes of hydrogen plus one volume of oxygen produce only two volumes of steam. A mere addition, which will denote the mixture of two substances (say iron and sulphur), will not define what takes place when they combine and produce the compound sulphide of iron.

The difference between these two points of view has an important bearing on our ideas of evolution. If the entire man is the unit, and the

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parts of him are merely subordinate, then does it not seem to follow that the entire man was the beginning? Evolutionary theories have rather led us to the contrary view — that man is the final product, and that this culminating stage was preceded by many lesser stages during which the various parts functioned separately. Theosophy, as is well known, takes the view that man is a unit, and that his physical evolution is the unfolding of a plan which has existed before in entirety. In other words, physical man is constructed on the model of the divine or primordial man. In this view, anything which is incomplete or partial appears as a part of a whole.

Common sense would seem to require that everything which is produced should be produced according to a pre-existing type; but a certain school of speculation ignores, denies, or reverses this process. According to them, the plants and animals have been evolved by a sort of blind leap in the dark, and without any pre-existing plan. Or, reversing the order, they suggest that the type is the result and not the origin of the evolution. Theosophy, following common sense, maintains that the antetypes of all beings exist before those beings come into visible manifestation. Thus, when a particular plant is to be evolved, it is evolved according to a model which has pre-existed; the visible evolution of that plant is merely the process of clothing that model with matter, or of building a material form in accordance with the original design. Mind is prior to matter; and before anything can be created or evolved, there must be a plan or design in the mind of the architect or author. Thus the visible evolution of organic forms is the gradual and progressive expression of the mind of nature, bringing its thoughts into manifestation.

The germs of all growing things are invisible, beyond the ken of physical science. We may dissect the seed or the cell as much as we please in search of the real germ or ultimate unit, but it ever eludes us, and even the smallest microscopic speck we can find is still discovered to be complex and made up of parts. But there is nothing surprising in this: it merely amounts to saying that the source of physical matter is beyond physical matter itself — which is a truism.

The entire animal is a unit, an individual. Some savants have made themselves ridiculous by striving to represent the animal and his behavior as a mere mechanism actuated by its responses to external stimuli. One wonders what, in their opinion, is the precise difference between a living dog and a dead one. Look into the eyes of a living dog and you will see an individual; what you then see is not a mere result, a mere aggregate of parts, but a unit, a thing in itself. The dog is the one; his body is the many.

## THE ONE AND THE MANY

As said before, points of view which differ but little logically, may make much difference when applied to the solution of practical questions. Take the case of human nature. There are those who make man out to be a complicated bundle of functions and propensities, and dictate methods of treating him accordingly. We are all familiar with this kind of "psychology" in the magazines. It does not seem to occur to these philosophers that man himself may be a unit, an individual, able to rule over and cope with all these propensities. They are more concerned with trying to provide means by which the man can give play to these propensities and so escape the harm from bottling them up. Theosophy does not deny that human nature is complex; it *is* complex in its parts, in its details, in its functions; but all the same there is a unit-man, an individual, who is the sovereign lord of the whole — or should be so.

Have I, then — the Man — sprung from the cell, the amoeba, the *Urschleim*, or have I sprung from the original unit-Man, the prototype, the 'Heavenly Man' or primordial type of all humanity? Whatever may have been the biological history of the organism I use, I myself, the Individual, have sprung from no cell or seed or atom, but from an eternal uncreate essence. This is my ultimate unit, and the rest of me is parts and functions. The question of conduct for me is whether and to what extent I shall permit the parts and functions to sway the unit and individual, or whether and to what extent the individual shall rule the parts and functions. Am I the mere result or arithmetical sum of my propensities, or am I a king ruling over and wisely disposing of my propensities? Phrenology may get an idea of my character by examining the shape of my skull; but phrenology perforce admits that I can change the shape of my skull, and it will take interest in comparing my delineation of today with that of ten years ago to show the progress I have made. Freud may find out, with his machines, what my propensities are, but he does not know what I will do with them or what they may do with me.

Truly it is not the cell but the soul that is the unit — unless indeed we make cell and soul synonymous. What becomes of the water when it is decomposed into the gases? Where has it gone? Is this a frivolous question? Is it a verbal quibble? Not so. The physical element water is only a manifestation of the subtle element water; and the presence of this subtle element is essential to an assumption of the liquid state by any material elements. All that physical science can detect is a thermal change, an absorption or evolution of 'energy.'

H. P. Blavatsky points out in *The Secret Doctrine* that the word 'atom' had a different sense with many ancient philosophers from what it has with modern physicists. It meant much more what we are now indicating under the word 'soul.' Another word for the same idea is

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

'monad.' It expresses the unit or individual, which, entering into matter, creates there an organism, whether mineral, plant, or animal.

Mere arithmetic may mislead, but mathematics is a profound and all-embracing key to the universe. Should the number *one* be placed at the bottom or the top of the scale of numbers? Where does it come in the playing cards (derived from the ancient magical Tarots)? If, beginning with the triangle, you shall construct regular polygons with increasing number of sides, will you not, as you proceed to higher numbers, approach nearer and ever nearer to the circle itself, a figure bounded by *one* line? And there are those who see in a circle nothing more than a very large number of straight lines. Thus from mathematics we may learn to regard the whole as the real unit.

Simplicity is surely the lesson conveyed here. In the search for wisdom we try to pile up powers and abilities, riches of the mind, as though we aspired to become a vast and complicated machine, a huge congeries and assortment. The rule of simplicity says that we should seek rather to disencumber ourselves, and thus leave free the *One*, the Master of the mansion. Perchance the attainment of wisdom is not the piling up of possessions, riches of the mind and character, but the bringing forth into action of the real Self, he who is One, and at the same time All. Let us think of the One as being the primordial father of the Many, not as the evolutionary result or sum-total of the Many. Let us seek wisdom in simplicity rather than in complexity. Then what we bemoan as loss may perchance transform itself into gain, and the possessions we can no longer grasp may take with them in their flight our godspeed.



“He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery — is no Theosophist.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

“Friends, the struggle for the Eternal is not the daring deed, nor yet hundreds of them. It is the calm, unbroken forgetfulness of the lower self for all time. Begin it now on your present plane. You have within you the same guide that the Helpers of Humanity possess. By obeying it they have become what they are.”— W. Q. JUDGE

## AUTUMN LEAVES

R. MACHELL

### CHAPTER IV

**F**OR a moment Charles Appleby forgot that Withington was dead and stared at the visitor stupidly, but recovered himself in time, remembering what he had heard from Mrs. Mathers. This, then, was her fiancé, the highly respectable brother of the defunct rascal Withington: but to Appleby's imagination the two were one; he tried to disentangle them and failed, even when Mr. Mason introduced the visitor as Mr. Charlton who was staying at Framley Chase for a few days and wished to see something of the neighborhood. But Mr. Charlton seemed altogether unaware that he was visiting an old acquaintance who had small reason to welcome him with cordiality. Charles Appleby was so much embarrassed that his friend Mason noticed it and took it for an expression of annoyance at the intrusion. The evident unconsciousness of Mr. Charlton, however, saved the situation, and brought his host to a sense of his duties. Then Appleby made a heroic effort to accept this visitor at his 'face value' and to detach him in imagination from his disreputable prototype. He proposed a stroll through the grounds, and the good vicar was seized with a sudden desire to have a few words with the old gardener, who regarded him as an antagonist not altogether unworthy of his steel, though not as a philosopher with whom he could discuss the deeper problems of existence.

Mr. Charlton was full of admiration for the garden. "It is delightful," he said, "to get down here to this beautiful country away from London at this time of year. I am quite in love with Framley, and if I could tear myself away from London I think that I should choose this neighborhood to settle in."

"You are a true Londoner, I expect," said his host tentatively, "and would soon be tired of the country. One who has lived there all his life will find it hard to settle anywhere else."

"Oh, I am not so deeply rooted in the pavement of the great 'Metropolis' as that. I think that I could soon fall into country ways. You, I suppose, were born and bred here in this beautiful old place. I almost envy you. I thought myself fortunate to have an office looking out on Lincoln's Inn Fields and chambers in the Temple where I had a glimpse of trees and grass from my windows."

"Do lawyers ever look out at the trees and grass? I thought the only rustling leaves that interested them were leaves of parchment and paper."

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"Indeed, Mr. Appleby, you do us injustice; many noted lawyers have been poets in private life. I am not one of those gifted mortals, but life is full of strange contrasts and contradictions. Indeed I feel somewhat of an incongruity myself here in this peaceful scene where even the trees seem venerable and the green lawns ancestral. I hope I may be allowed to see the house: I have heard much of its typical character: besides I hope to be a more or less permanent visitor in the neighborhood,

if not actually a resident: no doubt Mr. Mason has told you of my good fortune."

He looked at Appleby so evidently in expectation of congratulation that his host felt forced to say something complimentary and appropriate. This would have been difficult a short time ago, but something had changed in him and now he found it almost an easy task to wish his visitor happiness in his matrimonial experiment, not that he called it an experiment. Just what he said he hardly knew, for the whole situation seemed to him so unnatural that he had difficulty in remembering that



he was entertaining a respectable old gentleman to whom the drama of his early days would seem a wild romance, no doubt, and yet this same old gentleman was the double of one of the leading characters in that drama. Still Appleby managed to say the right thing, and led the way to the house pointing out flowers and rare plants by the way.

The likeness of this quiet elderly lawyer to the gay dissolute Withington was extraordinary, and it seemed impossible for the master of Thorneycroft to disentangle them. The talk turned on travel, and Mr. Charlton explained that he was no traveler himself, though, as he said,

"I once made a journey to New Orleans to see my brother. I was in bad health at the time, but it seems his health was worse than mine, for he died there, and I came home all the better for my voyage: poor fellow, his life was not altogether a success. I never knew much about

## AUTUMN LEAVES

it, for, though we were twins, our tastes were very different. I was the stay-at-home of the family, he the wanderer, a strange fellow, restless and wild. I believe he spent most of his life in the gold-fields of California; but really I knew very little about him; in fact I did not inquire. It is sometimes perhaps kinder not to ask questions. There are so many family ghosts, and skeletons in private cupboards that are best left undisturbed. Life would be sweeter if people would only keep from stirring up the mud; do you not think so, Mr. Appleby?"

"I do indeed, but with some people memory is a kind of mud-hole that needs no stirring up; on the contrary, it will not keep still, the mud splashes up on their clothes, and hardens there before they can scrape it off. There is no need to stir that pool. There are things in it that never rest; it seems that they can neither sleep nor die and it is they that keep the mud moving."

The bitterness of the speaker seemed to surprise Mr. Charlton, but he made no comment on the unreasonable pessimism of a man who seemed favored by fortune in no ordinary degree.

Some time was spent inspecting the old house, and the visitor seemed quite delighted with everything. At last when they had come back to the library and sat down to smoke, Mr. Charlton broached the subject that he had at heart in making this call.

"Mr. Appleby, I think you must be wondering at my intrusion on your solitude; Mr. Mason has told me how much you dislike society, and you may be sure that it was not mere idle curiosity that brought me here today. You know that I am to be married shortly to Mrs. Mathers, whose late husband was a client of mine. He died some years ago leaving her with a daughter to care for and also with an estate sufficient for her requirements, which she has allowed me to administer on her behalf. Being by nature somewhat of a wanderer she never had a settled home; but when she saw her daughter growing up she felt that it was desirable in her interests to make a home for her, such as she would in time be naturally entitled to look for, that is when she marries: and also to place herself in a position to introduce her daughter properly into society. You will agree with me that such a wish is natural and indeed admirable; and I think that it is to this wish that I owe the honor she has done me in accepting my proposal. As I was saying, Mrs. Mathers has been a wanderer, and consequently has few friends in this country; and I have lived such a retired life that now I find myself almost as much alone in London as she is here in this rather exclusive country. Unfortunately, malicious tongues have circulated a rumor that she was divorced from her late husband, which is a pure fiction, as I well know, for I was appointed executor to his will, and have continued to administer

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the estate in behalf of his widow since his death. Partly on that account we both feel that it is desirable for her daughter's sake that our marriage should be celebrated, quietly of course, but in such a manner as not to look like an apology. There is no reason why a widow should not remarry; we have nothing to conceal; and certainly we are not a runaway couple hiding from the law. For that reason Mrs. Mathers decided, if possible, to be married at Easterby, hoping that some of the people whom she has met down here would accept her invitation to be present on the occasion. But, for some conscientious scruples too subtle for me to follow, Mr. Mason, the vicar, seems to object to officiate at the ceremony. If he persists in this unfortunate attitude I fear that public opinion will be seriously prejudiced against my client, that is to say against Mrs. Mathers, you understand. Now, although I am a stranger to you, I venture to ask your influence on our behalf. I know that the vicar has a great respect for your opinion, and I feel sure that you are too generous and broad-minded to see anything improper in the marriage of a lady who is no mere child with a man of my years who yet is not in his dotage. I admit there is a certain discrepancy in our ages, but it is on the right side. And I venture to think that there would be fewer divorces and less general unhappiness in the world if people were more often to defer matrimony until they had some experience of life. Are you not of my opinion?"

The frank and simple manner of the man appealed to Charles Appleby and won his sympathy. It was evident that Mrs. Mathers had not told him all: what woman does in such a case? He really felt sorry for this Mr. Charlton who was so strangely reminiscent of the unscrupulous Withington of former days. In answer to the question he could honestly reply, "Certainly, I quite agree with you. But really I am most unwilling to interfere in such a matter. Besides, Mr. Mason is as obstinate as — well, as such men are, you know: and I think he only respects my opinion when it happens to agree with his own judgment. Why not be married in London?"

"That is just what I proposed; but Mrs. Mathers would not hear of it. She seems to think that the approval of the county people is necessary to give our marriage the stamp of orthodox respectability. As you may well imagine, a woman of her attractiveness has many enemies of her own sex, and here, as elsewhere, such jealousy will make itself felt, unless the victim is protected by popular approval. Now that is one reason why I am anxious for your support, Mr. Appleby. You are unmarried. Furthermore, you are, I believe, almost a stranger to Mrs. Mathers, and no one would suggest that you were under the spell of her beauty or were influenced by personal motives. If you could persuade



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the vicar to relent, and if you yourself would consent to be present as a friend at the wedding and give us the support that it seems is not to be expected from those who, I venture to say, should have been the first to come forward, I think that all our difficulties would disappear. Will you help us, Mr. Appleby? Of course the marriage will be private; that is to say there will be no attempt at a reception or banquet or anything of the sort. Though of course the privacy will be merely nominal, for gossip is a far more efficient news-agent than the newspapers themselves."

Appleby laughed and was disarmed; it seemed useless to protest against being drawn into the web of this woman's destiny. They two were but threads in the tapestry of Time; why should he trouble about the pattern, since he was not the designer of it? He shrugged his shoulders and laughed sardonically at himself as he answered:

"Really, Mr. Charlton, this is about the last thing in the world that I should have expected to be called upon to undertake. Moreover, I confess myself somewhat skeptical as to the possibility of a happy marriage. Still, that is not my affair, and indeed I feel that the large experience of human nature that must have come to you as the result of a long legal career, is more than enough to discharge me from any responsibility in the matter. Without offense, I hope I may say that you are old enough to judge for yourself. It certainly would be ungenerous to allow my personal theories and prejudices to hinder me from doing what you wish."

Mr. Charlton rose and shook his host's hand with considerable warmth, saying:

"I thank you, Mr. Appleby, with all my heart. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness; all the more in that I understand, to some extent at least, your personal dislike to taking part in any kind of ceremony or function. I can assure you we shall both be more than grateful to you for so generously doing violence to your own feelings out of consideration for people who have so little right to ask it."

Appleby was evidently embarrassed by this speech, but turned it off with a compliment, that had more point in it than mere politeness; for looking his visitor in the eyes, he said:

"I think Mrs. Mathers is to be congratulated on her choice of a husband, and I must ask you to express to her my hope that the future may be so bright as to obliterate the past. You see I am a cynic, who cannot remember that other people may have no bitter past to overshadow their present and to cloud the future. Mr. Charlton, I wish you happiness. As to Mr. Mason's objection, I daresay he will change his mind; he is too good-hearted to let any personal feelings of his own

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interfere with the discharge of his duty either as a man or as a clergyman. Leave him to me. Good-bye."

Mr. Charlton did not wait for the vicar, but drove away alone, evidently too full of his own affairs to think of the parson except in his official capacity. The coachman took note of his absent-mindedness as well as of his evident good humor, and drew his own conclusions, which would soon be going the round of the village in the shape of fashionable gossip. And Charles Appleby returned to the garden to find the vicar mildly submitting to a homily from the gardener upon the subject of tolerance and man's brotherhood with nature, and other doctrines hardly compatible with the strict orthodoxy of the clergyman, but which appealed to the large heart of the little man.

As the master of Thorneycroft strolled across the lawn his mind reverted to the old days when he had known Withington in California, when gold was in the air, and the gold-fever was in the blood of even the least imaginative. Withington was the first acquaintance that he made on his arrival in San Francisco, and with him was a younger man who called himself de Leuville; later on he was Vauclerc; and these two new acquaintances had proved themselves admirable cicerones on the road to ruin. It would have been hard for either of them to say how many new-comers they had thus piloted to their destruction and abandoned in the moral swamps that border the path of the adventurer, as they two gathered in the spoils and laughed at the folly of their victims. They were a couple of costly instructors, and Appleby had paid dearly for his experience.

He had been captivated by the frankness of manner that made Withington so dangerous to younger men; and it was this same quality in the respectable twin-brother Charlton that had again disarmed the man who thought himself invulnerable in his cynicism.

It was through Withington that he had first met the woman who eventually completed the work of ruin that the two confederates had so well begun: but that was later, when her father died. He also was a friend of Withington's, a clever rascal with a variety of talents, which enabled him to turn his hand to anything; and with a complete lack of principle that crowned all his cleverness with failure. And she his daughter, loved and spoiled by such a father, was worthy of her parentage, a born adventuress, with no more morality than she had been able to pick up at random from the novels she had read, and from her father's strange associates, the most intimate of whom was Withington. Reckless as she was, wild and ambitious, impulsive and unscrupulous; it would have been hard to say what possibilities of good or evil might be hidden in a heart so uncontrolled and so undisciplined. Her craving for admiration

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was insatiable and called into play powers of fascination that most men found irresistible.

Charles Appleby had succumbed at sight, and she had looked on him as an opportunity provided by Fate for her salvation from pecuniary embarrassment. She was left almost penniless at her father's death, and naturally accepted the offer of marriage of the only one of her admirers who could provide for her in a fashion at all adequate to her tastes. At that moment he was in funds, for his father had died just as a substantial legacy had come into his hands, and the dying man had bequeathed it to his son Charles, regretfully reflecting on the pleasure he could have got out of it himself, if fate had given him the chance to spend it as he knew how. He was a right royal spendthrift, and if young Charles lacked any of his father's talent in that direction his wife more than made up for his deficiency; and they two traveled the road to ruin at full speed and in most undesirable company. Soon disillusionment set in; and after that suspicions of his wife, with jealousy and mutual recriminations. And with it all as an accompaniment went drink and gambling and quarrels with the men that followed her unceasingly. Then came the inevitable divorce; and then more drunkenness; and one night delirium, and a wild brawl; and then oblivion. When the awakening came he found himself charged with a murder of which he knew nothing and could give no account. Appearances were damning and he was convicted. So the prison closed upon him, where he met men with many aliases — some men like himself who scarce knew how they came there, and others who knew it all: they fared the best. Vauclerc was one of these. He was discharged along with Appleby when another man confessed to the crime of which he, Charles Appleby, had been convicted, and in which Vauclerc was implicated. After that a real awakening took place and an attempt to free himself from all his old associates. But Vauclerc kept turning up unexpectedly right in his path, until he came to look upon the man as some sort of a kinsman in evil, a kind of degraded 'alter ego,' who could not be got rid of till he himself was wholly purged of the vices that they shared in common. So began the long struggle to remake his life. Then came his inheritance of Thorneycroft and his return to England.

For a time it seemed as if Fate really meant to give him a fresh start. It seemed as if the ties that bound him to the past were broken when he crossed the ocean and came back to his old home as master. So he had settled down to a life of quiet usefulness and unostentatious service to the residents on his estate and to the parish generally.

His life indeed seemed to his imagination not unlike the ruined abbey there by the entrance to the garden, all overgrown with ivy and half

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

hidden by the trees, as if they sought to mask its desolation and beautify what still remained as record of the tragedy that marked its fall.

But gradually he had been forced to realize that though the ruin of his life was hidden by an overgrowth of affluent respectability and veiled from general observation, it yet was easily discoverable for those who might have reason to investigate its history; and that after all the world is a small place for a man to hide in.

He also discovered that although a man may forget the past, it does not forget him. So from time to time there came into his sphere of action people and things that served to recall what he would have wished buried forever out of sight. Still no one had come upon the scene who had known him well enough to identify the dissolute youth of those dark days with the respected master of Thorneycroft; not till this woman came and settled herself at Framley. That was the opening of a door that he thought closed; and now unwelcome visitors were free to enter unhindered into the sanctuary of his retreat, like ghosts from the past that show themselves as soon as the doorway of the night is opened between the abode of men and the abysses of the underworld.

It seemed to him the present and the past were like the daylight and the dark, the world of men and the domain of ghosts; and he resented the appearance of a ghost in the broad light of day.

This last-comer, if not himself a ghost, was haunted by one, one of the undying dead, whose business seems to be to keep that door ajar, which were far better closed and barred.

When Appleby had seen him coming across the lawn as if he actually came from the ruined abbey, that emblem of the past, he had fantastically imagined that this respectable gentleman was but a reincarnation of the depraved and dissolute Withington. It seemed therefore quite natural that Charlton and Mrs. Mathers should be so intimately associated and that he should not be able to cut himself free from the bonds of fate that linked them all together. His sense of justice revolted at the malignancy of destiny.

Why should these people haunt him? How had he injured them? What had he done to bind them to him? Why could he not shake them off? They had done him immeasurable wrong. Was that a claim on him? He had not sought revenge nor justice, all that he asked was freedom to forget. Why should they cling to him? Was it involuntary on their part too, this partnership? Were they all bound together unwillingly by some superior power he did not recognise? What was the link? Theosophists would call it Karma, and would refer him to some former life to find its origin: a reasonable theory, no doubt, but still

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a theory. Appleby was too pessimistic at this time to be able to accept so obvious an answer to his questions.

Still pondering on the uncanny ways of fate, he came upon the disputants, if that could be called a dispute that was no more than a monolog, for Watson was evidently having it all his own way. The parson, overwhelmed with the torrent of the old man's eloquence, turned gladly for relief to his friend, forgetting for the moment his own offense against the unwritten law, that shut the doors of Thorneycroft to all uninvited visitors.

Appleby, however, seemed no way resentful and called out to him: "Come away, Mason, or your orthodoxy will be contaminated: besides I want to talk to you; come and keep me company at luncheon: your friend Mr. Charlton has gone off without you."

Mr. Mason protested: "He is no friend of mine. I hardly know him."

The tone was not enthusiastic, and Appleby wondered if after all his friend were not perhaps jealous of a successful rival. He tried to draw him out, but failed. So the matter dropped, and parish matters were discussed as earnestly as if the fate of nations hung on their decision.



"THE world seeks for and requires a practical illustration of the possibility of developing a higher type of humanity, and an opportunity for this now presents itself. All who have the welfare of the world's children truly at heart can hasten the day of better things eagerly sought for by so many. Valuable efforts are often hindered and the work which lies closest at hand may suffer neglect and be overcome in confusion by indulging in useless speculation. To accomplish the great purpose in view, unity and harmony are absolutely essential. When these conditions are established everything is possible. The co-operation of all who undertake the work of teaching children will bring about greater results than are now conceivable. . . . Seeing that the children of today will be the men and women of the future, the great importance of this work surely cannot be overestimated. Only by wise teaching, by training and self-reliance, self-discipline, concentration, and a recognition of the power of silence, can the lower qualities of the nature be overcome and the highest be developed, so that the children who are brought in touch with this Movement shall in their turn become practical workers for humanity. One of the great objects must be to bring home to their minds the old, old teaching that they are immortal souls, not divorced from beneficent Nature, but in deed and in truth a part of it."

— *Katherine Tingley*

## GIVE ME BUT THESE

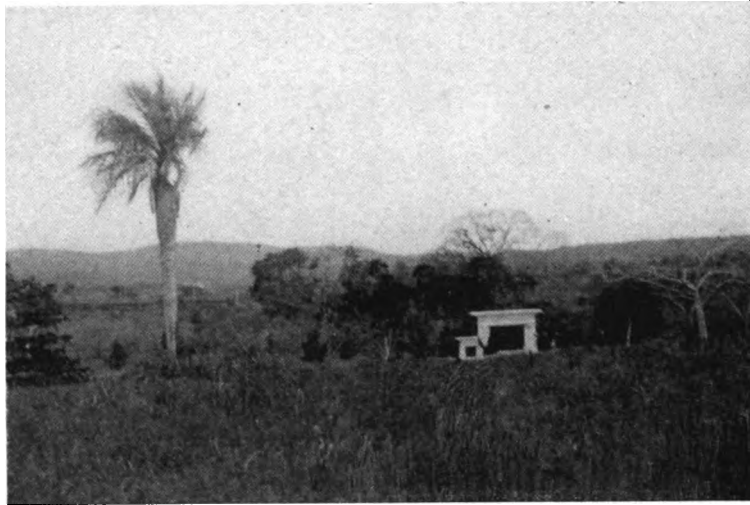
FRANCIS MARSHAL PIERCE

GIVE me wide fields of wavy grain and grass,  
And running brooks through mellow meadows green;  
The far wood-trails where shadows come and pass;  
The hillside forest — in its ample screen  
To rest my weariness and find true peace:  
The prattle of the leaves when winds increase,  
Their voice concerted with the ocean's tone,  
And let me rest with these and Thee alone.

Nor take from me the sunshine in the air,  
Nor songs of birds nor chorals of the night —  
In walled confines as in some darksome lair.  
Give me to romp with friends in pure delight  
Beneath the sun and starry Milky Way —  
A royal comradeship in loyal play.  
With these of earth and sky I'm wholly blest,  
And reckless fall in sleep by Nature prest.

Nor there disturb me if within its keep  
Is fondly turned to soil my richened clod,  
My easy body draped for aye to sleep  
In ministry of Nature and its God;  
While I go freely winging through the fields  
I love, of grassy lawns and fruitful yields;  
Given my soul to God — out everywhere  
In fairer woodlands, fields, and skies, to fare.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) GLIMPSE OF THE ENTRANCE TO  
KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ESTATE AT SAN JUAN HILL,  
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

View from top of the hill; the most improved part of the estate  
is to the left, out of the picture.

(BELOW) ALONG THE SAN JUAN RIVER  
ON KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ESTATE



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) U. S. GOVERNMENT MORTARS ON TOP  
OF 'KETTLE HILL'

Commemorative of the battle of San Juan Hill, which virtually  
ended the Spanish-American War and assured Cuba of her  
political independence.

(BELOW) REMAINS OF A *BOHIO* OR NATIVE  
THATCHED-ROOF HUT ON 'KETTLE HILL,'  
PART OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ESTATE





F. J. Dick, *Editor*

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

### THE MORAL RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBA

EXTEMPORANEOUS ADDRESS DELIVERED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY AT VISTA ALEGRE THEATER, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, MARCH 22, 1920

**F**RRIENDS: I am indeed in an embarrassing position, arising from the fact that I am unacquainted with your beautiful language. But because I am deeply interested in the welfare of Cuba and its people, and particularly in the youth of your country, I have dared to presume to speak to you in English and ask your patience and your most gracious consideration of my efforts, until my words are translated into Spanish.

You should know that over twenty years ago, just before the ending of the Spanish-American War, I found myself very much in sympathy with the Cuban people on account of their sufferings and their struggle for freedom; and I made very strenuous efforts to reach your country with supplies, medicines, clothing, and everything that was needed to relieve your immediate distress. It was through the assistance of President McKinley and General Joseph Wheeler that I came here to Santiago with my staff of workers, physicians, and supplies, on a United States transport. As I recall, it was only a few weeks afterwards that peace was declared. It was at this time that the Cuban people won a place in my heart, which they have held ever since.

Later it was my privilege to establish Râja-Yoga Schools in Santiago, in Santa Clara, and in Pinar del Río, and to afford free education at the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma to about seventy suffering Cuban children from Santiago. Our schools in Cuba would still be open if it had not been for the revolutions which caused such great consternation. But I have never given up the idea of establishing this work again, first and foremost a Râja-Yoga Day-School on my San Juan Hill Estate; and it is my hope that I shall be able to return in the course of a year and open this day-school.

Considering my subject, 'The Moral Reconstruction of Cuba,' I fully realize that the Cuban people have shown what mental will, energy, perseverance and patriotism can do for one's country. Your beloved Island is

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now in a certain sense free from deplorable conditions imposed upon its people by your war for independence — free in so many ways, that you must naturally rejoice in the fact. But this is not enough. I am confident, as an educator and with my belief in the Divinity of Man and his continuous advance as a soul, and further, from my belief in the eternal verities that govern man — in the Omnipresent, All-Powerful Deity, the Supreme, in the Infinite Law,— that there is much yet to be done in Cuba before we can see the true spirit of unity and brotherhood manifested in daily life.

I well know the love of progress and the force of aspirations already manifest. I feel that each year will add to the conceptions of the true meaning of freedom and of patriotism, and that the Cuban people will slowly and surely establish and support the new standards of morals which are found in the true principles of Theosophy — the Wisdom-Religion. All will surely agree with me that no country is free until its people have found themselves in the truest sense — until through self-directed evolution they are evolving a grander dignity of manhood and womanhood.

No matter how great one's scholastic knowledge, or how much wealth or prominence he has attained, or how superb his intellect — without the knowledge of his divinity he is yet in the shadows of ignorance and is only half living. For one to build truly the individual character, the home-life, and the life of the nation, one must find in the inmost chambers of his heart even higher aspirations than are his at present.

Be encouraged with the words of Jesus, the Nazarene, who taught that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. So teaches Theosophy — that the knowledge of these things which are great mysteries to man, can be discovered and explained through one's own effort. And in doing this, one finds a new interpretation of life.

False teachings in regard to the meaning of death have been one of the great stumbling-blocks in the life of humanity. Once this is cleared away, there must come higher aspiration, greater effort, and deeper understanding; which will tend to unite the people of Cuba so that they may move on progressively, basing their beliefs and knowledge on a solid foundation of Truth.

Theosophy teaches the doctrine of Reincarnation — a glorious, optimistic, and inspiring message, which in its virility and power will be a glad note in the reconstructive life of Cuba. Why should inquiring minds run away from this doctrine — that man shall live not one life only on earth, or two, but many? It is the false teachings of the past in regard to religion that have been ingrained into human minds, that keep them from seeing the reality of this great principle.

Man is said to be the highest expression of life. And if we can take a larger view of the meaning of life, we can see the superb justice manifest in this splendid doctrine of Reincarnation; for it gives the soul of man new opportunities at every turn. One life is incomplete, so there is another chance; for when the soul throws off the tired mantle of flesh, it then moves on to another condition, more free, where it rests in the Arms of the Infinite, so to speak; and under the benign direction of the Infinite Law it again seeks

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new experiences on earth, that it may further evolve its aspirations and opportunities. Thus it goes on from life to life, until it reaches the goal of perfection. It only requires a new view of this great question of death, and a larger trust in the infinite laws, for one to find oneself on a path of joyous endeavor and superb hope.

It is to be expected that when a new idea is presented to the human mind, there arise rebellion, argument, contradictions, doubts, and questionings — no end of cross-purposes that spring up to block the path of the soul. But with the divine motive of perfection in the soul it moves on and overcomes, and enters into the eternal life, conscious all the time of its divinity.

The Cuban people have at present the same obstacles to meet that all others have, who have been tied to dogmas and creeds. It is the heritage of the ages; for man has been taught not to think deeply, not to trust in the truest sense, not to look with certainty beyond the one life on earth. He has also been held in the bondage of the dogma that man is born in sin. This obstacle passes out of sight when one enters into the study of Theosophy and finds the key to the possibilities of the future.

Another obstacle that ever stands in the way of the progress of the people of a nation is fear. Fear kills out the heart-life and the highest sentiments. It limits the power of imagination and obstructs the path of the real man — the immortal man, the one who seeks ever to mount the ladder of knowledge. The teachings of Theosophy dispel fear and bring trust and hope. They urge man to go through life unafraid, conscious that he is a part of the great Universal Laws of Life.

Once the serious and sacred subject of death is understood from a Theosophical standpoint it will be impossible to accept the idea that our loved ones who pass on to the higher life return to communicate with us on the material plane. This would be retrogression for the soul, and would bring no permanent benefits, but rather would leave the mind of the mourner with more unrest, more confusion, more doubt; for a little knowledge is dangerous. One of the greatest obstacles and one of the most subtle menaces in the way of the people of Cuba, and indeed of the people of all countries, is this idea that is stirring so many emotional minds, that our loved ones return to earth to communicate with us on the outer plane. Let me assure you this is a serious mistake which must interfere with the moral progress and the highest interests of your people and country. There are many very splendid and well-meaning people accepting this idea of spirit-return; but they are being imposed upon; and in the course of time, if they enter into it in the spirit that I have seen many do since I have come to Santiago, they must face the results that will lead to an abnormal state of mind and ultimately wreck their intellects. I would urge the parents present to see to it that their children are kept away from these erroneous teachings; for the children, being more sensitive than adults, would be more quickly affected to their detriment.

Death, or rebirth to the Theosophist, is simply the throwing off of the tired body of flesh, which is material and belongs to the earth-plane. The real man is the soul that goes on working in consonance with the infinite

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laws, until it rests for a time; and later it gravitates, through the very evolution of its aspirations and needs, to another earth-life, that it may learn more lessons, enter a new school of experience; that it may profit by the mistakes of the past and more understandingly prepare for further efforts. These teachings are so simple and so sensible and so just! How can one ignore them?

It is not difficult for us to believe that there are millions and millions of stars in the heavens that we have never seen; that there are millions of worlds that have yet to be discovered. And so one should not hesitate in investigating this new field of thought, which is as old as the ages, realizing that there is an endless amount of knowledge ahead for those who seek it; and that there is a richer and fuller conception of life to be attained.

Let me reason with you a little, in sympathy with your heartaches and your yearnings. Believe me, you who have ever held in your lives great ideals and heart-yearnings for better things, that these could not exist if there were not answers to them in the progress of the soul. Many things that are mirrored in your heart and yet remain unanswered, will come to you as you advance along the path of self-endeavor for a purer, nobler, sweeter, and broader life. You will find through the law of self-evolution that each day and year will add to the dignity of your characters and to the honor of your homes and your country. Yes, to live the clean, straight, pure life, in infinite trust in the compassionate laws that would lead you on, means peace of mind and rest of all the senses.

Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion that Madame Blavatsky brought to the Western World, has a sacred message. It gives the key to the real solution of the problems of moral reconstruction. But it requires study and effort to understand and apply the knowledge offered by Theosophy. You all know that one cannot acquire the knowledge of the languages without study; you know that our great master-musicians never reached the height of their splendid power by simply thinking about music or by studying the theory alone. They practised music! And so it is with the artist, the painter. He may have his ideals, he may have his beautiful conceptions; but unless he takes his brush and practises, he never realizes the possibilities that his heart yearns for. He must first be master of himself and of his brush.

And so it is with all of us. If we are to know the truth we must seek it, dare to reach it; and once we have found it, we must practise it, *live* it. This is the secret! Live it! Live it for the sake of your souls! Live it for the sake of your children! Live it for the sake of the moral reconstruction of your country!

The Theosophical interpretation of Christ, the man, the brother, the friend, and the spiritual helper, is far more satisfying to the human heart and mind than is the usual ecclesiastical dogma. We acknowledge that Christ was a great Spiritual Teacher; yet we maintain that in the beginning he possessed the same divine qualities that other men have, but that through his aspirations and his love of humanity he found the knowledge, the key that led him along the path of Reincarnation in superb efforts for self-purification. He is called by Theosophists an Initiate — one far advanced,

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because of his many incarnations,— a Teacher and a lover of all that breathes. When his disciples wondered at the marvelous things that he did, he said to them: "Even greater things than these shall ye do." This was not said only for those who listened to him, but for all who followed after, in later generations.

Dare to think enough on this subject and to view it from all standpoints; and you will find that it is much more rational and easier for you to accept the idea that Jesus, the great Benefactor of the world's children, was born like all men, under the same conditions of natural law, and that he had grown rich in experience, in love, and in character, than to accept the old church dogma. Far more sensible, surely, is this teaching than for you to have the idea that Christ was especially divine, that he was not born like other men. Such a belief creates a great gulf between Jesus and poor humanity. But what a close, intimate, rational, and brotherly spirit there is found in the idea that he, the great exemplar of purity and truth, gained his victory in spiritual knowledge through his own effort in successive incarnations, just as we can do! What a noble example! And we all have the same privilege that he had.

When you can accept this philosophy and can make it a living power in your lives, you will find that another great obstacle has been removed from the path of the moral reconstruction of your country. Is it difficult for you to believe that man was placed on this earth-plane of effort for great purposes? As the personal man apparently has nothing to do with his coming and nothing to do with his going, this alone should make one easily accept the existence of hidden and infinite laws governing human life. These are mysteries to many, but Theosophy lifts the veil and makes clear the meaning of what seems the injustice of life.

All will admit that it is difficult to find any human beings in this world of ours who are satisfied. Everywhere one sees increasing dissatisfaction, unrest, confusion, doubt, hopelessness, and everything that is contrary to the real life as it should be lived. And this has all come about because from childhood you have, through fear and doubt, lost faith in yourselves, and you naturally have little faith in your fellows.

In considering the question of the moral reconstruction of Cuba, let us not overlook the children. We should all feel a deep urge to work for them, that their path may be a brighter one than ours has been, that we may help them to base their lives on the foundation of spiritual truth by removing many of the obstacles that block their path. Thus you will build a great future for the real life of your country, for the true moral reconstruction of Cuba.

## VISITING NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST ENTERTAINED AT POINT LOMA

**M**ORE than five hundred members of the Native Sons of the Golden West, which held its 42nd annual convention in San Diego, with Headquarters at the U. S. Grant Hotel, visited the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma on April 20th. As the long line of automobiles wound up the avenues of the Headquarters, they were welcomed by the Râja-Yoga College Band. Later, the guests were shown the interior of the Temple of Peace and the Râja-Yoga Academy, and took seats in the Greek Theater for a short program. Montague Machell gave an address of welcome and Iverson L. Harris, Jr., spoke upon 'The Spirit of Lomaland,' as follows:

"FRIENDS: To many of you have probably occurred the questions: 'What is behind this work here? What is the incentive that draws people from all walks of life to come here and live and devote their talents or their labor to the furtherance of a Cause like this? What inspired it? What sustains it? And what assurance have you for its future?' I will attempt briefly to answer these questions in as satisfactory a manner as the short time and my limited vision will permit.

"Behind this work is the spirit of '49 sublimated to the realm of morals and ideals. The daring California pioneers crossed the trackless deserts in search of gold. Here the representatives of some twenty-six nations have gathered from all parts of the globe to find the riches of the spirit. Fremont and other pathfinders blazed the trail that led to Sutter's saw-mill and the golden sands of the Sacramento River. Katherine Tingley has opened the way for those who aspire to spiritual knowledge and a life of lasting service to Humanity, to cast their lot with the little band of pioneers, who are striving here in Lomaland to show the world what can be accomplished when altruism takes the place of selfishness, and when a Spiritual Teacher translates into the actual business of daily life the age-old precepts of Jesus, of Buddha, of Confucius, and of the illuminated Sages of all times.

"No one will ever understand or appreciate the Spirit of the Work in Lomaland, who regards man as nothing more than a thinking animal. No one will ever understand or appreciate the Leader and Teacher who is principally responsible for this work here, who has not in him that which can respond to something more than a desire for personal gain. The members of this Brotherhood accept no remuneration for their services, for the same reason that teachers of Bushido in old Japan accepted no payment from the Samurai — not because their services were valueless, but because they were invaluable.

"There is not a student on this Hill, old or young, who has not received from Katherine Tingley untold treasures of the spirit, which are open to every single human being in this world, if he will only ask for them. We

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have asked and we have received. The greatest tribute that a real Teacher asks is that the pupil shall profit by the lessons taught. We are striving here in Lomaland to profit by the lessons which the three great Leaders of the modern Theosophical Movement, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, have taught us. And as an expression of our gratitude we strive to pay back in kind.

"What is Theosophy? It is not easy to tell you in a few words what Theosophy is. We have no creeds or dogmas, and the motto of our Society is, 'There is no Religion higher than Truth.' Certain facets of truth are beautifully shown in the following quotation from instructions which H. P. Blavatsky gave or transmitted to her disciples:

"Behold the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in, and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.'

"In the opening paragraph of his illuminating work called *The Ocean of Theosophy*, William Q. Judge says:

"Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.'

"To sum up: back of this Institution is the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, brought to the Western World in modern times by H. P. Blavatsky, preserved, interpreted, and disseminated by her Successor, William Q. Judge, and now translated, as already mentioned, into the practical problems of education, of sociology, of criminology, and of economics, by Katherine Tingley.

"What sustains this Institution is the Leadership of Katherine Tingley and the devoted allegiance of aspiring unselfish helpers. Our assurance for the future rests on the fundamental truths of Theosophy as a basic philosophy of life; and on the fact that the constitution of our Organization gives the power to our Leader and Official Head to name her own Successor. As we have learned to trust to the wisdom of her guidance now, reason tells us that she will exercise that same wisdom in the choice of her Successor. 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,' — and Katherine Tingley and her helpers are working in consonance with the Divine Law, and the Divine Law will not desert us.

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"When the Spirit of Lomaland shall have permeated the consciousness of this country of ours, the conflicts now raging and threatening to rage throughout the land through selfishness represented on the one hand by the spirit of profiteering, and on the other hand by the spirit of disintegration, will find the doors of our souls barred against them; and we shall stand a better chance than we do today of fulfilling our destiny as the birthplace of a new race."

A selection by the Rāja-Yoga Band closed the Greek Theater program. The guests were then escorted through beautiful Pepper Avenue, which is ordinarily closed to the public on account of the school-work, and back to the Academy and Temple, where the cars were parked several tiers deep. As the automobiles whirled away, the singing of fresh young voices floated down from the parapet of the Temple of Peace, insuring fragrant memories of an hour in what many termed "another world."

### SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES AT ISIS THEATER

**K**ENNETH MORRIS, 'the Welsh poet of Lomaland,' spoke at Isis Theater on April 11th upon 'Reincarnation: One Life is Not Enough.' He said in part:

"The grand deeds of the heroes, the flaming strictures of the prophets, the loftiest visions of the poets, the long self-sacrifice of unknown and humble people: the funeral pyre of Joan; the Cross on Calvary; Caucasus, and its

**Man — Teacher,** Titan chained there; a Buddha, with a heart large enough to enwrap in its burning compassion all sentient existence; a Confucius, with infinite courage  
**Prophet, Hero,**  
**Martyr, and Angel** pitting his ideal of a regenerated humanity against the world and the time and years on years of inevitable, piteous failure — nobility to shame any gods or archangels that we can imagine; sublimity more wonderful than that of a night of stars — all these things are Man, and some of the elements of which he is compounded. It shows us how enormous is the scope of human nature; what infinities of possibilities lie within it, what unimaginable heights there are to climb. The poles of good and evil are within.

"The Buddhas, Confuciuses, Platos, Nazarenes — they, too, were human. That they contacted, the divinest of them, the lower side of human nature within themselves, is assured us in the legends told of them, in stories of the temptations beneath the Bo tree, or in the wilderness. Their greatness consisted in the fact that they had conquered all that evil; the difference between them and us lies in the fact that they had discovered the highest peaks of human nature within themselves, and fought their way to those peaks, and achieved dwelling on them habitually; whereas we are content to potter about in the middle and trivial spheres of our being. But those



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peaks are necessarily within us, too, and we might reach them. Their lives show us what human stuff may be wrought into; their words were all directed to showing us how to do it. How could they have become what they were unless they had had many lives in which to work up to it? How can we become such as they were unless we have many lives in which to work up to it? Reincarnation supplies the only possible solution of the riddle of life. This earth is the field of our agelong adventure. Consider that there is a Divine Economy in the scheme of things, which uses a man-bearing planet for all it is worth, and provides it as a school for souls, which none shall leave until he has learnt all the lessons taught there. Reincarnation reduces what seemed a cruel chaos into a beautiful cosmos of law and order."

'Questions That Are Asked Us,' was the subject of an address at the Isis Theater on April 18th by Mrs. E. M. S. Fite of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. She said in part:

"There are really no new answers to be given to the thousand and more questions asked Theosophists. Answers to all and every type of question have been given many times and by the ablest exponents of Theosophy, but as with the school-teacher having constantly new children to instruct, so with the Theosophist: the questions continue from ever-recurring new sources, from all types of mind in all walks of life, and from persons in all stages of doubt and uncertainty as to the meaning of life and death. By these questions relative to the real issues of life, which are asked of Theosophists daily, one is forced to the conclusion that life, as lived today and experienced by the mass of humanity, is but a surface life, and that mankind exists on the outside of a shell which to him is empty of realities. This being the case, one naturally realizes the serious import of such questions, and that the answers called for must have truth for their foundation.

"The student can glean from books, but the majority of men are not students of books, and base their beliefs and precepts of action upon example; hence the tremendous responsibility laid upon the exponents of any and all altruistic teachings: that they live what they preach. The present chaotic state of the world is due to failure in this requirement. The sublime teachings of Jesus, except in individual instances, are not practised; and His teachings are identical in essence with those of the other great World-Teachers who lived prior to him. H. P. Blavatsky, the World-Messenger of the nineteenth century, did not claim to bring something new when she gave out to the world the Wisdom-Religion known as Theosophy. She but revived the ancient teachings, although in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, she did publish to the world more of the inner or esoteric teachings than had been given out publicly before, as the time had come when this could be done. To one who truly wishes to know the laws governing his being, the study of Theosophy brings an understanding, a peace and joy comparable to nothing which the study of half-truths can offer. Only the Realities are worth the effort of the seeking soul."

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Professor C. J. Ryan of the faculty of the School of Antiquity at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, lectured at Isis Theater on April 25th upon 'The Search for Wisdom.' Commenting on this from a Theosophical standpoint he said, in part:

**Broader Views of** "Transition is the characteristic of the age. All  
**World-Religions** around us there is an accentuation of change, in the  
**Gaining Ground** political, the religious, and the scientific worlds.  
Religious dogmas are being so greatly modified that the creed-makers would not recognise them; philosophies based upon scientific grounds are being rewritten in accordance with the new, revolutionary discoveries. Many things formerly considered settled are now in the melting-pot. A broader impression is growing that all the great world-religions contain spiritual truths expressed in forms suitable to their particular followers. From quite unexpected sources one hears that there is only one religion in reality. You may call the common or universal sense of spiritual order in the universe by any name you please; we call it Theosophy, an ancient name meaning Divine Wisdom, and used in old times in exactly the same sense in which I am using it on this Theosophical platform.

"We declare that the key to the real meaning of the Bible, the Lost Word, is to be found in Theosophy. Is this too startling a claim? The Theosophical interpretation is not dogmatic; it does not presume to place one religion on a pinnacle and debase the rest; but in all the world-religions it reveals the same fundamental verities, the healing waters of life. The simple truths of Universal Brotherhood, the higher and lower natures in man, the laws of justice, reincarnation, the existence of great spiritual teachers little known to the world, are in them all, and those who wish to learn can learn.

"The essential point in respect to the search for wisdom is that sincere efforts to control the lower nature and lead the life of brotherhood cause the light of the true self to shine through the covers of the soul, precisely as the sunshine begins to stream into a neglected room when the cobwebs are brushed from the windows. It is our duty to spiritualize the present. It is here and now that we have the grand opportunity of finding our spiritual strength in the conflict with material temptation."

'The Phenomenal Growth of Theosophy' was the subject of an address by R. W. Machell of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, at the Isis Theater on May 2nd. He said in part:

"There was a time when Theosophy was entirely unknown to Americans as well as Europeans; when only a few scholars had heard of the word and knew its significance, and of these not one, perhaps, regarded it as anything more than a lost and forgotten system of philosophy. Then came Mme.

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**H. P. Blavatsky, the Modern Pioneer of Theosophy** Blavatsky, and startled the materialistic world and the world that considered itself educated, by the assertion that Theosophy was a live issue, in fact, the only live issue in the world-field of religions and philosophies. The new society grew stronger, and before her death Mme. Blavatsky saw the word Theosophy in all cultivated circles and the principal teachings of the new movement accepted by thousands on two continents.

"The teachings of Theosophy are spreading rapidly because they meet the demands of people whose hearts yearn for more light upon the dark problems of life and the darker mysteries of death."

Preceding the address, J. H. Fussell spoke briefly on the subject of Vivisection, making an appeal for the signing of an initiative petition to place the abolishment of vivisection in California on the ballot next November.

Mme. Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on May 9th for the first time since her return from Cuba. Her subject, in honor of the day, was 'Motherhood and Humanity's Spiritual Needs.' She said in part:

**Mme. Tingley on the Divine Meaning of Motherhood** "Mother's Day has such a sacred meaning that we cannot help feeling that this is a sacred hour. It is my hope that you may be attracted to the need of sustaining motherhood in a new way. As we move away from the world of artificial things we find that we are in a position to interpret better the divine meaning of motherhood, so that we shall celebrate not one day in the year, merely, but every day. And in time we shall have a new type of childhood, a new and higher type of womanhood.

"We have lost our spiritual bearings because we have lived so long in the artificial things of life; but when we reach down to the realities we find ourselves in the realms of spiritual thought and action, and then we can place the mother on a higher pedestal than ever before. She is indeed there all the time, but as we clarify our thought we become able to see her in a new light, a spiritual light, and we find that motherhood has superb attributes that have never been brought out, just because mankind has lived in the world artificial and has lost sight of the spiritual. The question is, how long are we going to move on in this way? The purely artificial aspects of life, in spite of our so-called culture, afford us no opportunities to understand the deeper laws governing man's life, and our present indifference shows that somewhere along the way there must come revelations that will remind us of our failures. There should be an underlying spiritual force in the hearts of America's citizens that in the course of time will assert itself and bring us to a higher standard of morality. We shall be forced to study a new psychology. Our best professors of psychology have lost, or have never touched, the real basis of this science. If we judge of life, of truth, or anything from

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the outer, brain-mind standpoint alone, we shall be judging superficially. Can you not realize that there is a sweeping, underlying force of universal and divine law in the inner kingdom of your own life all the time? — and it should touch our human law with a new spirit of mercy, of toleration and compassion."

## NO CRIMINAL TYPE

**A**MONG the unexpected 'finds,' both in unlettered and scientific circles, are some well-known things which we find out are not so, and never were. Every now and again we are embarrassed with a defunct theory on our hands. If we had learned the correct alphabet of knowledge, we need not be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

A common mistake is the method of classifying and pigeonholing men in the mass, without first learning the inner constitution of man. Take the stock phrase, in social classification, of the 'criminal type' of man. The latest find is that there is no such thing as a criminal type and never was. This is the unqualified conclusion of experts familiar with the statistical study of Dr. Charles Goring, of the English prison service. This report, lately published by the Government, shows that the investigation extended over eighteen years, and engaged the co-operation of such men as Dr. Karl Pearson, Sir Bryan Donkin, Sir H. Smalley, and other eminent workers in this field.

Some 3000 criminals were studied carefully, and the data tabulated by modern methods, the investigators ever mindful of Lombroso's theories. All agreed that the criminal type "marked by physical and mental stigmata as described by Lombroso," does not exist, that criminals have no physical and mental characteristics not shared by all people. *Current Opinion* for February, 1920, says in reviewing the report:

"'Criminality is not a morbid state akin to physical disease which can be diagnosed and established by pure observation.' On the other hand, the criminal man is to a large extent a defective man physically and mentally, and this 'defectiveness,' like many other human qualities, 'is determined more by nature than by nurture.'

"There would seem to exist in the light of these studies a 'criminal diathesis,' in the population addicted to crime, and this diathesis is a blend of physical and mental defectiveness. This diathesis, like other characters, is subject to heredity. The tendency to be convicted and imprisoned for crime is inherited at much the same rate as are other physical and mental qualities and pathological conditions."

Now, outside of Theosophy, the most vital factor in heredity is overlooked — *Reincarnation*. The child may inherit from his parents a 'defective' type of body and brain. But the child himself brings over from *his* past the *quality* of development which is entitled to just such defective instruments

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wherewith to take up his evolution, which was stopped by death in his previous life. He inherits his own past character, and reaps what he has sown. However, whether he has been criminal for one life or for many, he is not hopeless. He has, in common with all men, a dual nature, and a birthright of divinity. He is an incarnating soul. Theosophy writes large all human possibilities, and says that all men alike possess the potential powers of angels and demons.

Katherine Tingley's prison-work, begun over twenty-five years ago, shows striking results from confidently appealing to the higher nature of the imprisoned. She long since anticipated the 'find' that human nature is the same everywhere. She said:

"Don't brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that he is a soul and give him a chance."—L. R.

\*

THE latest theory to account for certain irregularities in the moon's motions — *i. e.*, those not supposed to be satisfactorily explained otherwise — is that sun-electrons, entering into the *substance* of Earth and Moon, produce a variable repulsion. We wonder how many of those who worship at the shrine of the latest deity, the Electron, have read a lecture delivered by its Inventor, Dr. G. J. Stoney, F. R. S., at the Royal Institution on February 6, 1885, on 'How Thought presents itself among the Phenomena of Nature.' We fancy he was not wholly unprepared to admit that consciousness and will might *occasionally* have something to do with the behavior of the imponderables.

### Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for April, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	62.03	Number hours actual sunshine	297.50
Mean lowest	51.00	Number hours possible	390.00
Mean	56.52	Percentage of possible	76.00
Highest	70.00	Average number hours per day	9.92
Lowest	45.00		
Greatest daily range	18.00		
PRECIPITATION		WIND	
		Movement in miles	4010.00
Inches	0.43	Average hourly velocity	5.57
Total from July 1, 1919	10.21	Maximum velocity	42.00

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

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# ABBREVIATED



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